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No. 2

THE GREAT LAKES.

*No cannon-bristling squadrons ride at rest
Within gun-sheltered harbors on these Lakes;
Here but the urgency of Commerce wakes
The cloven waves to song, with keels deep-pressed
Into their bosoms; hurrying east and west,
Trade's myriad-flagged Armada ne'er forsakes
These seas at Desolation's hest, but makes
A fruitful highway of their neutral breast.*

—Charles H. Winke,
in *The Public*.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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The Eight Merediths of London

By W. Arnot Craick

Few character sketches make more romantic reading than the story of the success of the eight Meredith brothers. Mr. Craick has presented his subject in a masterly manner, and the insights he has made into the abstract in his search for the controlling causes of their peculiar success will be as interesting to the humblest man on the street, as they are to the critical professional man. The next issue of Maclean's Magazine will continue these character sketches by an inquiry into the success of a prominent French Canadian family.

BETWEEN the years 1840 and 1860 there were born in or near the city of London, Ontario, eight brothers, all still living, who have attained considerable distinction in the public and semi-public life of the Dominion. These eight brothers form a family group that is absolutely unique in the history of Canada; indeed, it might be difficult to find a parallel to them elsewhere in the world. Talented in varying degrees, there is not one of them who has not

climbed above the level of average attainment, while three at least have reached positions of high authority.

This unique family—the Merediths of London—are a branch of an Irish house which has given not a few distinguished sons to public service. Originally Welsh, the Merediths entered Ireland about the year 1600, and have since been prominently identified with the life of the Emerald Isle. The father of the London Merediths, John Cook



OUR INTERNATIONAL WATERWAYS.

In Kin Beyond the Sea, W. E. Gladstone stretched hands across for a friendly clasp. More remarkable still is the handshake that endures when the back yards adjoin. The courtesy of North American people reveals an international courtesy not generally known.

"See When the Yankee Flag Flipped to General Brock" p. 58.



Sir William Meredith, Chief Justice of Ontario.
His dominating personality permeates both the courts and legislative halls. He lives in Toronto.

Meredith was the son of a Dublin solicitor, and he, too, was destined in youth for the bar. He attended Trinity College, Dublin, and on graduation spent a couple of years at Gray's Inn in London, but the wander-spirit of youth seized him, and he suddenly decided to join three cousins who were about to seek their fortune in Canada.

The four young Irishmen crossed the Atlantic in 1834. John Cook Meredith chose a backwoods farm as the arena in which he would work out his future. William Meredith began the practice of law in Lower Canada and became in after life Chief Justice of the province and a Knight. Edmund Meredith took up academic pursuits and in 1846 was appointed first principal of McGill University; later he became Deputy Minister of the Interior at Ottawa. E. H. Meredith, the third cousin, settled in Port Hope, in Upper Canada, where he engaged with success in mercantile life.

It is also interesting to note that John Cook Meredith left behind him in Ireland a brother, whose three sons have

gained distinction in the practice of the law. The eldest, the Right Hon. Richard K. Meredith, was for many years Master of the Rolls for Ireland. Arthur M. Meredith is a prominent barrister in Dublin and a retired head of the Law Society there, and Frederick M. is a solicitor of note.

In the Township of Westminster eight miles from the little town of London and near what is to-day the village of Glanworth, the Dublin graduate began the rough life of a backwoodsman. The country was very sparsely settled; it was long before the railway era dawned and conditions were very crude. Soon after his arrival the young settler married Miss Sarah Pepper, the handsome daughter of a neighbor, and on March 31st, 1840, their first son was born, and in due course christened, William Ralph Meredith.

The father, however, was evidently not particularly enamoured of life on a stump farm, and soon after the birth of his heir, he accepted the offer of a position as deputy collector of customs at Port Stanley. The short period that the family spent on the shores of Lake Erie is commemorated in the name of the second son, John Stanley Meredith, who was born in 1841. Following his experience, John Cook Meredith acted for a year or two in the capacity of market clerk in the town of London, then a place of about 5,000 inhabitants. In 1847 he was fortunate enough to receive the appointment of clerk of the Division Court of Middlesex, a position he held uninterruptedly until he lost his life in the Thames disaster of 1881. He discharged the duties of the office with zeal and efficiency and veteran members of the legal profession recall his work in this connection with appreciation. He also acted as an insurance agent for some time, handling this as a side line.

WHAT IS A BOY WORTH?

It might be an interesting subject of investigation to estimate in dollars and cents the capitalised value to the state of the eight sons whom this respected division court clerk contributed to the population of the country. If the aver-

age life is worth \$5,000, as has been computed by an eminent professor of economics, how much more valuable must be the lives of men who serve in the high offices and places of trust to which the Merediths have attained.

William Ralph Meredith developed the family proclivity for the legal profession as a youth and was called to the bar soon after reaching his twenty-first birthday. He became the partner of the late Thomas Scatcherd, M.P., who in addition to representing West Middlesex in Parliament, was also city solicitor of London. Young Meredith was popular, he worked hard, and gained quite a name for himself as a clever practitioner. On the death of Mr. Scatcherd he succeeded to the city solicitorship, while in 1872, when Sir John Carling was compelled to resign his seat in the Legislature of Ontario because it was no longer permissible to sit concurrently at Ottawa and Toronto, he was selected as Conservative candidate in the succeeding bye-election in London. This contest he won with ease.

Whatever may be said regarding Sir William Meredith's career later on as a party leader, it must be admitted that he was well liked and greatly esteemed as a young man in London. He laid himself out to be friendly, knew all his constituents by name and to the working-man on the street he was "Bill Meredith, good fellow." His undoubted abilities as a debater and public speaker, his diligence, his wide knowledge of the law and of political questions led to his selection in 1879 as leader of the Conservative opposition in the Legislature. This position he held for fifteen years, during which he seemed unable to make much impression on the solid front of Sir Oliver Mowat's Government.

FROM POLITICS TO BENCH.

Just after the provincial election of 1894, when Mr. Meredith was again returned for London, he resigned his fifteen-year task to assume a position more suited to his peculiar talents. In that year he was made Chief Justice of Common Pleas for Ontario. He presided over this court until on the recent death

of Sir Charles Moss, he succeeded him as Chief Justice of Ontario.

Outwardly, this is the career of Sir William Meredith, the eldest of the eight brothers. Inwardly, there is much more to be written about this extraordinary man. One needs to tread carefully in describing his place in the political life of Ontario during the past twenty years. That there were elements in his character that militated against his success as a politician pure and simple, is obvious. For one thing, he lacked the ability to win the enthusiastic personal support of able followers, largely for the reason that he preferred



Mr. Richard M. Meredith, Chief Justice of Ontario. Sir John A. made Richard a judge.



Mr. Edmund Meredith. He stands well in the profession, being regarded as an excellent jury lawyer.

to keep his own counsel and do things by himself. He could be aggressive enough to his supporters, but it was quite impossible for a strong-minded man of his type to share with others the management of the party's affairs. This was probably the defect in his character which proved his undoing as a political leader.

But, by the irony of fate, the transference of Sir William's bodily presence from the political arena to the Bench, has not meant the removal of his guiding hand from his party's affairs. In various ways his influence has been felt ever since the government of his one-time lieutenant, Sir James Whitney, came into power. His dominating personality permeates both the courts and the legislative halls of the province. He not only interprets the laws, but has much to do with making them.

Contrasted strikingly with one who might well be denominated the power behind the throne in Ontario, is the career and personality of the second of the eight Merediths. John Stanley is the eldest of the three banker brothers,

as William Ralph is first of the four lawyer brothers. John started on his career as a youth in the London branch of the Commercial Bank of Canada. When the Commercial was taken over by the Merchant's Bank, he continued in the employ of the latter, and rose by gradual stages to be manager of the head office branch in Montreal. He retired ten years ago, and now leads the life of a recluse at the family homestead in London.

Edmund Meredith, the third son, who was born in 1845, followed William in the law and was called to the bar in 1868. He took up practice in London, and founded a firm in opposition to his brother. He stands well in the profession, being regarded as an excellent jury lawyer, and lately has had charge of a good many crown cases. In 1883 and 1884, he was elected mayor of the city, and in the latter year unsuccessfully contested North Middlesex in the provincial elections.

SIR JOHN A. MAKES A JUDGE.

Richard Meredith, the fourth son, was born two years later, and he too took up the law as a profession, studying under his brother William. On being



Mr. John S. Meredith, eldest of the banker brothers.

called to the bar in 1869, he joined Edmund in the firm of Meredith, Judd and Meredith. In 1890 Sir John A. Macdonald surprised Londoners by making Richard a judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature of Ontario, and assigning him to the Chancery division. As a lawyer he had not been particularly popular or ingratiating, but his promotion worked a wonderful change, and he became one of the fairest and best-liked judges on the bench. In 1905, he was transferred to the Court of Appeal and when Sir William became Chief Justice, the younger brother stepped into his former place as Chief Justice of Common Pleas.

Henry Vincent, the fifth son, was born in 1850. His career has been a striking one. Entering the service of the Bank of Montreal in his seventeenth year, he has climbed through all the ranks, until to-day he is vice-president and general manager of Canada's premier banking institution. Without pull, without influence, his steady ascent to this important position is an inspiring example for young Canadians. He began as a junior in the Hamilton branch. Twelve years later he was an assistant inspector. Then in



Mr. Ebenezer Meredith, of London, Ont.



Mr. T. G. Meredith. A year ago he was elected and refused the position of Corporation Counsel, at Toronto.

1889 he was appointed manager of the Montreal branch, which was a stepping stone to the general managership, a post he accepted following the retirement of Sir Edward Clouston.

The sixth son of the family, Thomas Graves Meredith, was born in 1853. He is the youngest of the lawyer quartet. Studying under his brother William, he entered his firm in 1878, and when the future Chief Justice went to reside in Toronto in 1888 as corporation counsel, he succeeded him as city solicitor of London. He is to-day one of the leaders of the bar in London, a most energetic and versatile lawyer with a large practice. In addition to his legal duties, he has for some years acted as president of the Huron and Erie Loan and Savings Company and the Canada Trust Company. A year ago he was offered and refused the position of corporation counsel of Toronto, and he was among those recommended for the chairmanship of the Dominion Railway Commission.

Charles Meredith, the seventh son, started out as a banker. He entered



Mr. H. V. Meredith, General Manager of the Bank of Montreal.

the Merchant's Bank, but seeing a better future in the brokerage business, left the bank and started in for himself as a stock broker in Montreal. As head of the firm of Charles Meredith & Company, he is one of the most prominent financiers in Canada, and has made a considerable fortune for himself. He was president of the Montreal Stock Exchange in 1902-3.

The youngest son of the family, Llewellyn Meredith, adopted no profession, but has always lived quietly at home. His love for horses, however, has brought him some distinction. Being an excellent judge of horse flesh, he has represented the Dominion Government on two several occasions at the Olympic Horse Show in London. Latterly he has been appointed a justice of the peace, and he has taken an active interest in the Victoria Hospital in London, of which he is a trustee.

WHAT MADE THESE BOYS?

Various elements have contributed to the success of the Merediths. The father, while far from being parsimonious,

was a man who understood the value of money and was exceedingly careful in handling it. He lived simply, spent next to nothing on entertainment, joined no societies and kept his nose steadily to the grindstone. When he had gathered together a little capital by the exercise of frugality, it was not difficult for him to make it grow like the proverbial snowball. In the fifties, sixties and seventies, what seems to-day an excessive rate of interest was commonly charged on loans and Mr. Meredith was not slow to collect his twenty-five per cent. on the money he advanced. He also made large profits on lands sold for taxes, which he bought cheap, held and disposed of later on. When he died, it is reported, that an estate valued at nearly a quarter of a million dollars was divided among his children.

The sons inherited their father's carefulness. They applied themselves steadily to work, wasted nothing and so prospered. To-day two of the brothers are reputedly millionaires and the others are all well to do. The possession of capital is an advantage to any man, if only it is coupled with habits of application and with good judgment, and in the Merediths all these were united. They began with little, for all had made their start before their father's death put money in their hands. Then when wealth did come, they were trained in its proper use and made a wise disposition of it.

Another element that tended to success was a habit of getting things done at once. The Merediths have never been procrastinators. They have the reputation of being men whose word is to be relied on, who never put off till to-morrow what they can do to-day. The two chief justices, the general manager of the Bank of Montreal and the City solicitor at London, particularly have been hard and voracious workers and have accomplished a vast amount in their lives to date. That this has contributed not a little to their present standing cannot be gainsaid.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A sense of family pride has also been a contributory influence. The sons

have never forgotten the dignity of the family name and connection. They have not been snobs, but they have been born aristocrats, cherishing a pride in their antecedents which has spurred them on to maintain their superiority. It is true that on occasion brothers Ned and Tom, arguing before Chief Justice Sir William, have been subjected to treatment not exactly fraternal, and that in days gone by the four young lawyers sometimes wrangled over cases until they got past speaking terms, but that was all in the family. To outsiders the eight have always presented a solid phalanx of brotherly support.

The elder Meredith, himself a scholar and a man of wide reading, understood the value of education and gave his sons the best schooling he was able to afford. None of the boys received a University education though Sir William studied law for two years at the University of Toronto. The eldest sons attended the London Grammar School, where they all did well at their studies. The younger sons were educated at Hellmuth College.

Scholarship was one advantage; good looks have been another. The eight brothers are all clean-cut, erect and well groomed gentlemen. Sir William, though now in his seventy-fourth year, is as handsome a man as is to be found in the country. The general manager of the Bank of Montreal and Charles, the financier of the family, would stand out in any company. Indeed the eight form as good-looking a group of men as are to be encountered anywhere. Their attention to appearance, carefulness in dress and sobriety in habits, have created a good impression. These have been the outward marks of a superior ability which has been recognized and encouraged by those who were able to advance them.

Not a little of the fine physical appearance of the Merediths is the result of an early attention to athletics. Though the boys do not appear to have played games to any extent, they were always reckoned dangerous adversaries in tests of speed or endurance and were particularly expert with their fists. Henry and Charles became quite noted



Mr. Charles Meredith, head of the big financial firm in Montreal.

athletes. John was a great boxer and is said to have enjoyed nothing better in his young days than to invade some stronghold of the hoodlums and there do battle with their champions. Richard alone of all the brothers seems to have played any games, his favorite sport being cricket in which he became quite skilful.

Later on, other parents were adopted by way of recreation. Sir William keeps up his health with gardening, John shooting, Henry and Charles enjoy salmon fishing and Charles is also very fond of duck shooting. Llewellyn, of course, derives much pleasure from riding.

THE POETRY OF NATURE.

A love of flowers, inherited from the mother, is a pleasing trait in the family character. Sir William's beautiful gardens in Rosedale, Toronto, are famed beyond the borders of the city. Richard even went to the extent of buying a farm on the outskirts of London and there erecting greenhouses, where he grew flowers and early vegetables. The

residence of Vincent in Montreal is beautifully surrounded with gardens and lawns and at Ste. Anne, Quebec, Charles has a summer home that is embowered in flowers. The others all manifest a similar love for nature and the grounds at the old homestead on Talbot Street are among the most charming in London.

All the brothers have taken a more or less prominent interest in works for the public weal. Sir William's share in bringing the University of Toronto to its present commanding position has not been small. As a member of the University Commission and as Chancellor, he has done much for the institution. Paralleling him to a certain extent, Richard has assisted Western University, London, of which he is now chancellor, in a similar way. Vincent is associated with the Parks and Playgrounds Association, the Charity Organization Society and the Montreal Art Association in Montreal. Charles is also interested in the Parks and Playgrounds Association.

But it would be unusual to find a family distinguished with so much genius, unaccompanied by peculiarities. As a family the Merediths have not been without idiosyncracies. In the old days, when the father and mother were alive, habits of reserve and retirement were acquired which have continued to the present day. They have lived by themselves and largely to themselves. They have entertained seldom or never. The big homestead on Talbot Street is a *terra incognita* even to intimate friends. And yet they cannot be accused of unfriendliness. They have evidently adopted social isolation by choice and let who will criticize their action.

To many it may prove surprising that a family which has held itself so aloof and has stooped to no social artifices to gain power, should have attained such distinction. The Merediths have never pulled wires nor laid themselves out to flatter or ingratiate themselves into office, and this has been much to their credit. What they have won has been on their merits. They may have been ambitious, they doubtless were, but in the end the fruit of victory has come to them because they deserved it and not because they coveted it.

Five of the eight brothers have married and have married well. Sir William's wife was Miss Mary Holmes of London, and he has a family consisting of one son and three daughters. His son is also a lawyer and is in partnership with his father-in-law, Mr. I. F. Hollmuth, of Toronto. Edmund Meredith married Miss Theresa McCann of London, and has three sons and one daughter. Vincent's wife was Miss Isabel Allan of Montreal, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Allan of the famous shipping firm and Charles married Miss Edsoph Angus, daughter of Mr. R. B. Angus, president of the Bank of Montreal, but neither have any children. Thomas married Miss Jessie Carling, daughter of the late Sir John Carling of London, and has two sons.

In addition to the eight sons, John Cook Meredith had four daughters, making in all a family of twelve children. Of the daughters, one is dead, and the remaining three reside at the family homestead in London. Like their brothers, the sisters are handsome women, the one who died having been considered one of the most beautiful women in Canada.



The Confessions of a Publicity Agent

Citizens in every town in Canada will recognize either in their own vicinity or in the people they meet, some of the characteristics described in this, the concluding article on "The Confessions of a Publicity Agent." The first appeared in the March issue, where it was shown how a town and the agent both made mistakes. The second appeared in the May number. In the latter issue the true axioms of town growth were learned through business experience. This article touches on the practical problems that come before urban municipalities as well as detailing some of the claps that get into the wheel of progress. Every man who has the interest of his community at heart will enjoy these concluding experiences.

By James Grantham

I have sold the paper. Uncle Henry has sold the store and retired from the Mayor's chair after six years in office—be refused to run again. We have a suite of offices in an office building on Dundas Street, Milham. We have three young men assistants and five stenographers, to say nothing of draughtsmen, and a librarian. The

library is a most important part of our business. Uncle Henry is as humorous as ever, but long association with big business men has made him less free and easy in his conversation. When he talks now he talks to a purpose. He wears his clothes with easy dignity. He walks erect. In the Ritz-Carlton at Montreal the other day I heard a man



saying he was the most distinguished man in his appearance and bearing that he had met in years—outside of Laurier. As for me—I receive the clients, do most of the active work such as travelling and seeing the heads of big companies. I drew a little more than eleven thousand from the business last year and I have a very nice car, which the wife has learned to drive. The children are at boarding school. Mary has a great many more dresses that she used to have in the old days.

Beside our office door, opposite the big express elevators, is a large brass plate which announces in simple characters:

ALTBURG-JONES, LIMITED,
MUNICIPAL ADVISERS

Inside the door is a large room, simply, but well furnished with a rug and a few comfortable leather chairs. Miss Lambert sits at a little mahogany desk, prepared to receive clients and to supply them with newspapers or magazines while they are waiting. There is a noiseless telephone on her desk over which she arranges appointments. To left and right from this central room are our offices, and the library and the draughting room.

We are not the only specialists in this particular line of work, although we were the first. After we had opened these offices and commenced our business other firms followed suit. They had every right to do so, and indeed Uncle Henry and I did not and do not claim the idea as ours exclusively, but the greater part of the business comes to us for Henry Altburg has an asset without which I fear even I should not get very far—his reputation for clear-headed honesty. There are plenty of honest men in this world and plenty of clever men, but it is not always easy to find the two qualities well mixed in one man. This is what made Uncle Henry Mayor of Milham, and President now of our firm.

We have clients all the way from Florida to the borders of the Peace river country, and Arizona to Ville Marie in Quebec. We are municipal physicians. We treat towns as doctors treat people. Having first of all made a careful study of the principles on which towns grow, and the causes for lack of growth or for improper growth, we have gathered about us information concerning the cities, towns and villages of this continent which cannot, we believe, be had in any one other place in the world. We are in touch with every big industry and every big railway in the Dominion of Canada and in the United States. We have a knowledge of the labor market both on this continent and abroad; which for reliability and completeness cannot be improved upon. We have correspondents in every principal city in the nine provinces and in the United States. We send our specialists from one end of this continent to the other to study at first hand the needs of municipalities. Our clients include Reeves of small towns and captains of industry. Our business is based upon our reputation for straight business, and our knowledge of conditions.

This is not an advertisement. Milham grew without a single line of the usual flamboyant material other towns were in the habit of using in those days, and the same principle applies in our firm. Our business card appears in scores of the big and reliable magazines; the text on the brass plate outside our door.

So it is not to advertise our firm that I write this. I have disguised our name and the name of our city. I am writing this because it may do some good. I am not giving away any secrets when I tell you our theory of town growth and municipal prosperity. For our success has not depended upon secrets, but upon our system of gathering special and general information, and upon our business integrity. We have not, let me add, succeeded in every case we ever undertook. We have failed several times. But on the other hand, we have won several times.



It is worse to have an empty, idle factory in your town than none at all.

There are three classes of citizens in our business: those who have lost or who never had any faith in their own town and who have no desire to see it prosper or who have lost that desire. These are the first class. Then there are those who think their town is the greatest little old town that ever had a main street, whose ambition for it is unlimited and whose knowledge of the real possibilities of the town are absolutely nil. The third class consists of people who love their town, want to see it grow, boom it in their conversation (at opportune times) and are keenly alive to anything that will cause their town to go ahead. These are the three classes. The first class you will find in what the commercial travellers call "the dead towns." The towns are "dead" because the people are "dead." The town has died either because it

should never have been born or because the people who brought it into the world and those who are supposed to take an interest in it from generation to generation, have failed in their duty. You will find such towns in a thousand out of the way places in Canada and in the United States. They are full of grumblers and grouches. They don't count. The second class citizen you find everywhere, even in the dead towns, but in greater abundance in the live towns where the third class of citizen, of whom more anon, is predominant. This second class is the type that think any sort of publicity is good publicity and that see no reason why their town cannot have the very same industries a town like Hamilton or Toronto, or Montreal can support. These are the foolish citizens. A town filled with this kind of man is likely to waste many

valuable years and hundreds of opportunities trying to be what it can never be. But it is the third type of citizen who makes the most of a city. He is the intelligent patriot. He sizes up his town and studies out its possibilities. If he can't find them out for himself he is willing to learn. He doesn't think his town is necessarily a second Pittsburgh simply because it has a railway station and a flour mill, but he thinks well of it and tries to make the most of it. The chances are that such a man, if he happens to find himself in a dead town will move out to a live town, or will try to make the dead town look alive once more. He is the man who takes an interest in the management of his local affairs. He does not sit back and sneer at his aldermen as being notorious incompetents. As a rule, they are, but that is the fault of the live citizens for not taking more interest in the municipal affairs and for encouraging "smart ales" to make aldermanic work a joke. The third class of man is proud of his town, recognizes its limitations, admires its possibilities and tries to make the most of them.

Now let me give you a list of the different sorts of municipalities one comes in contact with. Your town is probably one of this list, for I think it covers almost every type.

1. The village which is merely a convenient spot for the people of the surrounding country to shop. It is a small distributing centre, and to some extent a collecting centre for the butter, eggs, creamery produce and other farm product of the immediate vicinity. There are, perhaps, twelve buildings in the place, including a grist mill, a blacksmith shop, and the post-office. The village is asleep most of its time. It has no ambitions and never will have. It is just as well. It is only a very small cog in the machinery of the nation. The most its people can do is to keep their lots looking nice, keep good stocks in their stores, and see that they don't fall behind, so that some other nearby village might take away their trade.

2. Consider the same village endowed with a natural advantage. It

may be near a fine clay bed and so be a brick-making village. Or there may be plenty of timber nearby, or talc mines, or exceptional advantages for small mills on the river there. Such a village may grow, by encouraging even small ventures to start up in the town, such as a good mill or two, a lumber mill, woolen mills, or other small industries. By encouragement, I do not mean bonuses or free sites. These things are inherently bad. Such a village as this, by sheer force of public spirit can build up a good name and take a part in the industrial affairs of the country. By watching the little things, even to such a seemingly small matter as moving picture shows and good hotel accommodation, much can be done.

3. In this class place the county town, the university town, the mining town, the capital city, or any municipality which has, as it were, had fame thrust upon it. It has been arbitrarily marked out from the other towns by the location of the university or government buildings there. This usually ends the usefulness of the town unless it is bigger than the University. For instance, the University does not hurt the city of Toronto, but between the University and the penitentiary in a certain town on the shores of Lake Ontario there is room for nothing else. The town has achieved a certain amount of distinction through the colleges, but like the rich man's son born without any problems to solve, it lacks ambition. Take for example many a county town, it is content with the honor it has been given. Its petty importance on certain days of the year such as when the circuit judge arrives or somebody is hanged by the sheriff's orders, are all it cares about. In a certain famous old county in Ontario the county town is a sleepy hollow compared to another town which up to a few years ago was a mere crossroads. At that time trade naturally gravitated to the county seat and it made no effort to hold it. The little village ten miles away first of all got its idea from a new preacher that came to the Presbyterian church there.

He was a hustler and he preached fine sermons. He stirred the town up, and without meaning it, set people talking about his sermons. People drove in from miles around to hear the new preacher. When the preacher was translated to a bigger church in Toronto, people began to look for some other stimulus to the town. Between them, five of the leading men erected a moving picture theatre and bought films for it. The county town "hadn't any use" for moving pictures! But the farmers came to the smaller town to see them and to do their shopping! By this time the town was alive to still other possibilities. It improved its market place and built a horse-watering trough which was the marvel of the country-side. People came to see it—and remained to shop. The fame of the place spread and men who wanted to sell goods in that county tried them first in the shops of this town; the county town got the new goods second. It soon dropped into second place, simply because the people of the other town were more lively and were not the sort to be content with being even as big as the county seat.

4. In this class place the town with natural industrial advantages. It is remarkable how few people to-day know just what factors enter into the making of a good industrial town. First take shipping facilities—rail and water, if possible; then take the question of convenient or inconvenient raw materials for the manufactures; then take the labor market and in that connection, the cost of living. The cost of living means much to a manufacturer and a good industrial town should be surrounded with a good farming—mixed farming country. There are two towns in northern Ontario lying side by side, which have a great many advantages but one great handicap: they have to bring their food supplies from great distances; consequently the cost of living is high, wages have to be proportionately high and scarce. A man who falls idle in one of those two towns must needs go somewhere else very quickly. It costs more to be idle there than in even Winnipeg or Toronto.

In connection with the question of shipping facilities I find in my work that a great many towns quarrel with the railway companies merely on general principle. They have read magazine articles about the railway and how they are alleged to have oppressed the people. They have read the rabid editorials of newspaper editors who sometimes are more ascetic than wise. These attacks on the railways are, nine out of ten times, exaggerated. What is true against them is often pretty ugly. But the point is this, towns need railways, and railways need towns. It is folly either for the town to be too eager or too suspicious of the railway. Suppose the C.P.R. is building a new line across the country and a certain town lies fairly well within its path, a glance at the map and the character of the country ought to be all the townspeople need to tell them whether the road will come to them or not. If the town is worth anything and is not out of the way the road is bound to come and will come, but if it thinks, by a little pretending, it can secure a bonus out of the town, it will. It will take everything it can get for nothing just like a good many people in this world. But if a railway, proposing to come to a town requests certain concessions, an effort should be made to meet those requests as far as possible. When two acute business men meet to make a bargain, the one watches the other pretty closely and secures the best he can. This must be the attitude of the town. But to listen to the talk of cranks and agitators who continually heap abuse upon the roads and cast doubt upon their motives, is worse than folly. It creates bad feeling between the town and the railway which is bad for both of them. Railway men are usually shrewd, but honest. They are as willing to help a lively town as not because, the more business the town does, the better for the road, but it does not do to needlessly antagonize the railway. The President of a Canadian railway swore to make the grass grow in the streets of a certain town because, in a rash moment, the citizens "seized" one of the trains

for taxes. And the grass did grow, and the town was dead for years. It made a mistake by taking spectacular methods where others would have been more effective and would have left less rancour.

I want to speak of certain other fallacies I encounter in my work. First: this town housing business. I think most towns have begun to realize how bad it is. Free sites, exemption from taxation and so on, are false stimulants. They encourage ill-balanced men who have previously failed in other ventures to take advantage of an ambitious town to get another start. If the town is not quite suited to that particular industry these men are apt to force the industry to go there in order to get the bonus. The result, too, often is that natural obstacles overcome the little factory. It soon collapses. It is worse to have one empty idle factory in your town than none at all. It shows somebody failed there and business men don't like following in the footsteps of failures. The industry that has not in it enough inherent strength to stand on its own feet and live without the aid of bonuses and free sites, etc., is a delicate affair and should be left strictly alone. If a man comes to your town with a proposition for a factory and if you believe he is a good man and that his proposition, after thorough investigation, is good, then there is no harm in the leading men of the town getting together and buying stock in the thing, but that is all. Bonuses are notoriously bad.

A man came into our office one day from a Canadian city most of my readers know very well. There are two towns together—side by side. There is no reason in the world why they should not be one town. This man wanted to know how he could make his town grow faster than the other town. On the face of it, it was one of those cases Uncle Henry and I don't like to touch.

I called in the librarian and secured all our data with reference to the two towns, everything that had ever been printed, and much that had not been, about them was under my fingers. I

knew just how old they were, all their early history, how many factories in each, miles of railway siding, wharfage, depots in the harbors, tax rate, assessment rate, brief descriptions of all the leading men in the towns, and everything—right down to the latest fact that Ottawa had voted \$800,000 for harbor improvements there to be spent in the next few months.

I went into the question of taxes. For one thing, this town was assessing all property at only fifty per cent. of its market value, although the law of that province distinctly says all land must be assessed at its full market value. However, most cities and towns in Ontario make this mistake.

I told the man that was wrong—he was the mayor.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Because it is misleading and against the law. Moreover, it makes a manufacturer think your tax rate is higher than it really is—also, if he is a good manufacturer, he thinks it is unbusinesslike."

I let the point stop at that. I knew that the real trouble, and the real handicaps on both these towns were: first of all, that there was intense jealousy and rivalry between them; second, that there was no farming being done in the vicinity—at least, none worth talking about; and thirdly, the towns were boasting themselves against one another without any real thought as to what their respective possibilities were.

"You should join the next town," I said.

"What?"

"Join the next town. That's what is the matter with you."

"But we couldn't. W-what good would it do?"

"What good? Listen. I have here a clipping showing that you paid a bonus of \$100,000 to a certain company to establish yards in your town. You did this because you knew if you didn't you would see the yards go to the next town where the natural facilities were much better. So you deceived the shipyard into your town and it cost you \$100,000. Isn't that so?"



"How about making this a resort, Colonel?"

"Yes, but what —"

"Listen. You know that that yard has not yet declared a dividend. You know they have discharged the first two general managers and are not very well satisfied with the new one. Why? Because those general managers are huckling against the natural obstacles and

disadvantages that go with site in your town. The character of the shore is different in the other town. That yard should have gone there."

"You mean—"

"It should be in the other town, two miles away. What is more, it will either move there—or another one will

be built there which will take away all the business from your yard."

"You mean it?"

"Of course I do."

"But what has that got to do with any jealousy there may be between us?"

"Just this. If you hadn't been jealous you wouldn't have seduced that company into making a bad mistake. If you hadn't been jealous you would have been one town long ago and the yard would have been in your town and in the right part of your town. Your city debt would have been \$100,000 less instead of having in five or six years, as you may have, an empty shipyard, marking a failure in your town, you would have had more industries."

That man came to our office only the once. He thought we could prepare for him some sort of magic pill or piece of paper that would drive all the industries out of the other town into his town. A great many of our clients think that at first until Uncle Henry and I "wise them up" as the saying goes. I did not tell that man everything about that town either. The longer those two towns stay apart the more money they are going to waste on double administration expenses. One mayor and one city council would do better for those two joined, if they were joined, than the two of them now do. They would save half their present expenses. They could carry more weight as one city than as two when they go to Ottawa for concessions. The make of the one big city would carry twice as far as the two names of the two half-sized cities. It was and is exactly the case of St. Paul and Minneapolis over again.

One of our first ones was that of a small city which had a number of heavy industries. The employees in the smelters and the moulding shops had families who needed employment. Instead of getting after light industries that could use the lighter labor of the sons and daughters of these laborers the city was always asking for heavy industries and coaxing them in by every means. They soon found their mistake

and brought in whitewear factories and knitting mills. That filled their needs.

In another instance, a certain town was trying to secure industries—this was a Carolina case—when it was no more suited to industrial life than to flying to the moon. At the head of this little town was a pompous old fellow who had a southern drawl and called himself Cuhnel, in the old Kentucky fashion. It had occurred to him as mayor of the community that other towns were progressing and that it should be progressing too. He had interviewed manufacturers and had sent out the usual advertising literature. All he received was snubs from the manufacturers, who were rather amused at his little mannerism, and silence in response to his circularizing.

It was an off time and I thought I would go myself, so accompanied the Colonel to his home town. And it was a delight. It was one of the simplest, kindest and sunniest little spots on all the earth. It lay smuggled in among some rolling hills. There was river and a fine old road winding through past its quaint old houses.

"How about making this a resort, Colonel?"

"A resort?!" He drawled. "What do you suggest, suh? What kind of a resort?"

"A summer and winter resort. Pity you haven't some mineral springs or something."

"Springs, sah? Springs? Why my old niggah man has a spring on the back of his lo, some strange sort of watah—I don't just know what, but my niggah sar, he sells it to the other niggahs for a cash."

To make a long story short, we analyzed the niggah's spring water and found it had medicinal properties which have since made that little town famous. Other works were drilled and a hotel erected. The town is now quite famous—and rich. A good many people don't realize the value of a tourist trade. It is the biggest money-making trade there is. It makes shop-keepers and hoteliers rich and is good for the railways, but it also benefits the whole

community. The cities of Vancouver and Victoria in British Columbia receive not a little support from the enormous volume of tourist traffic carried through the city by the C.P.R.

Just one more instance. A man came to us from a western Canadian town. He was the editor of the only newspaper in the place. He had bought it under a misapprehension. The man had told him, by mail, that the town had natural gas, and fine shipping facilities and so on. He had neglected to state that these things had not been developed. Arrived in the town to take over his newspaper the poor dreamer found himself in what was little better than a village. All the possibilities were there but they were worth nothing until the town woke up and developed them. The people were content to be a retail centre for ranchmen, and to gamble in real estate in the secret town.

This man wanted to know what to do, and Uncle Henry told him. He told him the story of Milham, Ontario. He chapped the man nothing and it was a good investment of his time. For six months afterward the mayor of the town came in to us, having been roused by the first man's subsequent editorials, and hired one of our men at a hundred dollars a day to take an economic survey of the town and the adjacent country and map out the things needed to be done. We followed this up at head office by putting some live manufacturing men in touch with this town, so that they eventually located a number of industries there. To-day, that town is rich. Two railways have made it their divisional point and a main centre for all their activities in that province.

The relation Uncle Henry and I have established between ourselves and communities is that of a middleman between town and industry, or a town and its future. By our long experience we are better able to size up a town than the ordinary citizen who has lived in it for years. By our connections with

the railway managements and the manufacturing interests we know industrial conditions and are able to advise accordingly. We can now tell any manufacturer the labor conditions in a given part of the country, current wages, kind of labor most easily obtained, power conditions and power rates; cost of fuel; shipping conditions for raw and finished materials, in all directions; whether the taxation is stable or fluctuating, whether the city financing is good or bad—and so on. We can, as a rule, give the price of necessities. We know the nearest competitor to each town in each line, and so on. When a man needs this sort of information, he can get no better source. We advise manufacturers and railroads and capitalists of all sorts. But our big work is in advising towns, preparing plans of campaigns for them and bringing their advantages to the ears of men who are likely to be interested.

As I said before, this is not an advertisement. We do not need it. We have more business than we can handle. I have written this because I think hundreds of municipalities are making mistakes in their efforts to progress and because I think possibly by rehearsing a few commonplaces they may be helped. Edmonton, the other day, paid thousands of dollars to a railroad to come to their city, which was bound to come anyway! That was a lamentable mistake. Another city I know of persists in sending me pink circulars setting forth the advantages of the town. Those pink circulars are no good. They are a waste of money. I throw mine, as I venture to say most people throw theirs, into the waste paper basket. About once a month I see the same kind of envelope in my mail, the same splurge about the same city on the seal—and I don't even open it. I know what it is and I know that town is wasting its money. It was the thought of so much money wasted in pink circulars that set me writing this article. These cities will learn some day, even as I learned—by being fired.



"We've got him alright enough."

Made in Borneo

The evils of realization are often odious by those of anticipation. This is most cleverly exemplified by the humorous experiences recorded in this story.

By Leo Crane

BENSON is one of those chaps who lift their lives in their hands and go looking for wild animals. Most men are content and happy to allow the animal kingdom the free run of the jungle; but not so is Benson. He is a restless sort who must seek them, because there are menageries with empty cages.

Whenever you go into a circus-tent with the children and see a surly-looking beast glaring from behind inch bars, or maybe a nervous, whining specimen pacing the bottom of a den into ruts, snuffing and cursing the world in general, remember that once upon a time a chap of Benson's clan—perhaps Benson himself—faced that particular beastie when it was free and on its native heath. Behind each captive there is a story, and Benson is usually the star performer in the tale. You will never hear the chapter when the beastie wins out and the glory is all with the jungle.

Benson can usually be found when a steamer makes port with wild livestock on the manifest.

"Of course," he said to me one night, "a man can get a line on beasts after a fashion. He can study a byena, for instance, until he coppers the laugh down to a note, an' mebbe he can finger out what that note means. Simms Foraker claims he can tell when a zebra's in a good humor, an' mebbe he can; but for me, I never seen one that way, an' I ain't takin' no chances. The life-insurance folks don't cover no bets on my life, anyway, an' so I'm tryin' to live just as long as I can, to make 'em sorry."

"But a wild man—now, say, there's a study for your spare time. You've got to sit up nights fingerin' the dope on a wild man's characteristics. There ain't never been two of 'em alike. First, they're scarce; an' second—when ye do

manage to snare one out by his hair he's different from the one ye had before."

Benson at this point proceeded to fill his pipe and to prop up his chin with his knees. You see, Benson was sitting on the deck—I should have told you that—with his back to the rail. It was one of those nights when the stars burn softly in a filmy sky, when the wind carries with it the damp scents of the sea. Now the rich odor of burning latakia arose from the fire-lined bowl of Benson's pipe. It was fairly alight, and he seemed different.

"Wild men—" I suggested.

"Ye can't be kind to a wild man," said Benson gravely. "He wouldn't understand it if you tried to be, an' besides, you'd be wasting your time. What a wild man wants is some one to take him in hand firmly, to be good to him, but determined; and at the same time it's my advice to the fellow who's contractin' for the job to watch both ends an' the middle for his white ally, 'cause with a wild man times are mostly excitin', or just beginning to be such. You can believe me—I handled one wunst. It was this way:

"Simms Foraker and me was down on a junk near Borneo. That's the grand hang-out place for wild men. We had knocked around a goodish bit without getting a sight at anything. Now, don't go for to think that we was down there looking for wild men. No, we hadn't got to that stage at that time; but in case we rushed across a wild man who wasn't working overtime, and no orders ahead of him, we just allowed that we'd sign contracts for a season.

"Well, we heard of this chap a long time before we see anything of him. The natives along the coast had all sorts of battles with him. He was a toughish customer. He had nearly bludgeoned the brains out of one of their holiest head-men. Just about that time we comes along, lookin' wise, an' we hears this fellow is off on a small island—that he has a skiff, comes to the mainland, skurries around for things to his taste, gives the chap who protests the

grand salsem with a club, an' fades away.

"Says Simms Foraker to me: 'Here's a fine fat wild man, an', sonny, we're on.'

"An' with that we started building a trap for him.

"It would take too long to-night to tell ye how we got him, but we got him, all right enough. It took four men to hold him down while we slipped a rope anket where anklets usually go—an' the calf of one man's leg in Borneo looks as if a dog had used it to cut wisdom teeth on—but we got him. Trust me an' Simms Foraker to nab anything smaller'n a behemoth, an' we'll give that a trot to the post if any one speaks up that a prime specimen's loose.

"He was a tidy sort of chap, this wild man. Darkish in the skin—in fact, he was a brunetico con—a short, squat one, not over five feet at the highest point, with a rakish build, kind o' slantin' to the nor'-nor'-east, an' surmounted by furra. His eyes was weak an' himkin'. His arms was the wonderment, though. They were long, and hung down close to his knees. I'll bet a month's pay he could sit on a chair an' pick pennies off the floor without straining a fiber. His shoulders were inlaid with bunches of knots, and these same knots worked like eccentric winches when he took it into that cack head to get busy.

"He talked some gibberish, mostly excited, but we paid no attention to it.



"Captin! Captin! That Borneo man is in our gang."



"The Swede jumps an' lets go another parcel in reply."

Simms Foraker said it wasn't French, nor Portuguese, nor Latin, nor none of them nigger tongues, an' we were satisfied he didn't know more'n we did as to what it meant. It sounded wild-manish, all right. We got him on ship-board at length, an' nailed him up in a neat cage 'tween decks.

"A fine busy trip for us," says Simms Foraker to me, on the side. "That chap'll fetch his weight in pure genooine gold at the Lunnion docks. Oh, we're the two wise body-snatchers, we are!" says he to me. And I nodded an' winked back at Simms Foraker all them fool sentiments."

II.

BENSON sighed. This was not one of his epic recitals. But he seemed to feel that, having started once, it should be finished, and so he went ahead.

"The first thing that worried us was the question of feedin' him. There ain't no sense in stickin' the ship's bill o' fare in 'tween the slats of a cage an' sayin' 'Oui! Oui!' We tried him on raw meat, an' he nearly had a convulsion. Fruits an' gross stuffs made him feel so sick that he threw what he could at the waiter. After a while we learned that he was right partial to a morsel of salt-horse and potatoes. He perked up smazin' when he got fed a little. An' every time I'd go near his habitation

he'd begin the gibberish. Most impressive it was, an' earnest, an' I'd howl and smirk and blink at him till he'd get so crazy mad that he would up by nearly hitting holes in his face with fair rage. Simms Foraker said we needn't mind, for all wild men acted like that at times.

"We've got along all right for a time on that voyage. The weather it was hot, an' we were kind o' peckish and worn down. Most of the time me an' Simms Foraker laid down on the deck, nights, with nothin' on to speak of, growin' an' swearin' an' comparin' that part of the world with the rest of it, which was decent. I remember one hot night it got stuffy. The atmosphere chased itself down one's throat and dried there in blocks.

"I'll just step down to see how his ribs is resitin'," I says to Simms Foraker, "an' then I'll come on deck with a pillow an' camp."

"Bring me one," says he, drowsy-like.

"With that I departed to the 'tween-decks. I made the return journey to the side of Simms Foraker in just three leaps, all counted, touchin' the high places.

"He's gone?" says I, breathless.

"Who's he?" asked Simms Foraker, not dreamin' that anything radical had happened.

"Nihseey?" says I, shifting a glance on my shoulder to see if he was making up the deck.

"The wild man out!" yells Simms Foraker.

"Right you are! He's vacated his den for somewhere else. He's loose, s'welp me!"

"By hokus!" gasps Simms Foraker. You can bet he was pale. "Let's dig up the captain."

"The captain was, if anything, worse scared than either of us.

"Loose!" says he, incredulous.

"Free as the air itself!" says I to the captain.

"Go down there an' make sure of it, man," orders that insane old captain to me.

"What did you say? Go down there again?" I remarks, not knowin' whether I had understood him.

"Sure!" he replies. "Go down an' see if he ain't asleep on the floor, or curled up somewhere."

"Not while I can breathe up here," says I. "Whenever you want a sample of Hades coal—why, call on me an' I'll fetch it. But don't ask me to go below to trail that Borneo lunatic. I was there when he was nabbed, an' I see the whole thing."

"An' I was downright mad to think of it."

"Well, where has he got to?" asks the captain gruffly.

"That's for some one to find out," advises Simms Foraker.

"He's your wild man," says the captain, weakening.

"Not when he's loose," says Simms Foraker patiently.

"But I won't have a wild man runnin' loose about my ship!" screams the captain, suddenly getting his mad up.

"Maybe if you'd tell him that, quiet-like, he'd come around an' be peened up like a nice little chap," says Simms Foraker, getting his own sparker working.

This was a stumper for the captain.

"We were all a bit on edge by that time. Each man knew the other was afraid, which wasn't none encouraging. We kept a weather-eye open, this way an' that, and a first-class 'hoo!' from the rear would have sent the hunch to the masthead. It wasn't no pleasant difficulty. It is the business of a wild man to be wild, an' we expected it of him. This hanging fire didn't agree with our meals. We stood around an' looked for him. Then we got nervous as wimmen. If he was going to come on, why didn't he come on? An hour passed away, while we shifted from one foot to the other, watchin' the retreat.

"All right," says Simms Foraker, who could get used to anything. He

wusht lived for two weeks on broiled snake, an' got to like it. 'All right!' says Simms Foraker, determined. 'Now let him come on!'

"But, dang it all! he didn't come on. 'Then they turned on me,' said Benson. 'They said I was a fool, and a scare-head, and a mark. They were going to call me other names worse'n that, when there was a noise like a scuffle, an' a rush on the deck, an' a man comes up yellin'. It was Samuels, the cook, an' he looked as if he'd got the call. His eyes were fair hanging out.

"Save me!" he screams to us, waving signs with his hands like a deaf-mute. 'Captain! Captain! That Borneo man is in my galley!'

"Right there it was a relief to me to know for certain that he was loose," said Benson, digging at his pipe.

"In the galley!" roars the captain, not stirring an inch.

"He pitched me out quick as a flash, an' ducked inside, an' he's harricaded himself."

"Then this captain straightened up wonderful. 'If he's in that galley he



"We tried him on raw meat an' he nearly had a convulsion."

can't get away, so here you, Jenkins and Brown! Take a turn of a piece of rope through the galley-door handle an' make fast somewhere. That'll fetch him all tight an' tidy."

"Jenkins and Brown, when they realized the job weren't none pleased. They went up the deck like heroes, though. I guess their hearts were beatin' overtime a few, but they did it, 's'wop me! Once the door was made fast, the only way for that wild man to get out was through a small port, and the captain set a man to watch that, with orders to beat the brains out of anything that tried to climb through. Brown took first watch with a capstan-bar held ready. Then Simms Forsaker and me took regular breathe, an' stood at ease."

"That's all settled," says the captain now. "We've got him like a crab in a net." An' the captain acted as if he had accomplished something.

"The captain was right. We had him, all right. When Brown got tired watchin' Wilkens spelled him, an' then Jones."

"He ain't got no firearms in there, boys," says the captain, to beartin' 'em up. "Only carvin'-knives, an' cleavers, an' such! Don't be afraid." Which was comforting.

III.

BENSON seemed inclined at this moment to take a rest. He proceeded to change his attitude with regard to the deck, which was hard, and he suggested that the subject was a dry one.

Away off on the quay was a place with lights. I sent the ship's boy hustling to that place with a pail, and when he brought the pail back there was foam on the top of it. Benson appreciated this. When he had wiped his lips with the back of his hand and had heaved a hard sigh, he said:

"Say!" doubtfully, "ain't you got nothin' better to do than listen to yarns?"

"This will be a hummer, old man," I told him.

"Well, don't sign my name to it, 'cause the captain would blame me for a blabber. Call the ship the Mary Jane,

or some such common name as that, 'cause we ain't none too proud o' this wild-man yarn, none of us, an' as for Simms Forsaker, he'd be that mortified he couldn't ever enter a side-show again. You don't want to deprive an honest man of business, d'ye?"

"Go on," I coaxed. "It's the shank of the evening, and wild men are scarce."

"You bet," agreed Benson solemnly, relighting his pocket-furnace. "Borneo's 'bout given out of first-class wild men. There's a poor sort o' second grade on the market, but they're uncultured, an' the price ain't much to speak of no more. A genuine, double-edged wild man, guaranteed to snarl an' yell, not to say chew a keeper every little while, would make the shows mortgage a three-hump camel. That's right."

Benson spat over the side reflectively. "Oh, yes," he remarked, with a little sigh, "wild men ain't frequent."

"What happened to this fellow in the ship's galley?" I asked.

"Hum-m-m! You see, every night hee it's down, an' with dawn comes arousin', wash-up, an' breakfast. Nobody thought o' breakfast on that ship. We were too excited over the possible manoeuvres of the wild man, so we stood around, an' forgets breakfast clean. But dinner ain't a goin' to let a chap snub it without mentioning the subject. Painful subject, too, is dinner when there ain't none."

"Samuels, the cook, he stands idle like a carpenter on strike. There was strictly nothin' doin'. The captain, he was the last to cave in. Says he: 'See here, Mr. Forsaker, I'd like somethin' to eat. Can't you call off that freak of yours?'"

"Sorry, sir," says Simms Forsaker, feeling real blue himself, "but I don't know the signs."

"The captain snorted, an' went on peepin' up an' down the deck. Another half-hour went by slowly, and then there came floatin' out o' that galley the most delicious smells that you ever smelt. We stood around an' wondered what in the name of all the good cooks he was doin' in there by himself alone. An' these smells increased.

Fine, wholesome, wide smells they were, almost enough to make a beggar a meal, and calculated to drive hungry men mad.

"That's a Borneo stew," said one of the men, sniffing.

"With gravy," added another.

"Borneo nothin'! That's doff a la Borneo."

"Smells a little wild to me," one of the critics said.

"As for me," says Samuels, the cook, "I'm partial to some biseul," and he dived below into the extra stores to get it. We all nibbled a bit when he returned, an' we thought o' the free-lunch counters we had passed a while back."

"At last the captain got real desperate."

"We'll have to have him out of that," he says, gritting his big teeth. "Wilkens, Brown, Jones, cast off that rope-lashing an' stand by."

"They didn't like the order, but they was good men and true. The wild man heard them fumbling, an' he begins to mix up a few pots and pans inside there, which sounds horrible, like the last night of an iron foundry. Wilkens' Brown an' Jones weren't anxious to sleep near to that galley door when it was unfurnished."

"The captain then divides the crew into two watches to stand ready, spelling each other, and to catch him whenever he showed abroad. The captain hoped he would come out. No one dared go in after him. There was nothing to do but wait — an' wait on an empty stomach at that. The day spun along its usual stretch, an' we waited. Toward night the wild man began to yowl, like a dog what's lonely, an' this wasn't pleasant to hear."

"Still we waited. Then night comes, an' it gets as dark as the inside of your bed, an' still we was waiting. Along

'bout nine o'clock, when the men were downright tired out, some one made the terrible discovery that the galley door was open."

"Open it was, sure enough — wide open. They made a skirmish, and the wild man wasn't there. Samuels installs himself inside, and piles things against the door."

"I'll stand me ground," he calls out to us. "You do the fightin' an' I'll get dinner."

"Where did he go? That's what we wanted to have explained, 'cause we was outside the galley, with no door an' nothin' to pile against it, an' we wasn't wasting time 'bout dinner no longer. What we wanted was a barricade at

least twelve feet high.

That wild fellow was loose in the midst of us, an' the cold chills paraded up and down a chap's back in furs. The quieter he kept the worse we felt. If he had only yowled out, and threatened to fight! But he was a mysterious wild man."

"Along about an hour later, the captain says he thinks he'll turn in. The first mate is in charge o' the deck. The captain goes to his cabin, but in two minutes calling for all hands."

"What's wrong, sir?" asks the mate, rushin' up.

"He's in my bunk—the double-planked son of a Borneo stable-hand! He's in my bunk!"

"Are ye sure, captain?" asks Simms Forsaker, cautious.

"Sure? The captain foamed at the mouth. 'Didn't I see his eyes? Didn't I feel his dirty hide? Here you, Martin, Williams, Smith! We'll just go down there an' rout him out!'"

"But Martin, Williams, and Smith had different ideas. They protested. They said they had not shipped to fight wild men of Borneo, an' they each an'



"He's in my bunk"

every one backed water with the white fear showing in their eyes.

"The captain was up against it for fair. There was no sense in hittin' Smith or Martin, or, for that matter, even Williams, 'cause the same feeling was in the whole dod-gasted crew, which was human, an' the captain knew it. He felt the same way himself.

"What's to be done, Mr. Forsaker?" asks the captain. "Ain't I heard you say you'd handled wild men before?"

"Never this kind," says Simms Forsaker, quite candid. "This one can't be strictly called a wild man as yet, 'cause why—he ain't wild."

"The captain gasped, an' he choked. 'He ain't wild!' he screams out. 'He's wild enough for me!'

"We might bar him in," says Simms Forsaker, "like we did in the galley."

"But where'll I sleep, moaned the captain.

"Nice on deck three fine nights."

"Then the captain gave way to the most elaborate, an' at the same time the most vicious, language that ever I hear. I've been aroused some, too, an' I've heard language so low that I couldn't understand what it meant, but this crop of the captain's, it was superb. The words was short, middle-sized, and then a lengthy one that would just fair crash out an' land solid. My! My! the captain talked a spell. It came right up from his heart, too; you could see that. He wanted to let us know how he felt, an', by gum! he just did. I felt sorry for him, but I stood wide.

"Hold on!" says Simms Forsaker, when the captain was most violent. "You've got no right to kill a passenger, an' that wild man's a passenger."

"Passenger be double-crossed?" yells the captain. "He's an animal! He's freight! Loose freight at that! He's a menace to the ship!"

"And with that the captain took his nerve in his hand an' went into the cabin single. I admired the captain. But I didn't go along—no! The captain was the bravest man among us—swelp me, but he was! He went in there single, an' no man stopped him. Five minutes later the captain reap-

peared, his face sorter blank, an' he says, says he:

"That chaps a spook, I believe. He's gone!"

"Come again?" whispers back Simms Forsaker.

"Can't find a hair of him. Now, don't let this get out among the men. We'll make out he's still down there."

"Wonder where he is?" whispered Simms Forsaker to me.

"Bunked down in our cabin, for a dime," says I.

"We're used to sleepin' on deck," says he.

"I don't care to sleep anywhere else," I says.

"One of us had better stand guard half the night," was his suggestion, an' I agreed with him. We tossed a coin. Simms took the first watch. Then the night wore itself gray in the face, an' dawn found us looking as if we had attended a wake.

"Now," says the captain, "we'll have a thorough search for that mystery of the Borneo slums."

"They summoned all hands, issued orders an' commenced. Williams was the first to start him. Williams went below to get some new rope. He was supported by Harrison and Martin. They came tiptoeing back, their eyes bulgin' out, an' they whispers:

"He's in his cage, asleep."

"And, by hokus! so he was, sleepin' like a baby."

IV.

Benson wiped his forehead, and laughed to himself.

"See here, Benson," I asked him, "have you been joking me?"

"Not a bit of it. That's the true state of affairs as they was recorded. You can see for yourself, if the captain'll let ye look at the log."

"Honest, that wild man was in his cage. It makes me laugh at times, an' at other times it makes me creep. That wild man was a wonderful sort. You can just bet that we made a swift rush down there an' double-slatted that cage in a hurry. Our Borneo friend woke up as we were hammering. He said some-



"He's in his cage asleep."

thing, an' rolled over an' went off to sleep again. You could hear him snore like a grampus."

"And didn't you have any more trouble with him?"

"Trouble! That was only the beginning. He didn't try to get out again until we made Aden. He was quiet as a new-born lamb up to that time. We had to cool some, an' the chap in charge of the job was a Swede. He heard we had a fine specimen of a wild man aboard, an' he steps down to look him

over. Simms Forsaker an' me went along. The wild man was standin' close to the bars, watching out.

"As we come up he lets out a lot of gibberish. The Swede jumps, an' lets go another parcel in reply."

"What's wrong with you?" says Simms Forsaker to the men.

"He says he wants to get out an' see the Swede consul."

"Simms Forsaker turned blue in the face at this.

"Yes, the wild man got out, all right. We couldn't get them harn down any too quick. He was a Swede cook that some ship had lost out in that Borneo quarter. He was a nigger, all right, but he spoke a Swede language, an' that was a dead language to me 'n' Simms Forsaker. He had hiked us for a ride to Aden, all right—no work, an' a stateroom to himself."

Benson leaned his head sadly on his hand and stared off to where the little lights gleamed on the quay.

"Do about it?" he snorted, a moment later, when I asked a pertinent question. "We were mighty glad he didn't have us pinched. We paid him twenty pounds in gold to call it square. That's what we did. Don't talk to me about wild men. It's the same kind that queers me!"



THE VALUE OF VISIONS

I stood on the sheer crest of Joy, nor scanned,
—In Youth's sufficiency—the country-side;
But now, beamed in by heights on either hand,
The Vale of Visions, shining, stretches wide.
—Mary Linda Bradley.

WAR on the RAILROAD WORM



The abstractive industries, particularly those of the college and pulpit, often have to face the charge of being non-productive. But the time is being cultivated by the average Canadian, when such statements carry very much weight. The achievements of research in laboratory and library have so revolutionized industry and commerce, by their inventions and explorations that in any rational division of labor the rewards of such employments are not sufficiently measured by the standards of physical employment. The Ontario Agricultural College, in its department of field husbandry makes the boast of an addition of two millions of dollars to the farmers of Canada by the introduction of a new variety of grain. Similar results are owing to the fruit growers by reason of their knowledge of how to deal with the fruit pests. This story gives us a glimpse at the work that is going on looking to the solution of a problem that is baffling the orchardist, that of the Railroad Worm's depredations.

By Arthur Conrad

A KEEN-EYED young man sits at a table on which are spread out a number of apples. Through the powerful lens of a magnifying glass he scans their surfaces one by one, with the same intent scrutiny that a general bestows on a wide sweep of country lying stretched out before him. Day by day and almost hour by hour, the watcher maintains his vigil, until one morning an exclamation of satisfaction escapes him; something of import has happened. He jots down an item or two in his notebook and transfers his attention to some other phase of his investigation.

This curious performance with a basket of apples and a microscope is just one incident in a strange warfare that is being waged between man and a maggot little bigger than the head of a pin. Actual bloody hostilities have not yet commenced but some interesting skirmishing is being indulged in. The worm tenaciously maintains his position and defies his gigantic antagonist to do his worst. Man on his side has been studying his opponent with extreme carefulness, watching his every movement,

familiarizing himself with his habits and looking for that weak spot in his defences which will prove his undoing.

The worm, magnified to huge proportions in the glaring light of an electric lantern, appears a horrible creature, its companion for those weird prehistoric monsters that once roamed the earth. It is a loathsome headless reptile, round and seamy, with a pair of black hook-like tentacles protruding at one end and two long feelers at the other. Black nostrils show just above the tentacles, but of other living organs it has outwardly not a trace. Captured and dissected, a head structure is observable within, though this is so little developed as to be almost uncanny in its suggestiveness.

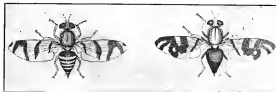
This is the dragon that the modern heroes of the laboratory are bent on slaying. They are eager to exterminate him and all his tribe, numbering doubtless many millions, and it only needs a little more reconnoitering and a few more preliminary skirmishes before the contest begins in earnest. So

complex and many-sided is human life and so numerous are the foes that attack mankind, preying on his health, his food and his drink, that knowledge of this approaching warfare is not widely disseminated. Only the little band of men to whom has been entrusted the guarding of this outpost, and perhaps some of those people who are more directly concerned with the attack of this particular enemy, are aware of what is in progress.

The foe, which has aroused all this antagonism, is commonly known as the railroad worm. At first it is a little difficult to understand just why it should be distinguished by such a cognomen.

For the authorities must act cannily. The fruit-grower is a little sensitive. Frighten him too much and he will cut down his orchard forthwith and renounce apple culture forever. Don't scare him enough and he will pooh-pooh the whole story and let the pest roam around at its own sweet will. The middle course is the only safe one and it needs wisdom to hit upon it.

The railroad worm is not a new arrival in Canada. Knowledge is the newcomer and because the latter was not first on the ground the former was able to make good his footing without opposition. Today, there are immigration authorities controlling the ar-



On the left is the adult female of the white-bellied cherry fruit fly enlarged about five times. On the right, the adult female of the black-bellied cherry fruit fly. Note the markings on the wings and the absence of the white hairs on the abdomen. The picture of the fly shown in the heading of this article is that of the adult female of the Railroad Worm, which shows black markings on the wings, white hairs across the abdomen, and a string-like ovipositor.

It has actually nothing to do with railroads. It does not travel on trains or walk the ties. It does not eat rails or live in sleeping coaches. As a matter of fact, the only connection between the maggot and the railroad is found in a certain, somewhat far-fetched similarity between the progress of the one through a nice big juicy apple and of the other across a pleasant countryside. The maggot makes a winding trail that bears some resemblance to the curving of a railroad track,—that is all.

It is the apple crop of Canada that is endangered by this worm. Not seriously,—the inroads of the railroad worm are not of such proportions as to cause a panic yet,—but sufficiently to cause a mild alarm and to make imperative some steps to protect the fruit supply.

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The circumstances which helped most to bring the railroad worm into the limelight is the marked expansion of fruit-growing of recent years. There has been a pronounced boom in the production of apples, peaches, cherries and smaller fruits, caused by an increasing demand, which has carried prices to



The commercial orchardist takes care of his insect enemies by the time-saver or Bordeaux spray before the trees are blossoming, and immediately after.

a profitable level. Neglected orchards have been rejuvenated, many new orchards have been set out and apple-growing has become a very popular branch of agriculture. But the enthusiastic farmer, chuckling to himself at the pleasant prospect, has received an unexpected jolt.

Falling fruit, rotting apples from which emerged tiny white worms, warned him that a new kind of plague was attacking him. He began to bombard the agricultural authorities of the country with questions and complaints. What was this pest? Where did it come from? How did it get there? How could it be got rid of? If it was going to be worse, would he have to give up fruit-growing?

The authorities lost no time in starting investigations. A specialist was detailed to prosecute careful inquiries as to the extent of the worm's depredations, to be followed up by a study of

its methods of operation, with a view to discovering some economical and practical way of putting a termination to its career. The investigator started work a year or so ago and presently came to the conclusion that the race of railroad worms had made an even more extensive conquest of the fruit-growing countries than had been anticipated. In Quebec they had spread far and wide. In Ontario they were strongly entrenched in Lennox and Addington, Prince Edward, Northumberland, Durham, Ontario, Norfolk, Lincoln, Welland and Brant Counties and probably had outposts in other counties. The situation was sufficiently serious to call for prompt action.

But there was one consolatory feature. The laboratory worker found, as he scrutinized the enemy's position, that in well-cared-for orchards the damage done by the worm was much less than in neglected orchards and further that



External appearance of apples badly attacked by the Railroad Worm. The small depressions or spots show where eggs have been laid beneath the skin, while the depressions shown on the apple to the left point to where the maggots have worked underneath the skin.

orchards in the neighborhood of towns were more often attacked than those lying out in the country.

Ottawa sent a collaborator to work with the Ontario investigator and they camped out in orchards last summer while they prosecuted an exhaustive study of the pest. The results of their campaign are as yet only partially complete and will have to be supplemented by another summer's work in the field but they have learned enough to be able to write the biography of a worm with a fair degree of accuracy.

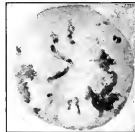
The fly-mother of the railroad worm was found to be about the same size as the common house fly, but different from the latter about as much as a hot-tentist differs from a white man. Its chief distinguishing characteristic was a series of white bands across the abdomen, while the wings, which in a house fly are clear, were marked with a curving black design, which in the fly family may be supposed to designate some particular rank or caste.

At the proper season, this mother-fly lights on an apple hanging among the leaves and proceeds to lay eggs. Humping up its back, it shows its ovipositor through the skin and deposits an egg. Moving over the surface of the apple it repeats the performance time and again until as many as forty or fifty eggs may be left in a single apple. As this egg-laying is done during July, it is principally the early var-

ieties of fruit which are affected,—harvest apples, Talmay Sweet and Wealden, but sometimes even winter apples are used by the parent fly. The fact of its visit is evidenced by the presence of little black circular marks on the skin of the fruit.

The eggs incubate inside the apple and the railroad worm is born. It soon becomes active. With its two black hooks, it tears down the fibres of the apple and sucks in the juice, moving slowly forward until it has tunneled right through the fruit. In the meantime the infested object has probably fallen to the ground and in due course, the worm crawls out, for its home has decayed. It goes into the ground, where in a few hours it pupates and remains hidden, for all the world like a tiny grain of wheat, until in the following July a new fly is born. And so the round is complete and each year sees new broods of worms hatched out.

The scientists have set down a series of questions, for which they seek answers. How far do the flies move from the place of birth? How deep do the pupae go and what would be the effect on them of exposure? Is the worm parasitized? How many eggs does a fly lay and how long does it take them to hatch? What kinds of fruit are affected? All this with the object of finding a vulnerable spot.



A cross section of a ripe apple, showing the tunnel cut across and also three injured areas. The maggots are mature in this stage.

Possibly its vices will prove the fly's undoing. For one thing it has been shown to be a sluggard. It can almost be picked from the leaves of a tree by the fingers. For another it has an excessively sweet tooth and prefers sweet apples. From this the scientists argue that if some suitable sweet poison can be found and sprayed on the leaves of trees in an infested orchard, the flies will be killed off before they are old enough to lay.

Another possible method of attack will be to enlist the services of pigs. If these animals are turned loose in an orchard just at the stage the fruit is falling and before the worms make their escape, the whole colony of worms may be gobbled up in a few days. By this means, as well as by carefully collecting and destroying all fallen fruit, one orchard which had been badly attacked, was freed to such an extent from the pest that last season only a dozen infected apples were found.

The accidental discovery that chickens relish the pupae of railroad worms offers still another means of relief. A collection of pupae was being made in an orchard for experimental purposes, and about 10,000 of them were placed in a box, when a few chickens on an exploratory expedition discovered them and made short work of a huge quantity of them. This leads to the natural conclusion that, if chickens are allowed to wander in an orchard in the spring, they will be quite likely to destroy many of the pupae.

Another suggestion is that plowing may expose the pupae to the influence of the weather, whereby frost will destroy what other agencies may be unable to reach. In short, the dictum that there is no pest so bad but that it can be controlled, appears quite likely to prove true in the case of the railroad worm, as in other instances. By one means or another it will have to succumb to the superior skill of the scientist.

Meanwhile another army of worms,

closely allied to the apple maggots, both in appearance and way of living, has invaded the Niagara Peninsula and started depredations on the cherry trees. These are the cherry maggots, which are scarcely distinguishable from their cousins of the apple trees. Last season they made a decided set on the Montmorency cherries, one of the choicest varieties in Canada, and did much damage. The worst of their campaign is that it is almost impossible to tell an infected cherry until it is opened.

The entomologists only discovered that the cherry maggot was in Canada a few years ago, though growers had doubtless encountered it before. That there were two varieties of them came to light last summer, when Mr. L. Cresser, the Ontario provincial entomologist, happened upon a fly which had no white bands around the abdomen. The known variety had a black abdomen marked with four white bands, so that there was a considerable difference between the two.

The circumstance that there is such a resemblance between the apple and cherry maggots has led to the combining of the attack against all three varieties. A man has been specially delegated to watch the cherry worms and he is to work in conjunction with the two specialists who have been investigating the railroad worms. By the end of the coming season it is anticipated that enough practical information will be at hand to enable the provincial authorities to devise means of lessening if not obliterating both pests.

This story of the opening of hostilities against the armies of the maggots throws a side-light on some of the work which the province of Ontario is doing to control those insects and diseases which are threatening to injure its fruit production. The public in general, outside the farming communities, knows little of this campaign and yet it has a most important bearing on the cost of living and those other problems that are worrying the political economists.

Mr. Winkler's Signs

There are few homes, however well conducted, but have some weakness in the matter of superstitions. The farmer waits the sowing of the field of grain for a favorable sign of the bees. The captain faces every other day but Friday for the beginning of his voyage. The suburbanite has a presage of death in the family when a miserable old happens to howl at night under his window. Everyone can detail you some instance about the other fellow in this regard. This story shows how an enterprising horse dealer gained a point by his knowledge of another's weakness for signs.

By Hatty C. Vaughan

"NOW children," said their father, as they gathered around the breakfast-table, "be careful to take up your knife first. Tommy!" All eyes turned, with varying expressions, to the little seven-year-old on whom the accusing gaze of the father rested. "There you go ag'in, right while I'm talking. Have I got to tell you every mornin' 'bout that 'ere sign. 'Fork first, day wasted?"

"I didn't mean to," faltered the little fellow, shrinking under the reproach of the stern gray eye.

"It's because he's left-handed," ventured Sadie.

"Well, that don't mend matters none. See how the day was wasted yesterday. Everything he done didn't amount to nothin': let the hawks git two of the chickens he was watchin', only got one sack of potatoes dug, and forgot to feed the pigs till he'd gone to bed, and I had to root him out to do it. Now he'll have another day like yesterday."

The children knew that Tommy's yesterday had contained many kinds of work other than those enumerated, but they were wise enough to keep their thoughts to themselves. Their father—"Beh" Winkler—was well informed on but two subjects: signs and money-getting. Superstition was his predominant trait, and he regulated his conduct by a code of signs from the time when, before putting his feet out of bed in the morning, he counted twelve to in-

sure good luck that day, till the evening, when he allowed no one to sweep the floor, for fear "the devil might come in." If he saw the new moon for the first time over his left shoulder, he believed that misfortune would attend him that month, and could be averted only by his turning around three times immediately after the unfortunate sight. Spilling salt was another unlucky omen, and signified a quarrel with some friend. Old Betsy, the woman who for a meagre sum ministered to this peculiar household, was never surprised to be called upon to "throw some salt on the fire" as a preventative. Indeed, after living so long a time with the family, she was nearly as well versed in signs as her master himself, and if she ignored any of them, it was without his knowledge.

Eight years before, Betsy had come to help through the fatal illness of Mrs. Winkler—that is, she was informed by the husband that it was fatal, and, indeed, so it proved, though old Betsy believed it would have ended otherwise with more attention to remedies and less to superstitious observances. That occasion was the first and only time she ever openly combated the decision of her employer, and he then harshly informed her that he had heard a dog howl the first night of his wife's sickness, and that was a sure sign of death, so it was no use getting a doctor.

In person, Bob Winkler was tall and angular, with retreating forehead, long, pointed nose, and small, quick, searching eyes; in spirit, he had the obstinacy and assurance that usually accompany ignorance and superstition.

Breakfast over and the children dispatched to their several duties, Winkler prepared to take up the task he liked best—planning how to add to his already large store of worldly possessions. Standing in the front yard, he had just struck his heel to the ground three times—counting as he did so—when his neighbor from down the valley came walking up the path. A stranger would probably have shown evidence of amazement at Bob's strange conduct, which would in no wise have been diminished by an explanation. Not so Mr. Quigley; with a comprehensive glance, he genially advanced.

"Hello, Bob!" he smiled. "Been hearing a turtle-dove coo, have you? Well, you are a great one! You always know how to ward off the evil any way."

"Oh, no; not nigh always," declared Mr. Winkler. Then, impressively, "Some signs can't be nothin' done with."

"I suppose that's true," acquiesced Mr. Quigley, and diplomatically added, "I'm beginning to believe some in signs myself. Now, yesterday at dinner I dropped my fork, and, as sure as anything, I had a gentleman visitor that same evening."

"Sure, sure," beamed Mr. Winkler, delighted at the apparent conversion of his neighbor. "It always comes true unless something happens."

"By the way, Winkler," returned Quigley, without a smile, "my visitor of whom I told you was Bainbridge—you know—the owner of 'The Pines.' He ran up your bid on my horse by considerable—offered me fifty dollars more. Says she may not be worth two hundred to any one else, but he likes that peculiar dun color, and insists on having her."

"Bob!" explosively—"you sold her to me!"

"Certainly, certainly," agreed Quig-

ley; "that's what I told him; but I said you might change your mind and not come at the time set, and, if so, he could have her. Nothing wrong about that, is there?"

"No, that'll do, but," declared Winkler positively, "I'll be there with the money at nine o'clock, just as I said I would. 'Course, I could get the cash and take her now, but I 'lowed—make what I get for my colts to-day pay for the horse, and the feller that bought 'em don't come till night."

"Oh, that's all right, Winkler," blandly declared his neighbor, apparently not in the least displeased at the arrangement. "I just wanted to make sure that if you didn't come by nine I could let him have her."

"Well, if I'm not there, he can have her; but, as I said afore, I'll be there all right."

Mr. Quigley bowed a smiling assent and briskly walked away.

That evening old Betsy—small, alert, quick-stepping—passed down the street on her accustomed trip to the little village. Half way there she met Mr. Quigley. His habitual smile widened into still broader lines as he solicitously asked after her health, and deftly continued the conversation. Betsy was not loath to be entertained by so affable a gentleman.

Their conversation finally became confidential, with the result that she promised to perform a service for him, thereby adding a small sum to her meagre income. They seemed to get considerable amusement out of the plan, whatever it was, and went their ways in smiling anticipation.

In the meantime Mr. Winkler sold his colts, received the money, and went to bed, in satisfied contemplation of the morrow's purchase, first being careful to place his shoes with the toes to the south, that no burglar might enter his room that night. Mr. Quigley, in his home, and old Betsy, in her small corner of the Winkler domicile, each also sought repose. Sleep—the "sleep of innocence," as it is called—does it come with its beneficence to none but the honorable, the fair-dealing? If so, future

punishment is not necessary; the penalty would be exacted daily. When the X-ray is perfected to the extent of revealing thought, what a scrambling for fig-leaves there will be!

The next morning the Winkler household was stirly early, although this was not unusual. All were busy with their morning duties—all but the father; he could afford to loiter, with all the others working. Old Betsy seemed especially active, hurrying here and there, yet apparently alert for any unusual sound.

She must have had a "premonition," for soon her expectancy was rewarded. Something unusual was going on upstairs: doors slammed, and heavy, quick steps passed back and forth through the corridors, finally coming down the stairs and back to the kitchen. Suddenly Mr. Winkler came rushing in, in a manner quite foreign to his usual methodical stride. The boys, who were out washing at the sink preparatory to eating breakfast, came hurrying in to see what was wrong; Sadie looked wonderingly out of the pantry, where she had been cutting bread; and old Betsy glanced quickly up, but continued to stir the mush—it was no affair of hers, any way.

"Now, this is a pretty mix-up!" exploded the master of the house, tramping round the room excitedly, white-faced and wild-eyed, his thin, wiry hair standing out in disorder. "This is the mornin' to go for that 'ere horse, and there on the carpet in front of my bedroom door was a pair of scissors!" Here Winkler looked up at Betsy, as if she were the more comprehending. "You know that sign:

A sharp-pointed instrument before your door,
Don't venture out till afore four,
Or in the strife
You'll lose your life.

"Now, what am I goin' to do about that 'ere horse, I'd like to know! I don't dare to go agin that sign—I've seen that tried too many times. Afore old man Hubbard got killed on the corn-sheller, they said he found a nail one

mornin', and, in place of staying in the house all day, he just picked up the nail and went on to his work, and, sure enough, he got killed."

"But, Papa," timidly questioned Sadie, "he didn't die for a month after that, did he?"

"What does that matter?" demanded her father. "Who wants to die in a month, I'd like to know? I suppose that's what you learn to school. Then"—impressively—"I can tell you about your own mother. Afore she got sick, one day, we found a knife 'most to the pantry door. It must 'a' been meant for her, for she worked in there more than any one else. She wouldn't take warnin', and you see how it was."

"Papa, maybe some one dropped the scissors there by your door," ventured John.

"What's the difference how they got there? They got there for a warnin', didn't they? The thing to do now is to see what's to be done about that 'ere horse. I don't want to lose that, for it's a bargain at two hundred, let alone one-fifty, as I'm to pay, and Bainbridge 'll not miss a chance like that. I told Quigley he could let it go at nine o'clock if I wasn't there with the money."

"Breakfast's ready," announced Betsy bluntly, and it was a silent group that gathered around the table. Mr. Winkler had subsided into pensive silence, heedless, for once, of his children's conduct.

Suddenly, pushing back his chair, he ordered:

"John, saddle Dick quick as you can. I want you to go over to Quigley's and take him the money for that 'ere horse. Now, move!"

"Yes, sir," assented John, mightily pleased to be sent on such an important errand and perhaps escape school.

Soon he returned, leaving Dick tied at the gate.

The money carefully counted and wrapped, his father himself put it into the lad's pocket, tempering his son's ardor by insisting on Betsy's sewing in it.

"Now," dictated he, "you say to Mr. Quigley that I don't dare to come out of the house to-day, but I've sent the money by you, and you are to lead the horse back with you. Now, hurry!"

After John was gone, his father walked the floor in a fever of impatience, looking first out of one window and then another. He even opened the door and peered out, and if all the dangers lurked there that his imagination conjured up, his long, pointed nose would have invited attack, for certainly it protruded into the favored territory.

As the minutes passed, Mr. Winkler grew more and more anxious. Why did not John come? What was keeping him so long? He looked at the clock again—only three minutes since he had looked before? It must surely have stopped. Then he hurried to the window again. Yes, there was a cloud of dust—that must be John; but was that another horse with him? He could not really tell.

Winkler only realised now how very much he wanted that horse. The thought of Mr. Bainbridge as possible owner was torture, and it was a genuine groan he uttered as he grasped the fact that John had failed. But possibly—the inspiring thought came—the horse was to be kept for him till to-morrow.

He met his son at the door, and anxiously demanded:

"Well, what did he say? Where is the horse?"

"He says," answered John, "that he's very sorry, but he had promised Mr. Bainbridge that if you didn't come by nine o'clock, the horse was his, and he asked if you were sick, and said that nothing but sickness was a reasonable excuse; and my, Pa, while I was out in the hall—he thought I'd gone home, but I was buttoning my coat up tight over the money—I saw him through the crack in the door—he winked at Mr. Bainbridge, and I heard him say, 'I was sure the scissors would do the work.'"

The flush of anger that overspread Mr. Winkler's face during the first part of his son's speech gave way to a look of astonishment, then incredulity, and finally one of comprehension. Without a word, he turned and went to his room.

After four hours, in which not a sound was heard, he came out and went about his work as usual, but it was supposed that during that time of quiet thought he bade good-bye to his lifelong delusions, for often he would say, with that pompous, assertive air habitual to him, "There's nothin' in signs; they can all be explained away somehow."



Princess Cove, Bay of Quinte, a song hiding place just above the gap, where wounded warriors at times took shelter. The "valley" was to dodge in here when the met with the adventures here related.

When the Yankee Flag Dipped to General Brock

The celebration of a hundred years of peace along the 49th parallel of latitude in America, recalls some incidents of the War of 1812. There were some stirring times in the fresh water fights of those three years, and the author of this sketch has detailed an incident not generally known, where the Stars and Stripes did General Brock the courtesy of allowing his household effects to pass by them unscathed. Another incident will be related in a succeeding issue. Both of these are from Mr. Snider's Fresh Water Fights that is appearing shortly from the London, England, press.

By C. H. J. Snider

"Well," observed Malachi Malone slowly, "everybody's got a good streak in him som'times. Even Isaac Chauncey had his."

"Him as was the Yankee commodore on Lake Ontario in the war of 1812?" queried Panfaced Harry hopefully.

Malachi, one-eyed, crooked, scarred with war and weather, nattered his huge back as though shaking off the weight of his century.

"Young feller," he answered portentously, his remaining optic kindling to its well-known storm-signal glow, "there never was more'n one Isaac Chauncey. 'That was him."

It was that good time abroad every lake schooner—the second dog watch in fine weather, the last half-hour of summer sunlight, after supper and before "Eight bells" when in the first night watch. It is a time to "loaf and

REAL GREATNESS

Real greatness consists in the possession and development of three faculties—observation, by which you acquire knowledge; conservation, by which you store it away, and analysis, by which you utilise it.

Any individual who possesses, well developed, these three great faculties, is a genius.

—Governor Sulzer, of New York.

invite one's soul." The crew in the Allacree knew how to do that; in fact the skipper who paid them a dollar-a-day-and-no-lay-offs, said they were post-masters. Just now, in the sweet final flame of the level sun, they grouped like neophytes around Malachi Malone, their high priest of the tale that is told. Malachi on the city street looked a disreputable old wreck; but here he was in his proper setting, and looked what he said he was—the last man alive who had choked on battle-smoke on the Great Lakes in the war of 1812.

It was not necessary to urge Malachi to yarn; he'd do it if he so willed, were he alone at the wheel in a gale of wind; and if he wouldn't, he wouldn't, and coaxing availed not. But his mess mates had seen the old signal-light glow under the white thatch of his eyebrow, and settled themselves comfortably on pul-poot and windlass hitt.

"Isaac Chauncey was no friend of mine," Malachi went on. "Thanks to him an' his long-guns I left as much of myself behind as 'ud fit out a now-a-days sailorman. But this here thing's to his credit. It happened afore I shipped in the Wolfe as powder-boy, when I was a kid playin' hockey around the docks in Kingston, first year o' the

war. Some of it I saw, and some of it I heard from them as was there.

"Queenston Heights was over. The old brig Moira had come down the Lake loaded with prisoners taken in the battle, and gone up again, with the Royal George and the Prince Regent. Commodore Earle had the British fleet on the lake then, and a fine mess he made of things before Sir James Yeo sent him packing. Commodore Chaucey and his Yankee fleet raided the Bay of Quinte that fall, captured two trading schooners, bombarded the Royal George and the town o' Kingston, and got clear away without a scratch. While he was thrashing home for Sackett's Harbor, the American base, he met the little Governor Simcoe, running before the gale from York to Kingston. He chased her through the shoals and riddled her with shot so that she sank right in front of the Kingston batteries.

"When Chauncey sunk the Simcoe in Kingston Harbor and sailed off to the south'ard in the November gale, it wasn't the loss of the vessel that worried her master, old Jim Richardson. She was sheltered some by the reef she'd crossed before the Yanks plugged her, and could be raised. Matter o' fact, she was raised and sailed for years afterwards. But when the garrison boats picked up the old man and his crew from the cross-trees o' the sunken pack of his first word was: "Where's the Moira?" The Earl of Moira was a fourteen gun brig that his son, young Jim Richardson, sailed in. Young Jim was a provincial lieutenant, and that gave him rank as sailin' master in the Royal Navy. He was a smart sailorman, and afterwards took to sky-pilotin'. The brig had sailed from York when the Simcoe did, but she was to stretch over to Niagara, and convoy a sloop from there to the St. Lawrence.

"That sloop was only a squint little trader, boys, but she had a cargo money couldn't buy. Brave Sir Isaac Brock had been buried three weeks before in a bastion of Fort George. And that little sloop, sent across from York to Niagara, had aboard of her the dead general's plate, his books, his papers, his ward-

robe, his arms—all the things his folks in the Channel Islands, across the salt water, would prize for remembrance.

"You've heard in school, you youngsters, that Brock's last words were, 'Push on, York Volunteers!' Right enough. He said that. And then he asked them that lent over him to send his sister something. They couldn't catch just what. But THEM was his real last words. And this here sloop, that Richardson's son was helpin' convey, had all of Brock's belongings aboard, bound for Montreal, for shipment home to Guernsey.

"We told old Richardson the Moira hadn't been sighted, nor the commodore in the Royal George, nor the Prince Regent, neither. He said the Prince Regent and the Royal George was safe in York, at the dockyard. 'But

I'd sooner the Yanks ol' blow the Simcoe to staves,' the old chap added, 'than have 'em catch Jimmy, and I'd sooner have 'em catch Jimmy than touch one sloop o' the general's property. We'll go with me to warn the Moira that Chauncey's off the harbor mouth!"

"It seemed a crazy thing to try, with a gale o' wind blowin' from the west'ard and it spittin' snow, and the Moira anywhere between Kingston Harbor and Burlington Bay. But he borrowed a fish-boat and drummed up a crew. Nobody was very keen on goin'—except



Young James Richardson, the "young Jim Richardson" of "Mighty Moira's" Narrative. Note the cap's left coat sleeve. The arm was lost while storming George's Bay. He was sailing master of the sloop-of-war Montreal. This picture is taken from a faded group photo a half century old of the survivors of the war of 1812.

the old man and me. That was how I got the chance. I don't go back to school, for I'd been playing hockey ever since the Yankee fleet showed up off the harbor; and I don't go home, for I'd get a "whalin'" there for not goin' to school. It cost a shillin' a week to get schoolin' then, and my dad was a particular man about shillin's.

"A n y h o w, we started up the Lake, in a half-decked lugger, six of us, pullin' her under oars against the headwind, and glad of the chance to keep warm that way. We followed the North Channel from Kingston, up among the Islands of the Bay of Quinte, and then palled across to South Bay point at the foot of Prince Edward County, by the False Ducks. Old Richardson figured the Moira'd have to pass there

on her way down the lake, and he planned to lie in the lee of the islands till she came by, and warn her to pop into the Bay of Quinte. He was a good reckoner, was the old man. We reached the False Ducks by daylight, after forty miles of rowing and sailin'—the wind had come fair—and we landed and thawed ourselves out by a driftwood fire, and cooked gulls' eggs. There was no wind all day, and the sky began to grease up, as it does ahead of a November snowfall. At sundown we sighted a pair of



Steen Mercille Tower, one of the sackett defenses of Kingston Harbor.



The test office of 1802 squadron—the site is east of Sir John Yeo's Dock—supposed to be the 18 gun schooner "Jockey" sharing today about the gravel bed in Navy Bay, opposite the old Royal dock yard, Kingston, Ontario.

square tops'ls, and pulled out towards 'om. It was the Moira. And she had the sloop in tow. She had been delayed comin' down the lake, laggin' for her convoy. They swung our fishboat in on the dock by the yard-tackle, and Capt. Sampson, R. N., who commanded her, said old Richardson ought to have a medal, and he felt honored at havin' the son of such a man for sailin' master. They let me swing a hammock that night in the Moira's fo'c'sle, and I wouldn't 'a changed places with King George.

"The wind came in from the east'ard. There was no light on the False Ducks in them days, and to clear the islands before stretchin' north into the Bay the Moira had to stand out into the lake. It was dangerous, but it had to be done. It was mornin' afore we'd a safe offing, and then the wind fell light, and the

snow set in, smotherin' down like a thick blanket.

"We lay rollin' hour after hour, the empty sails slappin' the masts, shakin' down snowfalls at every lurch. Sometimes we could see the sloop astern, and sometimes we couldn't. With nothin' else to do, the watch fell to guessin' where she'd show up next. Sometimes she'd range up on one quarter, sometimes on the other, sometimes almost ahead of us. She was driftin' around on her long towline, for neither vessel had much steerage way. She went out of sight in an extra thick smother, and next we heard her hail: "Moira ahoy! Have you changed the course?" and a voice answered ASTERN of her, "What ship is that? Stand by to fend off!"

"Then the snow thinned a bit, and we saw the sloop, and right on top of her, floatin' out her shape with a towerin' bulk of canvas and hull, another vessel—a brig—eight heavy guns grinnin' from either side, and the Stars and Stripes awayin' at the main-pole. The Moira was trapped. Not a gun of ours was manned. And not a gun of ours could bear on her without first blowin' the convoy-sloop out of the water.

"Again came the hail, in a deep-sea bass. "What ship is that?" Captain Sampson sprang to our rail.

"His Britannic Majesty's brig-of-war Earl of Moira. Box your vessel off clear of that sloop, sir, and we'll fight it out with you—but for God's sake don't fire into that convoy!"

"Why not?" bellowed the bass voice, "Mind your own funeral—we're double your weight."

"The sloop," answered Captain Sampson steadily, "carries General Brock's effects. Whoever you are, hold your broadside till we have both let her drop out of range!"

"This is the United States brig of war Onondaga," the bass voice came back, as though nettled at having to introduce his vessel, flagship of Commodore Channery, U.S.N. The commodore's



The harbor of the City of Kingston, 1812. In the light in the foreground the British war boat for Lake Ontario, over hundred years ago was built and harbored. The long four-storied building on the shore is the Stone Frigate, the sailors' shore barracks. In the bay to the middle distance was fought the duel between Channery's fleet and the Royal George, November 5, 1812.

compliments, and if you are conveying the effects of the late general, pass on. We'll meet again."

"Again sir," answered Captain Sampson, stiffly. The Stars and Stripes at the Onondaga's guff-end dipped vaguely in a friendly salute. Our ensign dipped in return, shakin' down snowflakes as it fell and rose and flut-

tered out in the revivin' breeze. The sloop sidled back astern, the towline tautened, and the tops'ls of the Yankee flagship faded into the snowmist and vanished.

"Well," admitted Pun-faced Harry, who was a cautious critic of other men's actions, "That WAS rather white of Channery."

SHAKESPEARE

Thou'rt Nature's child

Thy words come straight from Mother Nature's heart.
They sing, they breathe, they live, they thrill the soul
And reading them one longs to slip away
To that fair time when Shakespeare walked with men.

—Aileen Beaufort.

The White Precipitate

Popular fiction of the day seems to generally repeat the idea that romance, once it enters the soil of home life, is doomed to early tragedy unless it be bladed by the glimmer of sordid lies in the guise of beauty, luxury, meaningless conventionalities. We read so much of this that it is refreshing to find a story like the following by Rex T. Stout, where a current of adversity grips a turbid domestic situation and throws down from the turmoil a resulting compound of real goodness as it were—a white precipitate.

By Rex T. Stout

"Yes, sir."

"Take these papers out of the room." Without a sign of surprise at the unusual order, the servant gathered up the four morning newspapers and started to leave. As he reached the door he was again halted by his master's voice:

"And, Evans!"

"Yes, sir."

"If Mrs. Reynolds asks for them, tell her they haven't come."

"Yes, sir."

Left alone, Bernard Reynolds crossed to a chair by the open fire and seated himself thoughtfully. Even such a catastrophe as this of which he had just heard failed to move him from his accustomed calm. Of course, the news must be told to his wife; how, was the difficulty. For himself, he was almost glad; materially inconvenient though it was, it meant the removal of a barrier which he had already found an impediment in his search for happiness. Further, he knew that Paula herself would find the immediate loss an ultimate benefit; but he also knew that, coming thus suddenly, the blow would be a hard one. It was with such methodical reflection that he met a shock which to most men would have meant keen disappointment, and to some despair.

As he extended his hand to lower the flame in the coffee-lamp, Evans re-

entered the room, bearing a loaded tray. Soon after, Paula came in. Bernard crossed the room to greet her, and escorted her to her chair at the table.

In the six months since the Reynolds' wedding, the ceremony of breakfast had undergone a gradual but complete change. At the first dinner or so there had been very little eaten, and a great deal of foolishness. It had assumed the character of a morning worship, and Evans, who was orthodox, had been much disturbed by the order to place both chairs at one end of the table. At the present time, it was solely a matter of mastication and digestion. And yet Bernard declared—to himself—that the first had been by far the best, which seems to be a pretty good refutation of that disagreeable saying about men's stomachs.

On this particular morning the silence was oppressive. Even Evans seemed cast down by something unusual in the air, and was moved out of his habitual solemnity and dignity to an unheard-of sprightliness. When he served the jelly fifty seconds too soon, in a valiant attempt to start something, and received no notice whatever for his effort, he gave up in despair, and received his nod of dismissal with gratitude. When he had gone Paula raised her eyes from her plate for the first

time and looked at Bernard. Her eyes were red, and her lips were set in a firm, straight line.

"I suppose," she said, "that last night settles it."

Bernard returned her gaze calmly. "What do you mean?"

"For six months we've been trying to decide whether we've made a mistake. There is no longer any doubt about it."

Bernard hesitated a moment before replying. "Paula, you've said something like this twice before. You know how I've tried—but it's useless. It's purely your imagination. You've discovered somehow that it's bad form to have your dreams come true, and all I can do is to wait till you get over it."

"And last night—was that only my imagination?"

Bernard sighed hopelessly. "Will you never understand? Haven't I told you what my future demands?" Then, in a softer tone, "You know very well it's all for you. In order to succeed in my profession, a man must have friends. I'm trying to make them—that's all."

"And, I suppose, in order to be useful, they must be agreeable and—attractive."

"I've told you before that that's nonsense. It's pure rot. If you knew how silly—" He checked himself. "But I don't wish to be rude. There is a particular reason why I can't be."

For a full minute Paula was silent. The line of her mouth trembled, then tightened, and her hands, resting before her on the table, were clenched. Then, as though with an effort, she spoke slowly and calmly:

"Aren't you just a little tired of being a hypocrite, of living a lie?"

Bernard rose to his feet, astonished. "That's what it amounts to. You may as well sit down and talk it over calmly. Ever since we were married, you've done nothing but lie and pretend."

"Paula! For God's sake—" "Please listen. I'm not going to descend to heroics, and I don't care to listen to any. We may as well face the truth. We made a bad bargain, but we

may as well admit it was a bargain. You pretended to love me, and I!"—she caught her breath, and then went on calmly—"I pretended to love you. I don't know why I did it, but I know why you did. Of course, you wanted my money. As for me, I suppose it was your talent, your career."

Bernard, still sitting opposite her, controlled his voice with an effort. "You seem to have analyzed us thoroughly," he said drily. "And you—you are sure it was only pretense?"

"Have I not said so?" Paula laughed harshly. "Of course, it hurts your vanity. But you'll soon get over it. Besides, it will restore your peace of mind. You will no longer be under the necessity of attempting to deceive me. Our marriage becomes purely a business partnership, to which you furnish the brains and I the money. There will be no more nonsense about an affection that doesn't exist."

"Paula, I don't believe you." The voice was strained, appealing. "Whatever you may think of me, I can't believe you to be—as you say you are. I won't!"

"I have said—" Paula began coldly.

"I know." There was a sudden change in Bernard's voice. "And it would hardly be a compliment to suppose you are lying now. Very well; I accept your terms. It is strictly a business partnership. You admit I have the brains?"

"Of course."

"And you the money."

"That is what I said."

"And the one, I believe, balances the other?"

"What is the use of repeating it all?" "I just want to get it straight. I want to know exactly where I stand. You are sure I am furnishing my full share?"

"What do you mean?" cried Paula, startled by his tone.

Bernard, ignoring her question, struck the bell on the table sharply, and when Evans appeared, almost immediately, turned to him.

"Bring me the *Morning News*."

Evans disappeared, and in a minute later returned with one of the newspapers which he had previously been told to remove. Bernard, his hand slightly trembling, handed it across the table to Paula, indicating with his finger a double-column head on the first page. His voice was tense with feeling as he said:

"That is what I mean."

As her eyes caught the headline Paula gave a little involuntary cry, and the paper fell from her hands. Then, as she read the first two or three paragraphs, and realized the full meaning of them, her face grew pale and her eyes sought Bernard's in a sort of dumb protest.

"It isn't true!" she cried.

Bernard was silent.

"It can't be true! It means—everything is gone! It can't be true!"

Then, while Bernard sat silently regarding her, she bent over the paper and read the article through to the end. When she spoke her voice was dry and hard. "It—but there are no ifs. It is all gone. I have nothing. I am a pauper."

"Worse than that," Bernard spoke grimly. "You are in debt. I spoke to Grimshaw an hour ago over the telephone. Dudley has disappeared—which means that his liabilities must be met by you. Grimshaw says there is absolutely no hope."

Paula stared at him as though fascinated, unable to speak.

"Well?" she said finally.

Bernard arose and, passing around the table stood by her chair. "It is well," he said. "Our partnership is dissolved."

Paula recoiled as though he had struck her. "You mean—"

"What I say. A thousand times I have read in your eyes all—and more—that you have said this morning. It has made my life unbearable. That is why I'm glad it's all over—that the weary race is ended."

"Then—you are through?"

"With the partnership, yes. Your share of the capital has disappeared; therefore the firm belongs to me. My

first care will be to keep it intact." He stood silent for a moment, regarding her gravely.

"It isn't what you said that hurts. You have condemned me unheard. You needn't have told me that you have never loved me; if you had, you could never have believed me to be—what you have said."

Paula lifted her eyes slowly, and tried in vain to meet his. Then, suddenly, the strength of her life failed her; she buried her face in her hands and sobbed brokenly. "I can't give you up! I can't!" she moaned.

Then, as though by magic, Bernard's face cleared, and was filled with light. "Good God! Of course not!" he exclaimed fiercely. "I won't let you! Didn't I say the firm belongs to me?"

When Evans answered the bell, ten minutes later, he stopped short in the doorway and viewed the scene before him with unconcealed dismay. Both chairs—occupied—were placed squarely together at the farther end of the table.

"Evans," said Bernard, "I want to ask you a question. I suppose you have read the papers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, you know of our—good fortune. Thank God, we have to economize! Your—er—pickings will probably be reduced. The question is, do you want to stay?"

"No sir," said Evans promptly. "Not if I have to serve breakfast. I can stand the rest."

"Evans!"

"How can I help it, sir? Look at that!" He pointed at the chairs indignantly. "You know, sir, I've always tried to keep my self-respect, which I can't do going into rooms backwards. And even for the sake of your father—"

"Very well," Bernard grinned happily. "We'll have Maggie serve breakfast after to-day."

Evans turned to go.

"But," Bernard continued, "this morning you'll have to suffer. Bring back the fruit-tray and make another pot of coffee. We're going to celebrate."



The Passing of the Family Doctor

By E. J. MOORE

No professional man has had, perhaps, a harder and more self-sacrificing life than the practitioner of medicine in the rural districts. Many a man has practically given up his life for his patients by toiling regardless of the hours and weather. The family joys and troubles, their weaknesses and faults, and many interesting bits of family history have been entrusted and carefully guarded by the physician. Modern life, though, is changing these conditions in the older settled parts of Canada. The springing up of big cities and towns has tended to break up the old idols and with them is passing that good one—the family doctor. Specialists are now taking their places in a great many cases and whether we like it or not the movement is going on. The people themselves are largely to blame for this condition of affairs, and yet many will be the regrets because of the evolution. Mr. Moore's writings have already won a place for themselves with the readers of MacLean's.

"WHERE'S young Doctor Clark?" A college man on a week-end visit to his home in one of the larger towns was renewing his information as to local affairs.

"Has he moved? I don't see his shingle down on Queen Street. Didn't he make good? I thought you had a pretty good opinion of him, dad?"

"Moved? Yes, to Europe," replied the father, himself one of the town's lending physicians. "He's done what all the rest are doing and what I ought to have done twenty years ago—gone into special work. He did do well here, but he was only working to get some money to take him to the Continent."

"He's taking his trips early."

"This is no pleasure trip. He'll spend a couple of years in the hospitals in Vienna and London and then come back as a specialist in nose and throat and he'll make more money in a month than he did here all year."

The above incident, an actual one, by the way, has been repeated, if not in toto, still substantially, so far as the major facts go, in town after town and

with physician after physician in Canada during the past few years. One who knocks about the country at all sees traces of it every day. Until recent years specialists in medicine and surgery were only to be found in the cities. To-day their numbers are not only largely increased in the more populous centres, but they are also finding their way into the towns and villages. The movement has recently become such a notable one that a good deal of discussion has been aroused among the members of the profession interested as to the probable disappearance, in the not distant future, of that long-known and exceedingly useful member of society, the family doctor.

One who has not previously considered the matter will probably greet the announcement with considerable incredulity. "What," said a more-than-ordinarily-intelligent clergyman, "You say the family doctor is disappearing? I cannot believe it. He is too much of an institution. He is too valued a member of society. We couldn't get along without him." And the general pub-

lie will doubtless consider the matter in the same light.

But yet, more rapidly than those who have not studied the question can realize, a change in the medical profession, as we have known it for so many generations, is taking place and it seems safe to prophesy that at the end of the next decade the now familiar general practitioner will not be known, in urban districts, at least.

The reasons for the new order of affairs are many and various, and are not far to seek.

A well-known specialist in abdominal surgery discussed the matter very freely with the writer the other day.

"There is no doubt," he said, "but that the main reason for the tendency you mention and which, indeed, seems inevitable, is the marvellous development which has taken place within the past twenty or thirty years in the science of medicine and surgery. In my days at college," he went on, "while we saw possibilities of development in many lines, we thought we learned about all that was known. And to a large degree we were right. To-day, the medical student, if he takes things at all seriously, must be appalled at the mass of information he must master to be even fairly well-informed. The best he can do in his college work is to get the most important principles thoroughly established and perhaps touch a sort of fringe of the many departments that lie open to him. The science is entirely too big for any one man to know it all. And new discoveries, new methods of treatment, new remedies, are being announced almost daily. I find it almost impossible to keep in touch with all the new things in my own line, aside from doing any of the research work I planned several years ago to carry through. You can see how it must be with the man who attempts to follow the science in all its branches."

THE AGE OF SPECIALISTS.

A young specialist who is rapidly building up a wide reputation and at the same time a very substantial bank account, eyed a little further light.

"I went to the continent six years ago," he said, "with the idea of specializing in eye, ear, nose and throat. After about six months in the hospitals over there I sat down one day to think matters over and decided that I was undertaking too much, that I couldn't begin to cover all I wanted to in regard to all of those. As a result," he went on, "as you know, I have confined myself to one thing, the eye, and I find I can't even keep up with the new stuff on it. If I could afford it I'd cut my practice out altogether for five years' more study. Then I might know a little about it."

And so it goes. This is an age of specialization—in manufacturing, in selling, in teaching, in preaching. Is it at all surprising that this modern tendency should find its way into the science which, perhaps more than any other, has kept itself modern?

The family physicians themselves, are almost without exception, ready to acknowledge the tendency and interview with several of them brought out more reasons for the change.

"I wanted to specialize when I left McGill thirty years ago," said one of the old-time doctors who occupies a prominent place in the hearts and lives of the people in a small village, and who by the way, is an L. R. C. F., "but was advised otherwise by one of the college authorities. Look at the life I've led since. Driving from ten to fifty miles a day in all weathers, wakened and forced to go out almost every other night, going without sleep for days at a time, handling everything from toothache to appendicitis, and, with a smile, 'getting my accounts paid when my patients get ready, frequently not at all.'"

From the standpoint of comfort and financial returns the weight on the specialist's side of the argument brings the balance down with a hump.

He has little or no driving—his patients come to him. In many cases this procedure is necessitated by reason of the special and frequently complicated apparatus he makes use of in his examinations and treatment. He has practically no night calls. The class of patients he deals with are not only rather

more well-to-do but are also more pleasant, more intelligent and generally more appreciative than that large class called general. Again, by reason of his special training and, perhaps, by reason of his reputation, he is enabled to charge a higher fee than his brother physician who ministers to the general class.

A young doctor, with a large and growing city practice, illustrated this latter phase of the question very clearly.

THE MONEY SIDE OF IT.

"Last night," he said, "that nice little Miss Parsons came in, complaining of her eye. Now, I might have examined that eye and gone into the case as well as I could and with what instruments I have and it would have taken at least an hour and a half. The public know," he ran on, glancing over his appointment book, "that the regular fee for a visit to a doctor's office is from one to two dollars. I couldn't have charged her any more. And that amount, as you see, is scarcely a fair return for the time I would have to spend. Instead of bothering with her I sent her down to L. (an eye specialist). He will probably be able to do more for her than I could and he'll be able to charge her anywhere from five to twenty dollars for the treatment. And it'll be worth it. She'll get the best that's going."

From the standpoint of surgery, in particular, still another factor bears on the question.

THERE'S A KNACK IN SURGERY.

No matter how skillful a surgeon a general practitioner may be—and to their credit it must be said that many of them have done and are doing wonderful things—there is no question as to his having the same command over his own muscles and nerves and the same confidence as has the specialist who uses the knife in only one or a few special forms of operations. Knack seems to play a large part in modern surgery and it can readily be seen that a physician who is practicing in a gen-

eral way cannot hope to compete with the surgeon who is, for instance, doing delicate operative work on the eye every day, nor when he only has a "chance"—the word is not used designedly—at an appendicectomy two or three times a year, with the specialist who is doing abdominal operations almost daily.

From the public's standpoint, too, there is a good deal to be gained from the coming new order of affairs. Even years ago, in particularly critical cases, the specialist was frequently called in consultation by the family doctor, perhaps not because there may have been any doubt in his own mind, but rather to satisfy the family that every step was being taken which was possible. The public is even now recognizing the reasons for the specialist's existence and, even in the face of the naturally-to-be-expected higher fees, they will be better satisfied in knowing they have had the best attention that could be secured. One does not temporize with illness. It is too unpleasant and too serious a matter to hesitate over. The usual call is for the best that can be secured, regardless of expense.

"What about the country people?" asked the clergyman mentioned above, when brought to realize the really inevitable tendencies of the new movement. "How are they going to get along under the conditions you suggest as approaching?"

TH' GOOD OLD COUNTRY DOCTOR.

Just here lies the exception that the old proverb used to tell us proved the rule. It seems as if the rural sections will always demand and will always be supplied with the general practitioner. In the same way the lumber, railway and mining camps will require the attention of physicians capable of overseeing sanitary conditions and also of diagnosing general diseases and looking after general surgery. It would be a serious economic fallacy to have masters arranged otherwise and this fact and the conditions to be met will undoubtedly outweigh the advantages outlined for the people of the cities and towns.

It is easy to see the advantages that

may come to all classes concerned as a result of this forecast change, but not so easy to realize at once how great and far-reaching the disadvantages may be.

The family doctor, as we have known him, has been more than a giver of *Pills* and powders. He has given, in hundreds of ways his patients never realized, of himself. His opportunities have been peculiar and manifold to follow the example set forth by the Good Samaritan, and, with few exceptions he has made use of them. Who is there of us who can look back to the period of his earliest remembrance and not recall the kindly deeds the sympathy extended at needful moments and the general spirit of helpfulness as embodied in the doctors he knew? In some of the old physicians, undoubtedly, this kindly spirit was hidden under a gruff and sometimes stern exterior, but it was all the more tender and sincere for this when the time of need came. Compare with this to advantage, if you can, the necessarily-unfamiliar and seemingly professionally-cold attitude of the modern specialist.

The family doctor did more than administer remedial drugs. The fact that more of healing is accomplished by faith than is ordinarily imagined is a commonly accepted theory among the profession. The old-time doctor had his own ways of inspiring this healing faith and in many cases, doubtless, achieved cures that even the ultra-mod-

ern specialist could not hope to accomplish.

LOCKS THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

What a mighty help the family doctor has been, as well, in straightening out household tangles. His peculiar position in regard to the various members of the family brought to him secrets such as reached no outsider. In most homes he visited he had a fairly intimate acquaintance with the skeleton in the closet. And he carried those things with him, heart-breaking things often, joyful things again, honorably keeping them from the world. How often he was able to lay his finger on the trouble spot in the household, and with a word or two of wisdom and advice, cause its dissolution. How many lives has he caught, just at the dangerous point, and turned in a safe direction.

The family doctor, in almost every case, achieved an honorable place in his community. Because of his better education and wider outlook than the majority of his fellow-citizens, he was able to lead the way, when he cared to, in improvements along various lines which made life better worth living. He has been, indeed, a community benefactor.

With his disappearance these characteristics, many of them at least, will disappear as well. He will be sorely and sorely missed. And yet, progress will have its way. Other good things have been eliminated to lead to a better order of affairs. May it be so in regard to the passing of the family doctor.

Landing the Order

Every commercial traveller and business underwriter whether working for himself or in the interests of an employer will enjoy this story by Mr. Moffatt. A young member of the staff thinks he could succeed in landing a big order for his firm and he gets the chance. It is this chance that interests the reader.

By R. Gordon Moffatt

"THIS is hard luck," yawned Charles Wilton, as he slid off his high stool and stretched his tired arms. "A tall, healthy young man of twenty, crumpled up on a stool making out invoices for the Burrows Knitting Company, day after day. With a position like this, I should be earning enough money to live on comfortably by the time I am four score and ten."

"And you know the minute you give up your stool there are others ready to jump for it," replied David Haines, the sales manager, as he looked over his spectacles severely at Wilton.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so; any excuse for getting a start with the Burrows people," said Charles, bitterly. "But I've got ambition and lots of it, and it is sure to get me out of one of these pushing a pen eight hours a day with nothing more in sight. I want to go and sell socks—lots of them. Say, Mr. Haines, coaxingly, "I have been here almost three months now and have not wasted a moment. I have talked socks and dreamed socks. I am thoroughly saturated with socks—Burrows socks. Can't you speak a good word for me and get me on the road for a trial?"

"Ever sell anything?" he asked.

"No-o, I haven't," admitted Charles, "But I know—"

"Yes, they all know," interrupted Haines. "I have seen, yes, have started dozens of men out with the line, men and fellows like you, full of ambition and knowledge, firmly convinced that they could dazzle the trade and pull in the orders. But when they went up

against fifty other men, selling just as good a line as the Burrows, they slowed up—sagged—dropped—and off went their heads."

"You talk as if salesmen are born and not made," testily commented Charles.

"No, not that," the sales manager replied, "but they must be born with some marked features in them, and one of these is—grit. Just that. The hosiery business is peculiar; you can get a working knowledge of it in a short time, but unless you have undying grit, you fall, no matter how good the line is. You must stick until you get what you want. Speaking about stickers, I recommend Mr. Burrows, our president, as a pattern—the best salesman in the business."

"He certainly gets the business," asserted Charles, who had just completed billing some of the president's orders. "I've never seen Mr. Burrows. Where is he now?"

"On his vacation in Winnipeg, I guess," answered Mr. Haines. "But he is seldom about the office. He is your kind, made for the outdoors."

The conversation was dropped. "I can stick like glue if I only have the chance," was Charles' final remark.

While the Burrows Knitting Company had a score of men on the road, still many of the older buyers retained their long founded custom of dropping into the office, and visiting the factory to learn of the improvements in the manufacturing end and to renew acquaintance with the men of the office.



In addition to his work of supervising the sales of the men on the road, it was Mr. Haines' duty to handle these customers, and others who might come in. Many examples of grit, as expressed by the sales manager in the former conversation, came to the notice of the watchful hook-keeper, in the handling of these customers. Noon hours and any moments of leisure that he could spare were spent in the factory, following the workings of the hundreds of machines which transform raw material into finished hosiery. The men about the factory came to like the affable and genial bookkeeper and much knowledge about the mechanical portion of the business which before had been vague was made clear to him.

"Oh, for a chance on the road," sighed Charles, the thought continually in his mind.

"We have got a big week ahead of us," said Haines to the bookkeeper one Monday morning, as he seated himself at his desk. "Duncan of the International string of stores is coming in for a nice fat order this week and Burrows is away, as usual. And if I don't land Duncan for a ten thousand dollar this time, I will be looking for a new job. Last year the Higgins people beat us to it, and Burrows has never forgiven us."

"Ten thousand dollars," whistled Charles. "Just for a starter that would be the kind of an order I would like to land. But no chance."

The first of the week passed, as usual, and no Mr. Duncan had put in his appearance. Thursday, Friday and Saturday morning and still no sign of the buyer for the International, the largest stores in the country selling hosiery.

"It must be that Mr. Duncan has postponed his call until next week," said the sales manager, as he rose to leave at noon. "He knows we are not open Saturday afternoons and will surely not come until next week."

Saturday was a busy day for the bookkeeper and it was after one when he closed his books and put on his coat, preparatory to departing. The outside door of the office opened and in stepped a large, robust-looking man, who nod-

ded slightly to Wilton as he started to remove his gloves.

"All hands gone?" demanded the stranger, pulling out his watch. "Where is Haines or—"

"Come right in, Mr. Duncan. We have been expecting you all week and Mr. Haines, thinking you would not be in this afternoon, left at noon."

"What?" said the visitor, looking strangely at Charles. "Oh, yes, I was unavoidably detained. And who are you?"

"I am Charles Wilton, sir," replied the bookkeeper. "But don't let the absence of Mr. Burrows or Mr. Haines interfere with your plans as I am conversant with the situation and am fully prepared to discuss the matter of your order thoroughly."

"Oh, you are," said Mr. Duncan. He spoke rather crossly and Charles reflected that perhaps he had not had lunch, and that to discuss a ten thousand dollar order on an empty stomach was bad policy. He mentally figured the amount of cash in his pocket and his savings in a drawer in the safe; the total was \$80.

"I was just about to go to lunch," he said cordially. "Will you join me?"

"I guess I'll—" he began, but Charles handed him his hat and closed the safe, after extracting his money.

"I never take no for an answer," he said good naturedly and led the bewildered Mr. Duncan to the Worthington, the finest hotel in the city.

The most expensive dishes on the bill of fare were ordered, and during the hour spent, Charles afterward realized that he had done most of the talking. Every subject of interest was discussed, except hosiery. Dessert came and went, and Charles called for his bill. It was \$14, and he paid it without a blink.

"I must leave you now, you must have some plan on foot for this afternoon," said the international man as they left the hotel.

"Yes, I did have," said Charles. "I was going out to a quiet place about twenty miles in the country, where they have sandy golf links. Ever play golf?"

"Sometimes," said Duncan, whom

Charles thought acted ill at ease for a man who had consumed the major portion of a \$14 meal. Several people looked at the man, were about to speak, and he had turned his head abruptly away.

"Be my guest, Mr. Duncan," said Wilton, his heart palpitating.

"Pretty hot in the city—guess the trip will do me good after my long car ride. I'll take you up."

"Good," said Charles, and the pair caught the suburban which carried them to their destination, where they arrived late in the afternoon.

During the trip Charles tried hard to fathom Duncan's solicitude concerning the precious contract, and could not draw him out.

The pair went over the course together, playing an even game to the last hole. Nervously Wilton took off. He went over the hole, and Duncan won.

"A fine game, Mr. Wilton," said Duncan. "Now that it is almost evening I will have to leave you. Do you know whether Mrs. Burrows is in the city? I have a slight acquaintance with her."

"I believe she has been expecting Mr. Burrows from Winnipeg soon, but she is spending the week-end with friends at Willowbrook, as I heard her tell Mr. Haines," said Charles, resolved on inviting himself along should Duncan go. The words of the sales manager were ringing in his ears, and he decided to stick to his prey this time, no matter what amount of time was consumed in bringing up the order matter. At least he would not let anyone else get to him.

"Oh, well, I guess that will keep," said the international man, and to Charles' relief asked about the hotel accommodations in the neighborhood of the links.

A cozy, quiet hotel near the river was chosen, and each bathed and supped after their vigorous afternoon on the links.

Come to my rooms this evening, Mr. Wilton. I have a proposition to make to you that I think will help you to pass away the time," said Mr. Duncan at the close of the meal.

At last the opportunity was here, he could talk Burrows hosiery to his heart's content and would land ten thousand dollar order if he had to stay up all night to convince Mr. Duncan that it was the best on the market.

But once again his hopes went glimmering, as Mr. Duncan asked him if he ever played cribbage, to which he assented and the evening was spent in play, Mr. Duncan taking many of Wilton's fast disappearing dollars from him without comment. And as he turned in for the night, Charles recalled the parting words of his guest, as he had left him. He had said, "You have afforded me one of the happiest days of my life to-day and I thank you. If I can do anything in return, I will be glad to do it."

"If he could do anything for me," sighed Charles. "Just let him open up on that order matter."

The next day being Sunday, Duncan at breakfast asked Charles about his attitude on Sunday golf. Charles' attitude displayed itself in a prompt challenge to set forth, and the game ended in a decided victory for the bookkeeper after which church was suggested. The remainder of the day was spent quietly, Charles hoping against hope for an opportunity to display his knowledge of Burrows' line.

It was decided that the pair would remain over until the next day and return about noon.

"If this will afford me the chance I want, it will pay me, if not—" Thoughts of Haines' upbraidings on his return late the next day made his mind disturbed and the two retired early.

On the return trip to the city, Mr. Duncan recalled the object of his visit, and there followed a discussion as to the merits of the Burrows' hosiery, such as would have done justice to the sales manager himself. Each argument that Mr. Duncan brought up in favor of another line, was quickly balanced by a point in favor of the Burrows.

"Mr. Duncan, to be frank with you," said Wilton, finally, as he saw that his time was short before they would reach the office, "to be frank with you, I am not an experienced salesman. But since

starting with the Burrows people some months ago, as a bookkeeper, I have put every spare moment I could get into studying their product and in my earnest opinion there are none so good. Mr. Haines told me last week that you were coming to the office concerning a ten thousand dollar order. I think I have convinced you that the line of goods we carry are good and if you appreciate one's sticking until they get what they want, I think your experience of the past two days will warrant your giving me the contract."

As he finished, they stood on the steps leading to the office of the Burrows Knitting Company.

Mr. Duncanson looked into the earnest eyes of Wilton with a smile.

"Yes, you get it," he said, simply.

With a bound, Charles reached the desk of the sales manager, who stared wide eyed at him.

"I've got it," cried Wilton.

"Got what, the jim-jams?" asked Haines, with a scowl.

"Not much, Haines. I've got the International order, you know."

"The dickens you have," said Haines. "Mr. Burrows met Mr. Dun-

canson on the train coming from Winnipeg, stepped off and signed up the order Saturday morning. What are you trying to get at?"

Charles face dropped. "Mr. Burrows got the Duncanson order! Why man, I have spent the past two days with Duncanson myself and just now got his consent to the order."

"The president wishes to see you," said a stenographer to Charles.

"And here is where I catch it for being absent this morning," he thought as he opened the door to the president's office.

"How do you do, Mr. Charles Wilton," said the president, with a smile. Charles stopped, stared and was unable to speak. So this was really Mr. Burrows, the president, whom he had entertained the past two days. Before Wilton could recover his breath, the president was saying, "I believe you have ambitions to go on the road with the Burrows line. Sticklers of your kind are what we want. Try it at \$2,000 a year for a start. And," he added, slowly, with eyes sparkling, "Thanks for the happy two days."

A CHINESE VENICE

The rivers flowing through Canton, China, have upon their waters practically a separate city, composed of about 330,000 souls, living on sampans and house-boats. These floating homes are moored together in such a way that streets and squares are formed, through which the tradesmen ply their wares. Kitchen boats move along the liquid thoroughfares, barbers and doctors paddle about ringing bells. There are fish boats, clothing boats, vegetable boats, and even floating biers to convey the dead to earthly graves. There are floating hotels, floating restaurants, floating dance halls, and even floating laundries, from which emerge pathetic figures who hold out trays for alms.

The inhabitants of the city never marry with the shore folk and seldom even land. In some cases the men get occupation on shore, but this is rare, and they chiefly make a livelihood by dredging for coal dropped by passing steamers or by searching for articles lost overboard by tourists.

National Economy is the Need of the Day

National economy, alike to private thrift, is necessary in a healthy business life. Although not always interchangeable in their application, the maxims for private guidance in business, are largely those that pilot the national undertaking and financing. But the methods of enjoining habits of economy and thrift necessarily differ. The good that flows to the country through the present "tight money" influence—is for national economy and consequent private reformation. This article is written in the language of the street for the everyday business man, and will be easily understood and appreciated.

By John Appleton

SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE when he returned from his recent trip to Europe, stated to the writer that it was not necessary for him to visit London in order to get the necessary money with which to carry on the work of developing the transcontinental project the Canadian Northern Railway has in hand. His visits to London were for the purpose of visiting the agents who look after the business of the company there. Already the Canadian Northern has built up for itself a connection in the money markets of Europe that ensures for it necessary funds. There are times, of course, when it is necessary to make the demands as light as possible, and in view of existing conditions it may be that the output of Canadian Northern loans during the present summer will not be as large as anticipated. But the fact stands out, despite tight money conditions, that Canadian railroad enterprises still maintain the confidence of British investors.

Only a few weeks ago it was announced, not officially but with official acquiescence, that the Canadian Pacific Railway had placed a large issue of four per cent. debentures at par. Likewise the Grand Trunk placed a large loan, on terms not quite as favorable. Other large loans have been placed by Cana-

dian public and private corporations all of which have been taken up. Some have been more popular than others with the investing public of the United Kingdom but in each case the money has been provided. In the aggregate the borrowings of Canada this year to date will exceed those of last year to the corresponding period. With this supply of money forthcoming the outlook for the Dominion cannot be regarded as otherwise than encouraging. Two months ago it was pointed out that the chances of Canada in the money markets of the world were favorable and events have fully justified the claims made at that time.

Meanwhile money has been somewhat stringent in Canada though as yet no serious effects are apparent. The domestic situation is still unsettled and will not derive any immediate relief from the heavy borrowings abroad. It will take some time to adjust business conditions in Canada to the elimination to so large an extent of speculative business especially in real estate. That elimination has, however, already produced a tendency to economize that will have very beneficial effects all over the Dominion. It is from this point of view that business men generally may profitably look into conditions at the present moment.

There are successful manufacturers in the Dominion who know very little more of finances than what is told them by the banker with whom they do business. The attention of the type of man in mind is centered upon his own affairs, and does not incline to the intricacies of world-finance and their relation to trade and commerce in an international sense. If his banker tells him to go slow he obeys and if the banker tells him money is tight he is more careful of his credits. Usually it is good policy to follow the advice of bankers, but a very large number of successful men have made money by ignoring the warnings of the men who have extended credit to them. On the other hand, many men who have not followed the advice of their bankers have come to grief. In the case of the man about whom we are to talk for awhile he was one who believed in his banker; his business was a success, or rather, is a success and will likely be so no matter what money conditions happen to be. If the writer was asked why this man's business was a success, and was likely to continue to be so the answer would be that he was thoroughly practical, the master of his craft and in the conduct of his business stopped all leakages in the form of waste and negligence and he limited his business to the proportions of his capital. To familiarize himself at first hand with the details of his business in Western Canada he personally visited his agencies and looked into conditions in the localities in which they were situated. He had reason to do so because collections were not as good as they should be. After covering much territory and seeing many people he felt that there must be something wrong. Was it true, as had been suggested to his mind so often that there was a money trust in the Dominion? What had become of all the money? Where had all the money paid to the grain growers for the half billion bushels of grain they had grown gone to? There must be something wrong somewhere, he thought. These questions were uppermost in his mind when he got back to his office and found his plant running as smoothly as when he

left it, and the orders on hand were as large as ever, but the goods he had delivered were not being paid for as well as usual.

WHERE HAS THE MONEY GONE.

As to where all the money has gone, is a problem that has been worrying many people recently. If you ask a farmer he will tell you that although his crop was a good one last year, it cost a lot of money to gather it and the price he got for it was not so high as in the previous year. He had also to contend against bad weather conditions. The result was that he did not get from his crop sufficient to cover his normal obligations. The laborer, the thrasher and the binder twice man got his money. Implement men, stockkeepers and others have had to wait and in many cases are still waiting. But he has his farm and other assets on which it is held he should be able to borrow money from the banks with which to pay his most pressing obligations. Yes, he has assets. Speaking of farmers as a whole, it would appear that they have pledged their assets heavily. Sir Edmund Walker, the president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and Mr. Edmund L. Pease, the general manager of the Royal Bank, told the Banking and Commerce Committee of the Canadian parliament of the vast sums they had loaned to the farmers. This money was not found by the West but was taken from the deposits of the banks located elsewhere and loaned in the West. In the opinion of the banks as much money has been loaned to the farmers as is deemed safe at the present time. Hence in some cases those with valuable tractors have not been able to get credit to the extent of providing gasoline to operate them. This is a serious condition. All farmers are, however, not in the position of not being able to buy a few dollars' worth of gasoline to operate a \$3,000 tractor. They are, however, as a whole, in the West, fairly hard up. They have no loose money and they do not know where to get it. Where has it gone?

At the present time if the farmers' affairs, speaking of them as a whole,

were in good shape they would not be able to borrow money except in small amounts and then only for strictly agricultural purposes. Banks have little to lend. They have the actual money but so great is the demand for it that they have to keep it in liquid form so as to be prepared to hand it back on demand and on short notice to the people who have deposited it with them. If a dollar is placed in the savings bank its manager has to be prepared to hand back that dollar on the usual notice being given and in the case of demand deposits banks have to be prepared to hand back the money whenever the demand for it is made. In times when conditions are unsettled, when there is war or political disturbances, depositors and investors become uneasy and want their money where they can get it quickly. Banks therefore have to be prepared to meet the demands of their depositors.

At the present time conditions are unsettled and the cause of there being so is to be found in the fear of war arising out of the Balkan troubles, as well as in the huge demand for money from practically every progressive country. The banks lend money that is furnished them by depositors. They have a certain amount of their own but it is only about ten per cent. of the amount of the money deposited with them. Strictly speaking the large banks of to-day are merely the agents through which the money of the people is loaned to the people. They are responsible for the care of the money entrusted to them. If they find the people unconcerned about their deposits in the banks and are not using them the money will be available for borrowers. But everybody wants money at the present time and the banks have to be on the alert lest they should have to meet a demand on them for the money they hold as trustees. They are, therefore, taking precautions to keep up their reserves of cash and to do so means lending very cautiously. Money is, indeed, tight. *But every class of borrower, other than the farmers, is finding difficulty in getting loans which in normal times would be granted to them. In consequence every class will have to make the best*

of what they have—in other words, economy is the order of the day.

CANADA'S HUGE BORROWINGS

How is it then that Canada is short of ready cash after so many years of increasing crop and industrial production? To answer this question let us ask another. How much borrowed money has been invested in Canada? Sir George Paish, the editor of one of London's leading financial journals, says that approximately \$400,000,000 has been borrowed by Canada. At the present time Canada is borrowing at a rate unprecedented. It is not the desire of the writer to create the impression that there has been unnecessary borrowing or wasteful borrowing, but he desires to draw attention to the fact that for every dollar loaned to Canada a debt has been created. In the aggregate a large debt has been created and the obligations incident thereto have to be taken care of. At the same time other countries have been incurring large debts. Brazil and other South American states have been borrowing largely for development purposes in the same way as Canada has been doing and in the countries of the south-east of Europe huge debts have been created for war purposes. This accumulation of debt has created a shortage of the wherewithal to pay the debts. When individuals get into debt they have to economize to get rid of it; so it is with nations. In countries where active development is taking place borrowed money is being invested at an unprecedented rate and in the older countries active business is absorbing much new capital and elsewhere capital is being wasted by war. This is where the money is going, and has gone to. If the farmer builds a new barn with borrowed money he has to work hard and economize to pay for it. Likewise, if the manufacturer builds a new factory he has to economize and work hard to pay for it. National extravagance facilitated by borrowing can only be met by national economy. The world to-day has incurred more debt than it can comfortably take care of hence a shortage of money.

As a result there is a tendency to economize and it is one of the best indications in the business situation of the moment.

In a communication to the writer a Montreal house strikingly illustrates the tendency at the present time on the part of the public to dispense with some luxuries and hew closer to the line of economy. To quote from the communication referred to: "Tight money appears to have effected a reduction in the number of cigars being manufactured, owing largely, we believe, to money firms having withdrawn their Western travellers, as the report that for goods previously sold on credit is full are being asked in the West and it therefore does not pay to enlarge their credit. At the same time they report that everybody seems eager to purchase there, but always on time."

The above simply means that instead of the cigar business increasing from ten to twenty-five per cent., it has in the last month or six weeks shown no increase taking an equal number of customers over the same period of last year. Tobacco and other luxuries have also shown a decrease.

"General lines, however, such as chocolates, extracts, etc., have still

shown an increase but in greatly lessened volume.

"Collections are still slow, especially with wealthy firms.

"To sum up, general necessities seem to be pretty staple while luxuries seem to have been cut off. The position during the last ten days seems to show slight indications of recovery."

ECONOMY A GOOD SIGN.

The above was written on May 7th and represents the tenor of a large number of communications that came into the hands of the writer. It would appear that the country had set itself to work to economize. Necessity may be responsible. But a few months of economy on a national scale has marvellous effects. Though acting under compulsion it will be a salutary exercise for Canadians to deprive themselves of some of the luxuries they have been accustomed to by a period of great prosperity and development. Limitation of capital will ensure more economical use of that already employed and for some time at least, that to be employed. The results of such economy can only have one result—the accumulation of more wealth in proportion to the debt incurred with easier money as the result.

FREED FIVE HUNDRED SONGBIRDS

On a farm near Detroit a wonderful thing happened recently, says Mr. Sanders, late of the U. S. Tariff Commission and editor of the *Breeders' Gazette*. A perfect spring day had just dawned. It was four o'clock. The sweet voices of the early morning broke the awakening life of the northern country-side. There was a faint rustle of breeze and a perfume of budding things. Henry Ford, a farmer, automobile manufacturer and friend of birds who campaigned so effectively for the McLean migratory bird law, was doing something which may be of more significance to country living than most of us are wont to believe. He was setting free nearly 500 important song birds. There were linnetts, brilliant yellowhammers, green finches, bullfinches, blackbirds, European jays, chaffinches and redpolls. The finches are hedge sparrows; some are entertaining singers. They eat weed seeds, buds and insects. The yellowhammers are members of the woodpecker family and feed on insect larvae which destroy trees. Presumably these differ from our domestic variety. The European jay is on a higher social plane than our own native blue jay and not so much inclined to bully-rag.

Big Bill's Second Term

"You kin cut my laigs off and I'll run on my han's." This sentence from the lips of Big Bill will give the reader an index to the character of this story by Mr. Cahn. It is a true occurrence, so he informs us, that came under his notice in one of his trips to the Southern States, where conditions of law and order have not reached the same degree of certainty as they have in Canada. Mr. Cahn's stories, which have appeared in *MacLean's Magazine* recently, have been well received, and his intimate association with his fellow men and his keen observation especially fit him for this work.

By Ed. Cahn

THE blinding, boiling sun of a little more than midday glared through door and windows into the smoky atmosphere of the Silver Star saloon which occupied the commanding position in San Felipe. By no possibility could the traveler miss the Silver Star, did he arrive by stage, burro or bronco, in dead of night or broad day. San Felipe had originally proposed to have two streets running at right angles, but the Silver Star disposed of that idea by planting itself firmly in the middle of things, and so, San Felipe had obligingly arranged itself into a straggling circle around the Silver Star.

The trail which led back to the railroad and on to the open range, and from there over the Divide, made a complete loop around the Star, a thing it did for no other saloon as Christmas Barrett often pointed out. Just now he had finished scrubbing his rade bar and glanced around. Texas, small, slender, sleek of hair, black of eye and furtive in expression, and above all other things, nimble of wit and fingers, sat at a far table rattling the dice for a bored cowboy.

Two other cowboys sat at another table trying to outplay Big Smith and his silent partner Morrey Juda. The untouched glasses beside them made Christmas hesitate about raising his voice, at least until that hand was played, and so he contented himself with sweetening softly at the Chinaman sweep-

ing impassively around the legs of both chairs and patrons with equal care. Sweet peace reigned undisturbed, and peace was a thing that Barrett hated with a deep and abiding hatred and did all in his power, which was considerable, to banish from the Silver Star insofar as it influenced his guests to habits of temperance. He served a drink or two now and then but for the most part things were as quiet and as dull as a duck pond when the ducks are not about.

The craps ceased to interest the lone cowboy and he presently shambled up to the bar, Texas bringing up in the rear, flashed a significant wink to Christmas, whereupon that gentleman suddenly became the genial host.

"What'll you have Briner? Name your pizen! Name ut! This here poteshun is on the house you bet. You, too, Texas. Hi there everybody what ain't too busy, line up for one on me."

The invitation was accepted with dispatch by every lounging smoker, every napper, every idle talker, but the poker players neither looked up nor answered.

The drinkers were inspecting the coiling by means of the bottoms of their glasses when an old man drew rein at the door.

"Howdy everybody!" He called as he clambered somewhat stiffly out of the middle and entered.

"It's Richard the Three himself,"

said Christmas heartily. "You're a little bit late, but here's how."

The old man accepted the drink and removed his hat to dry the sweat that glistened on his white hair. Then he tilted his head far back, opened his mouth and poured the fiery liquid down his throat. He certainly could not be accused of being a drinker, for he did not drink, he simply poured it down.

"Awful swell liquor, Barrett, awful swell. As Checkers says, 'let's have another.'" He waved his hand to include the company and while the bartender was filling the glasses he noticed the cardplayers. "Say, boys. Come on an' join us." Receiving no reply whatever he raised his voice a little. "Kyant you and Juda stop business long nuff for to drink?" he asked Big Smith the gambler.

The cowboys laughed and rose, stretching stiffly. "We kin. Taint everybody whet gets a chamact to drink with Richard the Three."

The gamblers laughed with the others and followed their victims to partake of Richard's hospitality.

"Boys, me lads, I'm feeling fine today," the old man laughed, "Bill is going to run for Justice of the Peace again. More words from his Dad, is useless, superfluous and unnecessary."

"Hurrah!" cried everyone but Big Smith and his right and left hand men, Morry Juda and Texas. They merely smiled slyly or spat emphatically, a circumstance which did not escape Bill's proud Papa.

"I'm sure free to remark," said Squint Anderson as he discharged a volley of tobacco juice through the window, "that Bill o' yours is a mighty fine Justice of the Peace, judgin' from this, here term he's just about finishin'."

"Yess, what I like about Bill is he is pump durable. San Felipe never had a Justice afore that lived to serve out his term. Hottlin' office is always yuretofore been a sickly business round these parts. Yes sir-ee."

"And it's going to be also sickly heretocome," growled Big Smith banging down a gold piece and demanding

"Slow Death" from Christmas Barrett for the crowd.

"Now," said he, raising his glass, "Here's to the next Justice of the Peace of San Felipe." They drank, and then he added, "but he ain't going to be Bill."

"Why ain't he?" demanded Pronto instantly.

"Because, he's too dog-gone fresh about buttin' into other folk's business. Because me an' some others is for a Justice who's satisfied to be a Justice and not a Sunday School teacher and —"

"Heep plenty pleeples come," remarked the Chinaman from the doorway where he was resting from his labors upon the broom. This served to divert the attention of the crowd and to the bartender's deep disgust the drinkers struggled away to the door.

The travelers proved to be an assortment of cowpunchers returning from a journey to the railroad and though it was far from pay-day they had a few dollars to spend. They shuffled and jostled at the bar and it was some time before they noticed Richard the Three sitting apart, his lined old face set into a poker expression but his fingers nervously fingering his hat.

"Well, what does Shakespeare say about your having a jolt with me?" cried one of the new arrivals cordially.

"My boy, Checkers never mentioned me and I just got one jolt-to-day but—I reckon I kin stan' another. My boy Bill's going to run for office agin'."

"Y—e—u—o—wow!" cheered the crowd. Bill's the stuff."

Big Smith showed his handsome teeth in a leer. "So you think Bill is going to run, eh? Ben, I should smile. He'd heter, if he knows what's good for him." And he laughed audaciously.

Richard the Three stiffened. There was a general hush as everyone noted that Big Bill had the old man covered from the hip and Richard the Three's hand dropped away too late.

"What's this here party about? Pop, are you an' Big Smith a janglin' agin' about Checkers?"

All eyes turned to the open window from whence the voice came, and beheld Bill himself leaning in, and resting his loosely folded arms upon the sill.

There was a general laugh and the tension relaxed. Bill swung himself in, a great loose-jointed giant who towered over every man in the room, not excepting Big Smith, who stood six feet high without his boots. Bill's hair was red, his eyes a mild blue, his skin tanned brown. He had a ringing laugh that was often heard, a thirst for fun, but none for liquor, and a willingness to buy it for those who cared for it, only limited by his means.

Juda induced his partner to turn his mind to business, which in their case was cards, and once Big Smith was seated before the green table he forgot even his animosities apparently.

Most of the punches left Bill knowing their intention to vote for him, but several advised him not to further risk his life.

"Y' know, Bill," said Pronto, "Big Smith is down on you. He's a layin' fer you. He's sure figurin' on evapotatin' you out'n this here country plumb entire. An' if he kyant do it by scorin' you or makin' that passel o' mavericks down below vote agin you an' put in Pete 'stead of you, he may crease you or sit you creased."

Bill laughed.

"Oh, you kin haw, haw and show the him'n o' your gullet to the publick gaze but I'm arisin' fer to say I'd a heap druther have you havin' me drinks than be bovin' you posies for yore lonely grave."

Bill laughed again.

"Lough, you dern gas-bag, laugh. I reckon you don't know professional card sharps like Big Smith and Morrey Juda has been knowed to pull a iron on a Justice what's showed himself too all fired strong on justice?"

"That's so," put in another. "We don't need Pete, nohow, Bill. Spowin' you let him be it this next term an' let him sit killed."

Bill answered by having further refreshment. "Boys I ain't here solicitin' no votes. If you think Pete's the best man fer the job, why you want to slide

him in. I guess maybe if I keep myself huddled up good and don't ketch no cold I'll live through a second term. I said I'd run agin and I'll run, you bet."

Smith heard the last few words and he turned around in his chair and watched Bill and his father mount their horses and ride away. The expression in his cold gray eyes was anything but kindly.

Seeing this, Pronto and Squint Anderson withdrew to a far corner together and had a serious conversation about the forthcoming election to which they invited one or two others, and which was carried on in jerks between plays with the pasteboards, partly out of mere habit, and partly to deceive the gimlet-eyed gamblers.

"Perfectionals is bad," observed Pronto by way of a beginning.

"They shore is," agreed Long Jim.

"All of 'em," added Squint at the end of a hand.

"Yep," came tersely from the two consulting friends, and they renewed it most heartily as they noticed Pronto's glance at Juda, and heard Squint voice his extreme dislike of the name Smith.

It took four hands to decide upon the thing to do, and three to arrange the details, another game to silently consider same, and a drink to ratify the agreement. By the time they had mounted and gone their several ways Big Smith and Juda had succeeded in separating the dollars from their opponents, Christmas Barrett had added considerably to his till and Bill and Richard the Three were just finishing their argument.

The old man had been urging his son to reconsider and not run for a second term, and Bill had said, "Pop, I'm a winn' to run! You kin cut my leins off and I'll run on my han's. That crooked gambler and his peck o' out-laws don't scare me. But I'm a heap sorry to go agin you, Pop, I sure am."

Richard the Three frowned viciously in order to keep the proud smile out face and swore horribly to keep the tremor out of his voice. "Billey I ain't too old to larrup you good—and I will

too whenever you need it." Which ended all talk of Bill's leaving the race.

Time passed, and as the day of election drew near, it became apparent that Bill would be elected. Big Smith and his friends indulged in some ugly talk and there was a general feeling that, as Christmas Barrett expressed it, "Something was due to drop if that Bill gets in."

The great day came and San Felipe was filled to overflowing with cattlemen and noise and dust and excitement, for rumors of trouble in the event of Pete's defeat had spread far and wide and Big Smith was known to make things surprisingly interesting for every one whenever he felt irritated. But in spite of the unusual circumstances, it was no great task to count the ballots in San Felipe, for it was the last outpost of civilization, and a very new one at that.

The sun was showing signs of setting, things had progressed smoothly, there had been no trouble worthy the name all day, for Big Smith was missing and his absence seemed to deprive his satellites of all desire for war. It was apparent that Bill was winning by a handsome majority, and his friends took time to inquire more particularly as to the whereabouts of Big Smith.

Nobody had seen him since the night before, nobody could discover his hiding place, and all sorts of things began to be whispered about. He was off rallying the bad men to shoot up the town; he was too chagrined at the defeat of his candidate to show his face; he was drunk; he was dead; and, there was a rumor to the effect that he had sent Texas with a message to Bill to the dire effect that if he was elected, Big Smith would see to it personally, that Bill was killed the next morning at eight o'clock sharp. The supposition was that, since Bill had insisted upon being elected, Big Smith was lying in ambush waiting to make good his threat. This explanation of his strange disappearance seemed to be the right one, for Big Smith was a man of very few threats, but those few he never failed to carry out. But, since nobody knew, nobody worried, least of all Bill.

There was not the least sign of trouble that night when the ballots were counted in the Silver Star, and Bill was declared elected by a handsome majority, and started off the celebration by making one of his graceful if ungrammatical speeches, which was cut short by Squint Anderson, who offered to treat the crowd in honor of the New Justice.

Bill being modest and above all, temperate, contrived to slip away early and started for home. He was half way there and passing Pronto's place when he thought he heard some one groaning. He stopped his horse and listened. Yes, there it was again. He shouted and then proceeded to trail the groans, and soon discovered that they came out of Pronto's well.

Bill dug the spurs into his horse and galloped back to the Silver Star for help. He had a little trouble in persuading anyone to listen to him, but succeeded at last, and hurried back. As they approached the well, they could hear first a groan, then a little smothered profanity and then, a prayer. "Oh—Oh! Lord! I'm Big Smith. You know me, I don't pester you much—Perform a miracle and take me out of this vermin den and I'll be eased if I'll ever bother you again. Oh—oo!" The words came faintly toward the list and as if forced through chattering teeth.

"Is that you down there, Big?" called Bill.

"Yes, it's me, ding bust you. Get me out of here, quick, Bill," responded Smith.

Someone ran for a rope to rig the windlass and a bucket was let down, but Big Smith was too weak to hold onto it. He had been in the icy water for eighteen hours and was half dead.

When Bill saw that he could not be hoisted out by means of the bucket, he climbed into the well and slid down the rope to the rescue. The water came up to his shoulders.

"Got a pepper?" he demanded.

"Nope," replied Big Smith.

"Got a knife?"

"Yep, but I'm too far gone to use it on you Bill, so hustle me out of here."

Bill clambered into the bucket and lifted Smith in his arms, clutching the rope for dear life, and the others at the top hauled them up. Big Smith tumbled over in a faint.

Just then Squint and Pronto dashed up and began to berate Bill for hauling the gambler out. "You-all shore do annoy me. After all our work! Kaint you tend to yore own affairs? Just because you-all is 'lected have you-all got to go lookin' into everybody's well? Put that there amiable back afore he ups and lets the daylight into you-all."

"That's right. He needs to be drowned. Let's put 'im in again."

"Let him alone!" growled Bill, as they stooped to put this idea into immediate execution.

"Yore locoed if you let him live, Bill. He said he's a goin' to kill you shore, an' he shore keeps his word always."

He'll kill you to-morrow, without no doubt about it a tall. He was going to do it to-day but we got him 'fore daylight an' slung him down here this morning. Gosh, but it takes a long time to settle him. He oughter be dead now. You better shoot him right away."

Big Smith opened his eyes. "Thanks, Bill, thanks. You are safe from me to-morrow. I'm not figuring on killing you until the next day. Maybe I won't kill you at all. Get re-elected?"

"Yes, but your neck I did, Big."

"The Hell you say! Pahaw! Well, I reckon the Lord has performed two miracles to-day. He got me out of that blamed well, and re-elected the peckiest, cryeriest, finest damn Justice San Felipe ever had. I'll call it off, Bill. You got the Lord on your side, and I got my hands up. You can live."

FORCE IS BRUTAL

Too often persons who have the training of children are tempted to use corporal punishment for the misbehavior of those under their charge. The average natural mind is liable to resort to this means of correction in the first instant, but on sober second thoughts the reflective mind points out the more excellent way. This phase has been brought out in a reminiscence by Dr. Crane on the Dayton flood disaster.

When John H. Patterson built the first shops for manufacturing his Cash Register at Dayton, he made them with many windows. They were, however, in a section where a host of bad boys dwelt. These boys amused themselves and exercised their destructive propensities by breaking the windows.

The average fool logic would have sent these boys to prison in order to frighten them into obedience to the law. But punishment has never abated crime since the foundation of the world. Mr. Patterson did not arrest the young hoodlums but sat down and thought. He decided that the boys wrecked windows because they had nothing else to do. He determined to give them something to do. He gave a plot of ground to the boys and hired an expert gardener to show the boys how to raise things. And the boys took to gardening as a monkey takes to sugar.

This is the way Mr. Patterson "killed off" the bad boy pests in Dayton. Tact and forethought and belief in the in-born goodness of human nature is the gist of the whole matter.



The Secret of Education

By Elbert Hubbard

It is *qualities* that fit a man for a life of usefulness, not the *mental possession* of facts.

The school that best helps to form *character*, not the one that imparts the *most information*, is the college the future will demand.

I do not know, with possibly one exception of a single college or university in the world that focuses on *qualities*.

At Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Columbia, Toronto, McGill, and Princeton cigarettes are

optional, but a stranger, seeing the devotion to them, would surely suppose the practice of cigarette smoking was compulsory. The boy who does not acquire the tobacco habit at college is regarded as eccentric.

Many of the professors teach the cigarette habit by example.

At all of our great colleges gymnasium work is optional. Instead of physical culture there is athletics, and those who need the gymnasium most are ashamed to be seen there.

How would the scientific cultivation of these do?

BODILY QUALITIES—Health of digestion, circulation, breathing, manual skill, vocal speech, and ease in handling all muscles.

MENTAL QUALITIES—Painstaking, patience, decision, perseverance, courage, following directions, tact, concentration, insight, observation, mental activity, accuracy and memory.

MORAL QUALITIES—Putting one's self in another's place, or thoughtfulness for others, which includes kindness, courtesy, good cheer, honesty, fidelity to a promise, self-control, self-reliance and self-respect.

If you know of a college that made a *specialty of qualities*, where the teachers were persons of *quality*, would you not send your boy there? And if you would send your boy to such a college, would not others do so, too?

These things being true, will we not as a people soon decide to pay teachers enough to secure quality?—which is not presuming to say we have none now. Would not such a school as this evolve

through the law of supply and demand a college that approximated the ideal?

The advent of women into the world of business has worked a peaceful and beneficial revolution in favor of qualities. Up to the time of the Civil War a woman school teacher was a curiosity. The typical man schoolmaster, with his handy birch can yet be vividly remembered by many. Women teachers came in as an innovation, and they have brought beauty, gentleness and love where before there were fear and force.

"The teacher is the child's other mother" (Froebel.) We didn't believe it at first, but now we accept it.

About 1862 the discovery was made that women could serve as clerks in the Government offices. Women whose husbands, fathers and brothers had gone to the front took the places of the men at Washington, and let the work went on just the same.

By 1850 women were acting as clerks and sales-women in shops and stores.

At the Centennial Exhibition the typewriter was one of the wonders of the time. In 1880 I sent a MS. to Harper's, and got it back, with a note saying they respectfully declined to read any MS. that was not typewritten.

I lifted a wail that could be heard a mile—how could I ever learn to use a typewriting machine! I wrote an article on the arrogance of publishers. I thought typewriting was a most difficult and complex business, like producing a harmony on the piano.

And it seems that is what the Remingtons thought, for when they wanted a woman to operate their machines they advertised for a musician, thinking that an alphabetical harmony could only be expressed by one who had acquired the "piano touch."

The typewriter makers could not sell their machines unless they supplied an operator; and so they inaugurated a special branch of their business to educate women in business methods and to use a typewriter.

And let in a short time business colleges all over the land began to blossom, and their chief concern was teaching stenography and typewriting.

The typewriter and the typewriting rank in usefulness with the electric car. Rapid methods are as necessary as quick transportation. Women receive in wages now over two hundred million dollars a year. It is said that the lady typewriting has at times disturbed the domestic peace; but trolley cars, too, have their victims. And I am told by a man who married his typist that such marriages are quite sure to be happy, because the man and woman are not strangers—they know each other!

The woman who has looked after a man's correspondence is familiar with his curves. She knows the best about him and the worst; and he knows her tastes, habits and disposition.

This is better than the old society plan of getting married first and getting acquainted afterward.

The Agency of Insects in Disease

BY COLONEL



G.M. GILES

It must be astonishing to everyone reflect just how quickly the new scientific world became the property as surprising how soon people accept and theories of the laboratory. The microbes, bacilli, viruses, and so forth years ago would not be understood at all the situation of the world with its supply article tells about some of the researches of both hemispheres, and how some fearful ledge gained there. Insects have played a rôle, who bees tell about them, is a resident

who takes time to think and of the new discoveries in the of the reason people. It is equally at themselves with the physiology ordinary person talks about germs, so clearly that people of twenty-five At present Dr. Friedman is claiming and cure for tuberculosis. The present that have been made in various hospitals diseases have been checked by the knowledge part in spreading of disease. Col. of diagnosis.

OF ALL the plagues conjured by Moses upon Pharaoh and his much tried subjects, perhaps the most vexatious and disgusting must have been that of flies. It is noteworthy too that two others of the ten, the plagues of lice and locusts, employed insect agency, while the boils and murrain, in the light of modern sciences, were probably spread in the same way. From the Egyptian point of view, indeed, it was as well that Moses lacked our present knowledge of the ways of insects, or he might have made himself even more disagreeable to them than he did, without going outside the insect world for his agents. Those who have sojourned in Egypt know that though its plague of flies may have abated, it is there to-day; and large tracts of the African continent are useless for stock-raising, through the ravages of flies that, to the untrained eye, are indistinguishable from the common house-fly.

Up to well on in the last century, the public mind, and even that of the scientific world, was paralyzed by the old-fashioned idea that all created beings are designed for some wise and manifest purpose, and even to-day, the conservative scientist is fond of pointing out the inconvenient results of the acclimatization of rabbits in Australia, forgetful of the fact that, if his argument be logical, some parallel evil should have resulted from the introduction of our common domestic animals,

of songbirds, and of trout. As if forsooth, our entire civilization were not one huge object lesson of man's success in "flying in the face of providence" as they were pleased to conceive it. With singular perversity, these good folks ignored some of the most valuable teachings of Holy writ, for a literal obedience to the sanitary code of Leviticus would have placed Europe in a position, from the sanitary point of view, in many respects better than was reached till well into the Victorian era, and which, in the matter of meat inspection is only exceptionally attained to-day.

Indeed the escape of the Hebrews, while the Egyptians suffered, might be fairly explained by their adherence to such a code. Fortunately for mankind, such fatalistic folly is now well nigh a thing of the past, and, when the child of the day obeys the wholesome sanitary instinct of destroying insects, he is no longer children, but encouraged to "swat that fly."

AN AUTHORITY ON MALARIA

The possible connection between insects and disease is so obvious that it is hardly surprising that speculative guesses on the point have been made by shrewd observers in most parts of the world, but perhaps the most argued suggestion in that direction was that made by Inspector General Maclean, Professor of Military Medicine at Netley, in the late seventies. Maclean was certain-

ly the greatest authority on malaria of his time: indeed the subject seemed to obsess him: and in discussing the causation of the disease, he was wont to lay great stress on the fact he had observed, that a mosquito net afforded great protection. In a long experience of being lectured at, the writer never "sat under" so attractive an orator, and the very words of his racy "Doric" still linger in his memory. "That those who make a rule of sleeping under a mosquito-net rarely contract malaria, is a fact of which I have no doubt. We are taught that malaria is due to a 'miasm,' a something impalpable. I do not see how a net can keep out anything much smaller than a mosquito, but the fact remains." Maclean was too sound a scientist, and too cautious a Scot to indulge in futile conjecture, but his manner leaves little doubt in my mind that he shrewdly suspected that the mosquito, and not the miasm was the true culprit.

Guesses of this sort have, however, no scientific value, and it is rather pitiable to find the parochial conceit of certain scientific men of to-day leading them to elude priority for some forgotten compatriot, on the score of armistices of this description.

One of the earliest proven cases of insect-transmission of disease was that of the spread of certain tapeworms, among domestic animals, such as dogs, cats, sheep and cattle, by the agency of the lice that infest their pelts. These lice are known as *Trichodectes*, and each animal is infested by its own special species of the genus, and an equally special tapeworm, which passes one stage of its existence in the tissues of the louse, and the other in the intestine of the mammal.

As regards man, however, the first crime to be brought home to our insect tormentors was the conveyance of filariasis, through the agency of mosquitoes, by Sir Patrick Manson, in 1879.

BLOOD SWARMS WITH WORMS.

In this disease, which is widely spread throughout the tropical world, the blood of the unfortunate patient

literally swarms with worms, every minute, but of the same class in the animal world, as that well-known parasite, the common round worm.

By a laborious and carefully planned series of investigations, Sir Patrick, then a hard-working practitioner in Southern China, demonstrated that a part of the life-history of these worms must necessarily be passed within the body of a mosquito, into which they gain admission, along with the blood the insect has sucked from the capillaries of a human being affected with the disease. After passing through certain necessary stages of their development within the mosquito, they find their way into its proboscis, or piercer, and are so inoculated into the tissues of the next human being on which the insect chances to feed. The astonishing story of the after-history of the worm, within its human host, is rather beside the subject of our present thesis, and so must be passed over for the present.

Now, as already mentioned, the problem of the causation of malaria, was still an unsolved mystery, and the best suggestions as to how it was carried, depended on mere guesswork. We had not even the remotest suspicion as to the character of the physical agency concerned in the production of the malarial, the fashionable plan of hiding our ignorance being to ascribe it to a mysterious emanation from the soil which we were pleased to dub a "miasm." The use of crack-jaw terms of this sort affords a soothing splint to a certain class of mind, and to many, the comfort of a sense of explanation, but is a poor crutch to men of the type of Maclean, and of the names that follow. The writer once served beneath the harrow of a chief who spoiled some 600 pages of Blue-book paper, to show that cholera was not somehow communicated from man to man, but was due to a "pandemic wave." The worst of it was that he was apt to order the eviction from official papers, of facts that accorded with common experience, but "that is another story."

About the same time that Dr. Manson was running to earth the malefactors



Major Ronald Ross, C.B., F.R.S.

tor of filariasis, a French military surgeon, Dr. Laveran, achieved a great step in the elucidation of the malaria problem, by discovering that the disease was caused by a minute animal parasite, inhabiting the red corpuscles of the blood. It seems strange now that these bodies should have been till then overlooked, even with the microscopic powers we then possessed, but the fact is that the normal blood had been so little studied, that we knew not the abnormal from the normal. Blood, you see, changes so strangely, after it is drawn, that even now, quite practised observers may be misled by what are really post mortem appearances, and hence some years elapsed before Laveran's discovery gained general acceptance. The possibility that mosquitoes might play the same part for this disease that they served in filariasis, was mooted by King, of Madras, in 1883, and by Laveran himself in 1884, but the time was not yet ripe, and hence the proposition attracted little notice till 1894, when Manson published the suggestion in terms that led more than one investigator to seriously attack the problem. The principal of these were Major Ronald Ross, of the Indian Medical Service, and Professor Grassi, of Rome. The race was rather a close one,

but the Britisher won. Ross commenced his research in 1885, and published, in the British Medical Journal of December 18th, 1897, the proof that human malaria was carried by a species which he termed the "dapple-winged" mosquito, and it was not till November 6th, 1899, that Grassi sent a far less detailed note to the Royal Academy of the Lincei, while his magnificent "Studi di uno Zoologo sulla Malaria" did not appear till 1901.

A regrettable dispute as to priority arose between the rival scientists, but Ross' claim was at once conceded by the scientific world, and was acknowledged by the fellowship of the Royal Society, and the award of the Nobel prize for the greatest discovery of the year, while comparatively recently, our King has made him "Sir Ronald Ross."

Although a member of the same service, the writer never met Ross till he chanced to do so in the insect laboratory of the British Museum, in 1899, for our work had lain in widely distant parts of India. On examining Ross' specimens, I found that while his "grey" and "brindled" species were well known, at least two of the incriminated "dapple-winged" were new to science, and it was obviously urgent that someone accustomed to this branch of work should undertake the humbler but laborious task of monographing the mosquitoes.

MANY COUSINS IN FAMILY.

I accordingly set to work, and after a year's labor, brought out the first collected descriptions of the family, including the original descriptions of no less than 242 species, uniformly translated into English, and an account of the little that was known of their anatomy and life history. A second edition was soon called for, but in the meantime collectors had been busy in all parts of the world, and much original anatomical and field work had to be undertaken; and it was not till 1902 that the entirely re-written work appeared. The number of species at present known cannot be far short of 800, and is being constantly augmented.

The gain to humanity involved in this "epoch-making" discovery is incalculable, as at a single stroke, it made possible the healthy habitation of the tropics, but it is deplorable how little its advantages have been utilized by the short-sighted governments of tropical lands. It is an undoubted fact that, but for Ross' discovery, the construction of the Panama Canal would have proved a physical impossibility, for neither laborers nor engineers can work when stricken with malaria; for to their everlasting credit be it recorded, the great American republic alone has fully availed itself of the potentialities of antimalarial sanitation. At the outset, the usual custom of the sanitarian being there merely to advise, had its customary results, but President Taft, with instincts of a true statesman, grasped the administrative nettle, and made his sanitary chief, Col. Gorgas, the virtual dictator of the canal zone, with the result that it is now one of the healthiest of tropical places, and the great work already approaches completion.

BAT FLEAS AS CARRY PLAGUE.

The bat fleas thus have been set rolling, fresh discoveries followed in rapid succession. By a series of investigations commenced in 1898 by the Papuanese Ogata, and continued by others till its final demonstration by Capt. Liston, I.M.S., bubonic plague was shown to be conveyed, in the vast majority of cases, by rat fleas. As early as 1881, Dr. Charles Finlay, of Havana, had attempted to prove that yellow fever was caused by the bites of mosquitoes, but he missed the point of their being mere agents, and tried to work with uninfected insects. He chose, however, the right mosquito, *Stegomyia colopus*, Ross' "brindled," and in 1900, an American Commission, consisting of Drs. Reid, Carroll, Lasear, and Agassiz, conclusively proved that yellow fever can only naturally be communicated by the bite of this insect. Poor Lasear died "on the field of honor" during this hazardous investigation, the first of a lengthening series of casualties in this dangerous branch of

research. The Americans have also shown that the "Texas fever" of cattle is conveyed by the bite of a tick, while a brilliant series of achievements lies to the credit of the Missions of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine over which Professor Ross still presides. Britishers from all parts of the empire have shared in these stories, Professor Todd, of McGill's, having done yeoman service on some of the earlier, while another Canuck, Macdonnell, of the same university, was detailed as my colleague on another of these scientific jaunts to the West coast of Africa.

The list, however, is too long to be recounted in an article of the present scope and character, so I will close with a few words on the last culprit, who, though long suspected, has only recently been hailed before the court of science.

If, in the term common fly, we include insects commonly confused with it, there would be a new count to the indictment, for, only the other day, a strong case was made out against the stable fly, *Stomoxys*, as the probable agent of the terrible poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis, and we will confine ourselves to the common domestic insect. It is true that it has not as yet been shown to be the chosen vehicle of transmission of any one disease but its life history and habits are such that it must necessarily constantly deposit infective matter on food, and the obnoxious way in which it refuses to be driven from wounds and ulcers shows that it cannot fail to frequently infect the surface organs of the body. That the dreaded Egyptian ophthalmia is commonly spread in this way, no one who has watched Egyptian children with their faces literally a crawling mask of flies can doubt.

FLY SWATTING.

The common fly is enormously prolific. Howard, of Washington, estimates that, assuming all the progeny of three female flies to survive, the resulting swarm would weigh a ton in 40 days, and even if but one per thousand survive, it is obvious that to keep their



Sir Patrick Manson, K.C.M.G., F.R.S.

numbers down, our efforts must be constant and unrelenting.

Like man, the adult insect is almost omnivorous "only more so" and they consequently swarm wherever food is exposed. The larva, or maggot on the other hand, feeds by preference on the excreta of animals, especially that of horses, but can put up with any putrescent matter, and it is rather with the view of selecting a suitable home for its

young, than in search of food, that flies congregate so thickly on offensive matter. With this double habitat, it is obvious that flies cannot fail to carry the infection of such diseases as infantile diarrhoea and typhoid from the defects of patients, to food destined for healthy people, and enough, I think, has been said to show that the banishment of flies is one of the most urgent sanitary tasks of the time.

But how? it will be asked. The full discussion of this question would require a separate article, but I should like to point out that the "Swat that fly" campaign, in summer, is a somewhat futile proceeding and that the larval stage is the most vulnerable period of the insect's life. If no dung, or other offensive matter be left without removal and destruction, for over four days, flies must die out in the district so protected, and, in other words, scrupulous scavenging of towns is the key of the situation.

There is, however, a season during which fly swatting may be most advantageously pursued. Flies cannot stand cold, and in climates such as that of Canada the hope of the survival of the species through each winter, depends on such insects as succeed in hiding themselves in dwellings. Systematic swatting at this time of the year is, therefore most valuable, and if combined with an unreasonable "Spring cleaning" could not fail to have a marked influence on the prevalence of flies, during the ensuing summer.



Dorothy Duggan—Jockey

This story will appeal particularly to lovers of the race horse and to those who believe that kindness with animals will goad them on to greater efforts than would the lash. This is a charming little story of how Dorothy Duggan took her pet colt away from the trainer and rode him to victory herself.

By A. Verner McPhail

JOSH DUGGAN opened the lane gate. Placing his foot on the bottom bar he shaded his eyes with his huge, rough hand and peered anxiously down the road. Out of the cloud of dust that suddenly appeared soon emerged the form of a ranch pony upon whose back was seated his young daughter. At sight of her father she gave a little whoop that sent the pony's feet pounding faster and faster over the sandy road. She halted at the gate, slipped off the pony's back, and, with a smart slap, sent it galloping down the lane. Instinctively, foreboding an impending danger by the sullenness of her parent's features, she smiled cautiously.

"What's been keeping you?" he demanded, as he closed and locked the gate.

The pretty lips of the girl formed in the shape of a pout. She hung her head, and silently and thoughtfully watched her bare toes playing in the sand.

"Oh, daddy?" she replied plaintively. "I know it is mean of me, but I just can't help it."

"Help what? His harsh voice sounded unpleasantly in her ears, and she raised her eyes. Truthful eyes they were, too, which possessed a haughtiness of her mother's; and he instantly repented of his hasty roughness.

"Can't help wishing that we had plenty of money so that you could have lots of land and horses, and I could wear nice clothes all the time."

He smothered his rising indignation and, in a softer tone, inquired, "What's

been putting that nonsense into your head?"

"Why, daddy," she replied wistfully, "I was down at the post office, and they all got to talking 'bout Colonel Gordon, and how much money he had, and how he'd make a lot more at the races this year, 'cause no horse can beat his. Then they talked 'bout his daughters, and I would have just given anything to see them: even if I couldn't wear nice shoes, and stockings, and hats, and dresses, and daddy!—would you believe it?—someone says 'Speak of an angel and his wings will flutter,' and sure enough coming out of a dandy, nice big auto was one of these girls. I nearly fell plumb off the counter. My! but she was grand—nice white shoes, and stockings, and dress, and a beauty of a big hat. Don't I wish I could have them? Just for a day, to see what it feels like to be dressed up. She came in, just like a queen would, I guess. But she didn't look at none of us but passed right by and went up to the wicket and spoke to the postmaster. When she was coming back she kind of stepped in front of me, and looked down at my feet. 'If I went barefoot I'd do so in clean feet, anyways,' she said. I looked down at my feet, too, and they were dirty, daddy; but it wasn't that that made me cry, but the nasty way she said it, and the way she teased her head as she went out." And the wistful eyes of the girl again filled with tears.

Duggan's rough features turned livid as he listened, and he struggled to repress any sign of outward emotion. He

was compelled to sink back, powerless and impotent, in the recollection of a day twelve years back—when Gordon had made him the brunt of a slurring remark. He stood there sullen, silent, inwardly wincing, nursing his chagrin in deepening bitterness; and his clouding mind perceived in the rebuke nothing that she had done to deserve it. He caught the plaintive expression on her averted face—truly, the face of her dead mother, whose image she was.

All these thoughts had something to do with the diffident willingness with which he placed his arm around the girl. Smiling with childish delight and wonderment, she looked up into her father's face, but with womanly instinct remained silent.

"Little girl," he said quietly, "I have done you a great wrong. I have allowed you to grow up wild like the honey-suckle. I promised your dear mother that I would look after you, but in my own selfish way I failed to do so. I trust that it is not too late, yet. Up in Michigan Colonel Gordon and I were friends—I was his trainer, too. One day he gave me the 'double-cross,' which took every earthly possession except my house. Soon I fell sick and had to mortgage the house. When it fell due I couldn't pay. He turned us all out and the result was that your mother died a week later. You and I came South, where I changed my name. I had no desire for the old work, and all I have now is this little place. If I die you'll have very little. I broke my promise, but I am going to try and do something for you. Gordon came here two years ago—wealthy. He doesn't know me, but he's got me to reckon with yet. I haven't been fair to you child, but—"

"Yes, you have, daddy!" she interrupted, with a touch of remorse in her voice. "I've got you, and that is all I want. I'm sorry I spoke about the Gordon girl the way I did, and wishing I was her, 'cause really, daddy, I wouldn't trade you for the whole world."

Ignoring her interruption and pointing to the colt in the field, he continued: "Guess whose colt that is?"

Her laughter sounded distinct in its

refreshing purity. "Why yours, of course."

"No, I mean his sire."
"Oh! I don't know. Who is?"
"Well, Gordon's own horse is his sire. The great Jupiter! Not a soul knows it but you and me."

At this startling revelation her eyes widened with wonderment. Then she asked simply, "What difference does that make?"

"Jupiter is the greatest living horse," he replied thoughtfully, "and next year we can enter this colt in the Blue Grass Stakes."

"But he isn't a thoroughbred, daddy."

"That makes no difference. He's not harred, and he'll win, 'cause he's got it in him."

For a year Duggan carefully watched and brought forth the best traits in the colt. At no stage of the game was he disheartened; and during all this time he fostered his old-time hatred of Colonel Gordon. But it was not solely to ruin Gordon that he labored so faithfully—although he knew that Gordon would stake everything on his own horse—but it was to make amends for his unkind act of depriving his daughter of the greater joys of life.

It was a great delight to see the way in which Dorothy assisted him in his precarious undertaking. At times, when she was greatly fatigued, her father would request her to mount again. Gladly would she do it, always thinking of the day that her father would be the proud possessor of the winner of the Blue Grass Stakes. He would be a rich man then, and they would move to the city where his remaining years would be spent in pleasure and congenial surroundings, instead of mingled hardship and misery they would be otherwise compelled to undergo. But if they should not win! Inwardly troubled, but concealed by a happy smile, she would drop off the colt's back and, placing her arms around his silken neck, and bringing his ear level with her mouth, would whisper, "Jimmie, you must win for daddy. Won't you?" And, as if in mute understanding, he would rub his head against her arm.

Although Jimmie had a peculiarly bad temper, Josh conceded that a bad temper is preferable to slow legs. And such legs! Long, tapering ones, full of muscle and beauty. True, they were a bit sluggish at times, owing to his temper, but withal, they had the staying power. Once, when he was being ridden under time, Josh was compelled to look at his watch a second time, to see that it had not stopped. At times the animal's red-flecked eyes would become lazily indifferent, but at the approach of his little mistress they would sparkle with animation and kindness.

When the first day of the meet arrived, Duggan was on hand to watch the early morning workout of the other horses. They showed up better than he expected, while Jimmie was continually ill at ease with the jockey who had been hired to ride him. However, he was here and he would stay it out. The day wore on slowly, and as the hour approached Duggan grew more anxious. When the crowd began to arrive, and he could hear the shouts of the stable-boys and the bookies, his feeling of light-heartedness returned. Once, on his way from the paddock to the stable, he glanced up and saw Dorothy in the stand, a smile of confidence fixed on her vivid lips.

With brown eyes brooding, but ears alert to catch any mention of her horse's name she sat, stonily silent. She was sure Jimmie would win, but when the horses filed out from the paddock she heard various comments which affected her disagreeably, and her sense of sureness dwindled almost to hope. She shuddered, and the smile faded from her lips.

"What's number seven?" inquired a voice directly behind her.

"Oh!" was the laughing reply, "some mutt of a horse from the tall timbers, Jimmie! Ha! Ha! Ha!" And the laugh seemed to chill her very bones. She could not bear to hear more, so she closed her ears to the babble.

Suddenly everyone's attention was directed to the track. After several weeks she saw them come. Jimmie was following; but the flag was lowered. The bell clanged vigorously, and the

men from the betting-ring surged toward the stand. She saw them make the first turn, but was too nervous to tell which horse was in the lead. Soon the faces about her became more strained, more wondering, more excited, as they followed the horses around. One yell was followed by many until the stand was one howling mass of humanity. The crowd stood up, so Dorothy stood up too, but her view was blocked by a bulky figure in front of her and a huge hat at her left. All she could do was wait as patiently as she could. Days, months, years were crowded into seconds. The suspense was nerve-racking, and once or twice she endeavored to alleviate the situation by peeping under the man's arm, but was unsuccessful. At last a cheer seemed to come from every throat. "Spectator wins! Spectator wins!" was shouted again and again. Disheartened and dismayed, she vented herself and, with her kerchief, wiped a tear from either cheek. Realizing that her place was elsewhere than there at that time, she descended to the paddock and made her way to the stables. Fearfully and with a tightening of the heart that appalled the very energy she most needed, she stepped inside.

Jimmie, had just been brought in, looking comparatively fresh after his hard run, although he was covered with dust and perspiration and little rivulets of water trickled down his sides, which her father had just commenced sponging. He tossed his head impatiently, but ceased when he sensed her. Affectionately she threw her arms about his neck, regardless of her new frock. Had anyone else taken this liberty Jimmie would have immediately implanted a firm imprint of his teeth on that person's anatomy that appeared most inviting. But he loved his little mistress who had never spoken a cross word to him nor used a whip. And he knew that she loved him. He considered man his mortal enemy, and when the boy, disobeying instructions, had lashed him just once in the race, he balked, turned around several times and cantered in last.

It was his first race, and the noise did not appeal to his senses. It was



"Passed under the wire a neck to the good."

difficult to turn him and twice he refused, carrying his rider round the track. But he had wonderful powers of endurance, so he minded not the extra gallop. Being an unknown quantity and a half-breed he was a "long shot" in the first race. He was placed at fifty to one and, except for a few "piker bets" was not considered at all. He was entered for the Blue Grass Stake for the following week and, no doubt, would open at the same odds.

"Oh! You old dear! Why didn't you win?" she questioned.

For answer he shoved his glistening nose against her sleeve, and she patted it. Turning round she beheld her father smiling. Divining that she had become discouraged for naught, she allowed this sudden reaction to envelop her and smiled back in return.

"What is it, daddy? I thought he didn't win."

With a surprised look, he replied, "Neither he did. Didn't you see the race?"

"No. My view was shut off, and anyway, I was so nervous. What does it all mean?" And wonderment succeeded smiles.

"Why, child, it means that we have the finest horse ever. He could have run away from the whole bunch only the boy lashed him. He don't seem to take to men no how. He bolted, but he's there just the same."

The girl clapped her hands impulsively then, throwing her arms about her father, who was in the act of placing a blanket on the colt, she cried,

"Oh, daddy! I've got it! I'll ride him and I'll just make him win! He'll do anything for me," and, turning toward the horse, added, "Won't you, Jimmie boy?"

"Tush, tush, child!" said the old man slowly. "I can't think of such a thing. I'll give the boy closer instructions next time."

"You mean that you'll give me instructions," she cried decidedly. "I'm going to ride him."

Duggan knew the absolute fealty of remonstrating against any decision of his daughter, so he said quietly, "Well, we'll see."

"That means I'll ride," she murmured to herself.

The week—seven days of nervous suspense for Josh Duggan and his daughter—was gone, and the last day of the Blue Grass Meet was ushered in by a fiery, bright sun which betokened a beautiful day. Early in the afternoon the crowd began to swarm into the stand, and the mob that encircled the betting-ring was boisterously growing larger.

Jimmie's wonderful improvement gladdened both their hearts, and he showed not the slightest fear or nervousness when his mistress was near. Her father had attended to all the details in connection with his office, and an air of confidence possessed him as he noted how supremely indifferent the horse acted to the saddling, to the noises and to the people who were continually passing in and out of the stables.

No one would have recognized Dorothy seated on her pinnacle of a saddle, in her colors of red and black, and with her beautiful hair coiled beneath the jockey cap, the peak of which overshadowed her purposely soiled face. When the horses passed onto the track she gripped the reins firmly, endeavoring to stifle the touch of fear that arose within; and, as if seeking some token of friendship, she turned her head slightly, observing her father's anxious face. A wave of determination swept over her, and a smile of confidence edged her delicate mouth.

Jimmie's sluggish movements and high-strung temperament were responsible for three breaks. In silence she bore the angry curses of the other jockeys, and affectionately patted her horse. At the fourth attempt they were away.

"Don't get pocketed—they're not counting on you!"—her father's last instruction was uppermost in her mind. She was furthest from the pole, but swung farther away, keeping space with the rest. Suddenly the boy on Spectator saw his chance. His horse sprang forward leaving the rest. Like a black streak Jimmie swept diagonally across the track in front of the others until his head was even with the big black's stir-

rup. As the half-mile post flashed by—vividly white—it was plainly obvious that the race was between these two, for the others were gradually dropping behind. Before her she could see her father's face as she had left it—strained, anxious, weary, expectant. Her firm little legs became firmer; her features set with a grim, defiant determination. A lump surged in her throat and a new-springing feeling came over her as she thought of the dreaded result. But for a moment! She tugged at the reins, leaned over Jimmie's neck and whispered "Oh! Jimmie boy, you must win!" As if goaded on by a prong his strong muscles tightened and, inch by inch, he crept up on the black. She was almost even with the bright colors of the other jockey. One more strain, but without avail, and as they passed the three-quarter post their positions remained unchanged. The big black was breathing with difficulty, the noise of which was almost drowned by the thumping of her own little heart. What if she shouldn't win? And again her father's features loomed before her moistened eyes. His instruction "If you are in the running at the home stretch, child, swing out and go to it!" quickened her senses. The home stretch! Slowly she turned out while the other kept the rail. On they plunged as into full view of the

whole stand they swung. Another tug and soon Jimmie's head was even with his rival's. He was not indifferent nor sluggish now. It was his little mistress's voice he heard again, and then he was a nose ahead. Spectator's rider was riding with whip and spur. One creek of the whip and they were again even. A stifled cry of fear and Jimmie led once more. The boy exerted his last bit of energy as he plunged his spurs in deep. A terrific lunge, but still Jimmie was in the lead. Fetter and fetter they came, one urged by kindness; the other by pain. But the big black was tiring—the pace set by Jimmie was too much—and soon—but not too soon—the girl swept past him. A few feet more! If no accident happened they should win. Her mouth was dry, her throat parched and her face was in stinging pain. A deafening roar rent the air. Instinctively she knew it was for the favorite. Who would yell for Jimmie or for her? For a moment startled astonishment dominated her as she noticed the other's gain. Bending over the withers of her horse she screamed in his ear, "Just once more, Jimmie!" All Jimmie's latent energy, at the appealing cry of his mistress, seemed to centre in his quivering limbs. With a powerful stride he lengthened the distance between them and passed under the wire a neck to the good.

CANADIAN CONTENT

No roof have I, but the deep blue sky,
The light that the moonbeams shed;
The Crickets chirp for a slumber song,
And the dew kissed grass for a bed.

No friends have I, but the Birds that fly;
The tales of the whispering breeze;
The laugh of the stream as it winds along,
And the song of the rustling leaves.

No wealth have I, but the gold Sun on high,
The silver of the Star,
The emerald plains and the diamonds rains,
And the pearl-crest hills afar.

—Margaret Evakine.

Fig. 3

Why a Good Appearance Wins

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

WHEN a man is on trial for a crime he does not think of going before the court and jury without preparation. He gets the best attorney possible; he tries to make the most favorable impression on the jury, and does everything he can to win his case.

But everywhere we see people with unsavory faces, with soiled clothes, soiled linen, shoes not blackened, and wretched manners seeking positions, and wondering why they cannot get them.

I know a young man who thinks it is superficial and silly to devote a lot of time to what he calls non-essentials—*one's personal appearance*,—when there are so many more really important matters to be attended to. But this young man failed to get a good job just because of his slovenly appearance. He is a good-hearted fellow, a hard worker, but he wears his neckties until they are all frayed out and his collars and cuffs are frequently soiled and he looks slovenly. Every one who knows this young man likes him, but he is a bachelor, living alone, and no one likes to tell him why he does not get on faster.

A man is not likely to hire you if he is in doubt as to your fitness for the position for which you apply. You have very little time to convince him of this, so do not take chances on any preparation you can make beforehand. Make doubly sure of your neatness, cleanliness, and good appearance before you apply for the position.

The shrewd employer is always looking for earmarks. Everything counts in his estimation of you, and if he gets a bad impression he is through with you. Remember that your interview with your prospective employer is a display of your goods. You're like a trav-

eling man showing his samples. If the samples are not attractive, if they do not tempt the merchant, he will not buy. If you cannot make a good showing to your prospective employer, you cannot expect a job.

Remember that the world takes you at your own valuation.

Other things equal, it is the young man who dresses well, who puts up a good front, who gets the position, though often he has less ability than the one who is careless in his personal appearance. Most business men regard a neat, attractive appearance as evidence of good mind qualities. We express ourselves first of all in our bodies. A young man who neglects his habit will neglect his mind. It is not so much because the young man looks better when well dressed, but because, if he is neat and careful in his personal appearance, he is more likely to be so in his work.

A careless personal appearance often indicates slovenliness, easy-going ways, which are fatal to efficiency. Business men look for the earmarks of possibility, of efficiency, in an applicant's appearance. They are influenced by little things. Any evidence of shoddiness in manner or dress prejudices the long-headed business man who is accustomed to reading human nature. He has learned to weigh and estimate people at first sight, to see their future, to sum up their character by their general appearance. His practical eye is always looking for tell-tales of the man and his possibilities.

A prominent business man in New York City, in the course of an address on how to attain success, says: "Clothes don't make the man, but good clothes have got many a man a good job. If you have twenty-five dol-

lars, and want a job, it is better to spend twenty dollars for a suit of clothes, four dollars for shoes, and the rest for a shave, a hair-cut, and a clean collar, and walk to the place, then go with the money in the pockets of a dingy suit."

Most large business houses make it a rule not to employ any one who looks shabby or careless, or who does not make a good appearance when he applies for a position.

Neatness of dress, cleanliness of person, and the manner of the applicant are the first things an employer notices in a would-be employee. If his clothes are unbrushed, his trousers baggy, his shoes unblackened, his tie shabby, his hands soiled, or his hair unkempt, the employer is prejudiced at once, and he does not look beneath this repellent exterior to see whether it conceals merit or not. He is a busy man, and takes it for granted that if the youth has anything in him, if he is made of the material business men want in their employ, he will keep himself in a presentable condition. At all events, he does not want to have such an unattractive-looking person about his premises; it would injure his business reputation.

If the applicant is a girl, she is judged by the same principles that govern in the case of a young man. If she applies for a position with ripe and rents in her coat, several buttons missing from her shoes, holes in her gloves, a dark line showing above the edge of her collar, her hair unkempt,—in fact, with any evidence of slovenliness, of sloppiness about her,—she will not obtain the place.

A merchant said to an applicant for a position, "You look seedy, and no business man wants seedy-looking people about him. They are not good advertisements for his house. A good appearance," he continued, "will atone for a great many shortcomings. Neatness of appearance is an indication of self-respect; and the man who has sufficient respect for himself to see that his anatomy is set off to the best possible advantage will meet with a hundred opportunities to one that the apparently seedy man receives. If a man is neat about his own person, the chances are

that he will be neat about his manner of conducting others' affairs. If his appearance is such as to give an employer a good impression of his ability, there is reason to believe that he may affect possible customers in the same way. To hold his own in the business world a merchant must have every indication of prosperity, people are so like rats in their eagerness to desert a sinking ship; and a merchant cannot look prosperous if he surrounds himself with seedy-looking people."

"The man or woman wishing to present to me a business proposition," says one of our leading merchants, "must have a good address and an agreeable manner and appearance, or he will not get a hearing. No matter how good his proposition is, he will not get a chance to present it unless he possesses a pleasing personality. The reason is a simple and natural one. It would be impossible to give a hearing to half the people who approach me with schemes; therefore, as I must reject the great majority of projects offered me, I reject without hearing all those that are not presented by people who have an agreeable manner and good address. I take it for granted that a first-class proposition will be presented by a first-class man, and vice versa."

You cannot estimate the influence of your personal appearance upon your future. "The consciousness of clean linen," says Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "is in and of itself a source of moral strength, second only to that of a clean conscience. A well-ironed collar or a fresh glove has carried many a man through an emergency in which a wrinkle or a rip would have defeated him." "The sense of being perfectly dressed," says Emerson, "gives us a feeling of inward tranquility which religion is powerless to bestow." A good appearance is at a premium everywhere. It is one of the most important factors in securing a situation. In holding it, and in getting an advance. At West Point Academy a "slight untidiness in dress" is punished by one demerit mark. A demerit mark for a West Point student is no small matter. Professor Holden tells us: "One button of a student's

uniform coat unbuttoned at drill, inattention, shoes not blackened at parade roll-call, gun not clean at gun-mount, and a hundred other matters of the sort are parts of official conduct. Each failure is noted and carries with it a fixed number of demerits. One hundred demerits in six months dismisses him. All this is known to everyone from the first. There is no talking. Only simple laws are prescribed. Each one of them is just. Every allowance is made for inexperience. Every reasonable excuse is admitted. The final result is like the result of gravitation—in-avoidable, inexorable, just, immediate."

Few boys realize that an employer is almost as critical in judging a young man's appearance, as the officers at West Point. If employers would only be frank, even brutally frank, with the unrepresentable applicants for positions whom they reject, it would be of untold value to them. For example, a poor boy, perhaps from the slums, who applies for a position may never have been trained to be careful about his personal appearance, to be cleanly, to be polite and courteous.

"The employer should say to him, 'My boy, I think it would be of very great advantage to you if I should tell you why I can not give you a position; it might help you in getting another place. I am very particular about the appearance, the cleanliness, the dress and manner of my employees. Our customers do not come in contact with me, but my employees represent me, and my patrons judge me by the people I keep around me, and my success or failure depends very largely upon the kind of an impression my employees make upon the customers.'"

"My employees are frequently inspected, and no one is allowed here who is not tidy, clean, and reasonably well dressed. If you should go through our establishment, you would find that no one has dirty finger nails, unpolished shoes; you would find no grease spots on their clothing; no one with soiled linen. All employees are supposed to take good care of their teeth, and no one with bad breath or bad teeth will

be allowed to come in contact with the customer."

"I appreciate the fact that you probably have not been taught the importance of these things, but, unfortunately, in looking for a position you must suffer from your ignorance, and before you get a good position you will have to learn what others have learned often by sad experience. You might try to get a position in a hundred stores, and you would be turned down by all of them for the same reason."

"When you came in here you not only kept your cap on, but it was on one side of your head, and I noticed by the stain on your fingers that you were a cigarette smoker. Your shoes were unpolished, your clothing soiled; in fact, your whole manner and appearance made an unfavorable impression upon me."

It does not matter how much merit or ability an applicant for a position may possess, he can not afford to be careless of his personal appearance. Diamonds in the rough, of infinitely greater value than the polished glass of some of those who get positions, may be rejected. Applicants whose good appearance helped them to secure places may often be very superficial in comparison with some who were rejected in their favor, but they made a good appearance when applying for the place, and, having secured it, they keep it, though not possessing half the ability of the boy or girl who was turned away.

It makes no difference to an employer whether applicants for positions have been taught that a good appearance is their test testimonial or not; it does not matter how honest or capable they may be, how good their intentions or how praiseworthy their ambition, he judges them as the world judges them,—largely by their appearance.

In nine cases out of ten the employer—the world—is right in judging the qualifications of a worker by the pains he takes in making his person and everything as attractive as possible. Everything about a man bespeaks his character. He puts his personality into everything he does, no less than his work.

The man who hires all the salespeo-

pie for one of the largest retail stores in Chicago says, "While the routine of application is in every case strictly adhered to, the fact remains that the most important element in an applicant's chance for a trial is his personality."

There are two chief factors in good appearance; cleanliness of body and comeliness of attire. Usually these go together, neatness of attire indicating sanitary care of the person, while outward slovenliness suggests a carelessness that probably goes deeper than the clothes covering the body.

The London Drapers' Record says: "Wherever a marked personal care is exhibited for the cleanliness of the person and for neatness in dress, there is, also, almost always found extra carefulness as regards the finish of work done. Work people whose personal habits are slovenly produce slovenly work." A young woman had been recommended as highly qualified in every way to fill the vacant office of superintendent and teacher in an industrial school for girls. The founder of the institution was very favorably impressed by the high tone of her recommendations, and appointed a time for an interview with the young woman. After she had seen her, however, she absolutely refused to consider her application. When urged by a friend to give a reason for her apparently arbitrary decision in refusing to engage so competent a teacher, she said: "It was a trifle, but a trifle in which, as in an Egyptian hieroglyphic, lay a volume of meaning. The young woman came to me fashionably and expensively dressed, but with torn and soiled gloves, and half of the buttons off her shoes. A slovenly woman is not a fit guide for any girl."

Self-interest clamors as loudly as aesthetic or moral consideration for the fulfillment of the laws of cleanliness. Every day we see people receiving "demerits" for failure to live up to them. I can recall instances of capable stenographers who forfeited their positions because they did not keep their finger nails clean. An honest, intelligent man whom I know lost his place in a large publishing firm because he was careless about shaving, and caring for his teeth.

The first point to be emphasized in the making of a good appearance is the necessity of frequent bathing. A daily bath insures a clean, wholesome condition of the skin, without which health is impossible.

Next in importance to the bath is the proper care of the hair, the hands, and the teeth. I know a business man who is very particular about his personal cleanliness, about his dress and about his appearance generally, but he nearly always has soiled finger nails. He does not seem to think that other people will notice such a trivial matter. But it is just such little things that we are measured by which locate us in other people's estimation.

Manicure sets are so cheap that they are within the reach of almost every one. If you cannot afford to buy a whole set, you can buy a file and keep your nails smooth and clean.

Keeping the teeth in good condition is a very simple matter, yet perhaps more people sin in this particular point of cleanliness than in any other. Nothing can be more offensive in man or woman than a foul breath, and no one can have neglected teeth without reaping this consequence. Many an applicant has been denied the position he sought because of bad teeth. No employer wants a clerk, or stenographer, whose appearance is marred by a lack of one or two front teeth.

Every detail of appearance, then, counts for or against one. And to make a good appearance, one must not merely be well dressed, or well mannered, or well groomed, or cheerful,—he must be all of these. Politeness is an open sesame denied to the bad mannered. We know of an instance where a New York business house with a large force and no vacancies, actually made room for a young man merely because his personality was so attractive and his manner so courteous and winning. One member of the firm said to another: "We'd be the losers if we let that young man go." He foresaw occasions when just the urbane qualities this applicant had would be essential to the business. This young man's fortune was in his manner and address.

Do not deceive yourself by thinking that merit will ultimately win in spite of manners. Superior merit has starved to death in many a man and woman because they could not overcome the handicap of an offensive manner. If you are conscious that you have a great deal of ability which people do not recognize, study yourself and see if it is not hidden under an undesirable exterior. "I cannot too emphatically impress upon young men," said Mr. Williams, late president of one of the largest banks in New York, "the absolute indispensability of politeness. If I had twenty tongues, I'd preach politeness with them all—for a long experience has taught me that its results are tangible and inevitable." It is the Aladdin's lamp of success. Resolve to make yourself so interesting in your conversation, so pleasing in your manner, that, no matter what physical defects you may have you will reveal your ability to the world.

Whatever your work, cultivate a sweet voice. Not long ago the president of a Chicago school board rejected an applicant simply because of her sharp, squeaky voice. "Don't inflict that woman on any of the children in our schools," were his directions to the superintendent. Dr. Maxwell, superintendent of New York schools, says that a soft, well modulated voice is one of the most important qualifications of the successful teacher, because children are so extremely susceptible to the tones of the voice.

There is a business man in New York City who employs a large number of people, and yet he never sees the face of one of them until after they are hired. He sits behind a curtain in his office and listens to the voice of the applicant replying to questions put by his representative. He says that the human voice does not lie, like the manner or the facial expression. He says he does not care so much about what a man says of himself. He decides his qualifications upon the sound of his voice, its intonation, its pitch, the quality which it carries.

Thousands of people who have failed in life might have been happy and pro-

perous to-day had they learned early in life the importance of a good appearance and manner. Many men now on the downward path would have been climbing up in the world had they made a favorable impression when they first went to look for a position. They did not realize that some carelessness in dress, some lack in personal cleanliness, some rudeness or disagreeable peculiarity of manner condemned them before they spoke a word. They were given no chance to present their claims, to show their merit or fitness for the position, because the employer was so prejudiced by their appearance that he would not even give them a hearing. This experience was repeated so often that they finally became discouraged, imagined they had no ability, and that they were not competent to fill any position.

No one will ever know, no statistician or sociologist will ever be able to find out, how large a percentage of the great army of the unemployed, of the denizens of the slums, of the might-have-beens, the paupers and the criminals who make up the dregs of society, have fallen to their present pitiable conditions because of their disregard of appearance when they first started out for themselves. Poverty is no excuse for a bad appearance.

To save money at the cost of cleanliness and self-respect is the worst sort of extravagance. It is a point at which economy ceases to be a virtue and becomes a vice. In this fiercely competitive age, when the law of the survival of the fittest acts with seemingly merciless rigor, no one can afford to be indifferent to the smallest detail of dress, or manner, or appearance, that will add to his chances of success.

So, the external man must be in trim when you go out to capture a job. If one would rise in business and in society, he must cultivate his appearance, his manner, his address—improving them step by step with the demands of his career. Only as these things keep pace with the rest will he be able to cope with the world and convince others that he is making good. Every one will read his progress in the signs of appearance.

Review of Reviews

With this issue the department has been enlarged considerably. Several translations made especially for the magazine appear here. The reader gets the benefit of the leading articles that appear in the current literature of the world. Thus a variety of subjects is touched upon, and there is no reader of the magazine but can find in these articles features that will interest him and perchance give him some information that he can use in his business and life work. Another feature is the addition of several cartoons and photographs throughout. This feature will be improved upon from time to time.

Better Than Suffragettes

The Women of Burma Claim That They Enjoy More Privileges Than Their Western Sisters

COMPARED to the average women of India the women of Burma may be said to be as free as air and as happy as any woman can be. It has often been said by writers on Burma that Buddhism, and Buddhism alone has formed the character of the Burmese woman and has made her life happy, busy and intellectual, and it may safely be said that the women of Burma occupy a position in life which their Indian sisters might well envy, says Mg. Than Maung in *The Hindustani Review*.

The Burmese women enjoy many rights which their European sisters are even now clamoring for, while men of light and leading in many other countries, both in the East and in the West are even now preloping for the raising of the status of their women and the law of work for them, the people of Burma already have among their women, those managing large business concerns. Burmese women there are who are engaged in extensive rice and timber trades, managing most up-to-date printing presses, and, in Rangoon in particular we have Burmese women running a daily newspaper. Another indication of this freedom is the fact that the Burmese woman is often the bread-winner of the family, sometimes a large one, including her husband.

As regards the Burmese wife, her relations to her husband might fairly well be gauged from the following facts. A high judicial authority has held that in case of divorce by mutual consent the husband and

wife divide equally between themselves their joint property, both moveable and immovable. The practice of polygamy on the part of the husband entitles the wife to a divorce.

Every writer on Burma, has commented on the extreme freedom of marriage among the people of this country. The Burmese girl shows a perfectly catholic taste in the matter of her choice. She is as ready to marry a Hindu or any of the other Indian races who come to Burma as she is to marry an Englishman if it suits her. As in India and other Oriental countries, marriage arrangements are becoming as purely a commercial matter as possible. The present day maiden, or at least her guardians, are more concerned with whether the bridegroom is a passed P. A. or a failed B. A. than whether they love each other. Though marriage is very free in Burma it seems at first sight singular to find that there are far more married persons in India than in Burma. To a large extent, I think, the difference is due to the Indian practice of child-marriage, which strictly speaking does not exist in Burma proper. The proportion of widows in the two countries is 150 per thousand in India, and 105 per thousand in Burma, where there are absolutely no restrictions preventing widows from remarriage.

While the freedom of Burmese women is enviable to a large extent, it also brings peculiar drawbacks in its train. The number

of mixed marriages between Burmese women and foreigners has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and in the interests of the Burmese race, the contraction of such marriages is most undesirable. As regards literacy among the women of Burma, it may be said that its standard is fairly high. At an early age the girls go to school and learn to read and write the scriptures, and from such a source it is that there come the teachings of generosity, cheerfulness and kindness which are admittedly the most eminent traits in the character of the

Burmese woman. At school or sometimes at a nunnery they learn the five duties of a wife, namely, to properly manage her household, to be a hospitable housewife, to be a faithful wife, a thrifty housekeeper and a diligent gentlewoman. Together with such instruction in ethics, they receive a practical training in the ways of housework. As a brown Macgoblin, the Burmese woman is not beautiful as some Indian women are, but every visitor to Burma rightly admits that she is highly attractive and alluring.

Laziness is a Disease

Surprising Discoveries of Recent Science Regarding Laziness and its Relation to Physical Health

That the development of laziness in the human being is a parasitic growth interfering with the normal process and tendencies of nature, is the conclusion arrived at, by H. Addington Bruce, in *McClure's Magazine*.

A few months ago, he says, looking through some scientific works bearing on a complicated educational problem, I was greatly struck by two pronouncements regarding a certain widespread human frailty that has long been the subject of much misunderstanding. On the one hand I found an eminent physiologist declaring unreservedly: "The love of work and activity is an acquired characteristic rather than a natural one; for the human tendency is toward the line of least effort." And opposed to this similar authority asserted with equal emphasis: "There never was a child born into this world who was born into it lazy."

To reconcile these mutually contradictory statements is a manifest impossibility. Yet it is certain that each of them finds in facts of every-day observation a strong body of evidence to support it. The average child of tender years, as every parent knows, is nothing if not active and energetic. He is forever in motion, forever busy himself about something, his mind alert and inquiring, his hands ceaselessly occupied in testing, exploring, putting together and taking to pieces. Left to himself, he often will display an amazing tenacity of purpose and vigor of performance.

When, however, we look at the same child grown to manhood or even a few years removed from early youth, more often than not his behavior seems to bear out the contrary view that man is naturally lazy and acquires love of work, if at all, only under strong compulsion. "To get results from my boys, to induce them to apply themselves to their books and their studies," says a despairing school-teacher has lamented, "I have to be forever watching and driving them." In college, office, factory, workshop, and store, one hears the same complaint. There is perpetual waste of time, dawdling, loitering, gossiping—a seeming passion for the ways of slothful ease and aversion from sustained endeavor. To a large extent, too, the history axes of those who have won distinction as leaders of thought and action seemingly justifies the doctrine that mankind is naturally prone to idleness rather than to productive activity, and that any tendency in the latter direction is invariably a characteristic acquired in the course of individual development.

It may be, and, as will be shown, it undoubtedly is, somewhat of an exaggeration to say that there never has been a congenitally lazy man. But to say this is far nearer the truth than to regard laziness as something rooted in the constitution of our being, and love of activity as merely an acquired characteristic. On the contrary, the sharp contrast between the activity and energy of the average child and the idling propensities of the average man,

points unmistakably to the development of laziness as a parasitic growth interfering with the normal process and tendencies of nature. Laziness, in other words, must be looked upon as essentially a pathological condition.

Instead, therefore, of condemning the lazy man, as the moralist would, it is the part of wisdom to view him as a victim of disease and as standing in need of careful treatment. Nature intended him to be vigorous, forceful, a being of achievement; circumstances have made him listless, inert, responsive but in feeble measure to the spur of honor, ambition, pride, love, or necessity.

What then is the cause of laziness? How should one proceed in the attempt to cure it? This question has recently been studied with remarkable success and especially by a little group of French investigators with intimate reference to the problem presented by the lazy man. Laziness in all its phases has been studied with the resourcefulness and painstaking precision characteristic of the new school of medical psychologists, to whom we are already so heavily indebted for a better understanding of the mind of man both in its normal and its abnormal aspects. Nay, in verification of the theories to which their researches have led them, the investigators and others wise enough to profit from their discoveries have frequently applied specific remedial measures with astonishingly successful results.

What, in particular, they have found is that laziness is usually associated with a peculiarly debilitated condition of the nervous system—an "asthenia" marked by slow heart-beat, low arterial pressure, and poor circulation. The consequence of this is, to quote Théodule Ribot, one of the leaders in the scientific study of laziness, that "the brain shows not so much an indisposition as a real incapacity for concentrating attention, and soon, owing to the fact that its nourishment is at the vanishing point, becomes exhausted."

Thus studying laziness in children attending school it was discovered that quite frequently their inertia has as its primary cause the presence of adenoids, or abnormal tissue growths in the cavity back of the nose. These, by making it extremely difficult for the child to breathe properly, deplete his vitality so that he remains under-sized and is quickly fatigued by any intellectual or muscular effort. The natural result is that he becomes more or less of an idler, bringing upon himself the re-

proaches and punishment of parents and teachers. What he actually needs is not scoldings or whippings, but a slight surgical operation.

Often a surprising development of both mental and physical power follows the removal of the adenoids. In one case reported by Professor E. J. Swift, a girl of fourteen grew three inches in height within six months after an operation for adenoids, and at the same time showed an improvement in her school work that contrasted surprisingly with the apathy and listlessness that had preceded it.

I have myself had an opportunity lately of observing a seemingly miraculous cure of laziness effected in a small boy by this simple means. At nine years of age he was puny, pale, debilitated, nervously irritable, and so lazy at home and in the school-room as to give rise to an impression that he bordered on mental defectiveness. Conscious of his weakness, his playmates, with the thoughtless cruelty of childhood, teased and bullied the poor little fellow numerously.

His father, of course, was much concerned about him, had him examined by several specialists, and finally was persuaded to submit him to the adenoid operation, the necessity for which had been for some time plainly indicated by a slight deafness and persistent mouth-breathing.

He was then sent to the country for some months, and on his return was placed in a boarding school.

Here for the first time he manifested a diligence and mental virility that astonished all who had known him before the operation.

Eye trouble, particularly in the way of hypermetropia, or far-sightedness, is another frequent primary cause of laziness in school children; and the correction of the defective vision, like the removal of adenoids, is often followed by a marked increase of vigor and alertness. In such cases, however, the laziness is usually manifest only in the class-room, the child being active enough at play, when so strain is put on the eyes comparable with that occasioned by reading. To cite a single instance, a little boy of ten was reported as being so inattentive at school and so uninterested in his work as to yawn and become positively sleepy when required to read. As no amount of scolding sufficed to turn him from his idle ways, and as he began to complain of headaches and nervousness, he was finally taken to an op-

list. To the surprise of his parents, who had always believed his vision to be normal, he was found to be suffering from latent hypermetropia; and, on being provided with the proper eye-glasses, he soon demonstrated, by the rapidity with which he improved in his studies and the interest he now showed in them, that his laziness had been determined by the condition of his eyesight.

Treatment by suggestion, then, plus careful preliminary physiological, and if necessary surgical, treatment to ameliorate the asthenic condition common to idlers—that is the proper course to pursue in dealing with all cases of laziness. And it is also the course to pursue in the more important matter of prevention, a matter which, in the last analysis, rests chiefly with the fathers and mothers of the very young.

Cutting Two Years from Public School

Why the System Does Not Breed Bigger Men and Women Accounted For

A DECIDEDLY novel argument was made by Professor Leo Wiener, of Harvard, whose eldest son, Norbert Wiener, M.A., is preparing to receive his degree of doctor of philosophy next June at the age of eighteen.

To the obvious comment, "Precocity," says a writer in the Evening Post Saturday Magazine, Professor Wiener retorts with emphasis: "Not precocity at all. My children are simply developed by an intelligent process of imparting instruction. If precocity means development under training, then they have it. But if precocity means premature development without training, then they have it not."

The moot point is that if Professor Wiener is right, and if the average normal child is capable of such development as his own children have so remarkably responded to, then our public school system must undergo drastic revision. Let the Professor take the stand.

"It is just as easy," he says, by way of prelude. "to learn to admire a good picture as a drama. But the public schools crowd out children with nothing but chronos. Away with these diluted text books, these namby-pamby elementary studies in the sciences and the languages! Let children remain children, but meanwhile let them be learning the right things, and, above all, at the period when they are ready for them. By the time a normally intelligent child reaches the fifth grade, he has so outgrown the thin mental pabulum which is offered him that he loses interest and falls behind.

My plan has been to place my children in the public schools, watch for the time of their 'going stale' on this insufficient mental fare, take them out of school, re-arouse their interest in their studies by giving them more advanced work, send them back to school, but to a grade much higher than that which they left, and save them anywhere from three to eight years of fruitless toil in the process.

"These children of mine have never been driven. They have more time on their hands than the average children of the school age. All four are in superb physical health. Their standing in their classes is good, and the point is that they are not working for marks. They are working with as intelligent interest in the subject. This has a cumulative effect. I find that as this interest increases from year to year, so also does their power of self-guidance. At the start they may require careful direction in their studies. But each year this reliance on instruction is less and the reliance on themselves is more. Finally they outgrow me; they outgrow their teachers; they can go on by themselves.

"Our educational system is ruinous because it trains for immediate results. My children are being trained for final results: they are trained not for marks, but for power. Not so as to be able to parrot back what they have been taught, but stimulated to learn how to teach themselves.

"The next point I wish to make most emphatic. These results have been accomplished with my children in the public schools

as they stand to-day. I realized that by withdrawing them altogether from the schools I would lay myself open to the charge of a "special dispensation" or a "favoring process," and though I could have saved the children much more time than I have had I removed them from the schools entirely, I thought it more important to work out the problem where it must be worked out for the other youngsters. So I sent them into the elementary grades until I could see that they were becoming unconsciously dulled and irritated through not receiving the mental food which children of their years rightly demand, whereupon I removed them, re-awakened their interest by more solid fare, and returned them to the high school anywhere from two to three years ahead of schedule time.

"A good many people imagine that after this process the children are just managing to 'keep along.' The fact is that they are leading, again let me say not in the race for 'marks,' but in a healthy interest in the subject. I teach them that they must learn by making mistakes. I demand that they shall be given a chance to make mistakes and then correct them. Our educational system excludes this: the children trained under it have not gained the power of correcting themselves. The whole aim of the system is to prevent them from making mistakes; it would not so 'waste their time.' I insist that these children should be allowed to make their blunders, to find them and then rectify them. I need hardly dwell on the importance this has in the world of morals as well.

It may be objected that the children of Professor Wiener inherit minds perhaps more vigorous than the average. Quite dead to the subtle flattery implied in this argument, the Professor replies: "I have, in common with plenty of other men, a certain ability. Let us assume that my children have inherited this. Well, an Arabian horse is an Arabian horse, and a nag is a nag. You may not be able to turn the nag into the blooded animal, but if you are not careful you will find that it is all too easy to turn the Arabian into a nag. It is not enough to have a finely bred stock. You must develop it. Plenty of children have inherited aptitudes equal to and superior to mine.

"You will remember—every one will remember—a period in his childhood when he began to feel the stirrings of an enormous curiosity about the most commonplace matters of everyday life: What is money? Why does it pay for things? How did man

learn to build houses? Who invented streets? Why can we see through glass? Who first thought of putting figures on the face of a clock? It is the awakening of the analytical faculty in a child's brain. And yet when we asked why we could see through glass we were told impatiently: 'Oh, because it is transparent.' or 'Don't ask so many foolish questions.' My method is this: Every day I go for a brief walk with my son Fritz—a tiny gentleman of seven. He is in the third grade of the public schools. During that walk I answer just such questions as those above; answer them with detailed accuracy. And here applies my remark that it is so easy to learn to admire a good painting as a chromo. I would tell the child not only that Beethoven was a composer of music, but what a symphony it is. This boy of seven is ready to receive accurate information. I am satisfying his normal intellectual curiosity just as fast as he is physically fit to receive it. I raise attention in the direction of his interests. This is not 'hot-housing.'

"This, then, is my proposal: My results could be obtained under the present system, first, by modifying the curriculum, and second, by modifying the attitude of the public school teachers toward education and discipline. No big, general revolution would be necessary; no violent changes. I would undertake to start with the system as it is, and merely by altering the attitude of the teachers I would obtain the same results in a roomful of children that I have obtained with my own. I believe fifty per cent. of the teachers now in the public schools could and would learn to apply this more humane and more effective method of instruction. It is just a question of the subject, but of carrying a child's interest in one topic over into his interest in another until you have them all inter-working and inter-stirring.

"This is enough to give some hint of the enormous waste in the present school system. My scheme of instruction would mean hiring more expensive teachers, but it would be vastly cheaper. The ideal school would, of course, be that in which the individual development of the child would be independent of the class—in which the child would go as fast and as far as he was individually fit to go. This method could be introduced, I contend, even under the present school system. The fundamental error of modern pedagogy is that the child which it regards as the average is not normal, but sub-normal."

Wild Mosquitos Breed Once a Year

But the Domestic Mosquito has an Abundant Food Supply From the Juiciest and Barrest Skins in the Animal World

IN HANS BREITENMAN'S sapient phrase: "The longer we live, the more we find, my gracious, odd!" It was the fond belief of the "scientific gents" that they had the tricks, manners and psychology of the mosquito down to as fine a point as that of her own bill, these five years past says the American Magazine.

Our latest finding is widespread and interesting. It consists in the discovery that the overwhelming majority of "wild" mosquitoes that infest our woods and forests, instead of breeding, as we had supposed, all summer long in convenient pools and puddles, and producing a half dozen generations each season, breed only once in the year and that at an exceedingly early period, viz., in the pools left in low places in the woods by melting snow.

More singular and upsetting to our farmer ideas yet, as these snow-water pools usually dry up early in the season, when the hen mosquito has fully matured her eggs she does not lay these in water, as do our "domestic" mosquitoes, but upon some under side of a dead leaf in some low damp place in the woods which will be filled with water again by next spring. This discovery throws a flood of light upon two or three facts which would not fit in with our former laws of mosquito life. The first and most striking is the disappearance of the woodland mosquito in time for trout fishing, camping and deer hunting, even in areas which are full of pools, swamps and lakes.

The next is that in houses, hungalows and camps on the edge of the woods, no matter how carefully all permanent pools of water have been drained or coated with kerosene during the summer, and how perfectly the neighborhood has been kept clear of mosquitoes from July until frost, there still appears in the first warm days of May swarms of mosquitoes, springing apparently out of the earth or coming down from the tree-tops.

What had misled us was that we had been judging all mosquitoes by the habits of a comparatively small number of species, which infested our dove yards, farm buildings and cultivated fields, and which either originally possessed, or had gradually acquired "under domestica-

tion," the faculty of raising five or six broods in a year. In this they ran parallel with our other domestic animals and birds, which, given shelter, protection and abundant food supply the year around, have acquired the habit of raising a number of broods in a year, and of breeding at any and all seasons of the year, while their wild relatives for the most part produce only one brood or clutch during the year.

The domestic mosquito is provided with an abundant supply of the richest and juiciest food and the thinnest and barrest skins anywhere in the animal kingdom, and also, by human carelessness or ignorance, with ideal places for breeding in the whole season through in artificial ponds, accidental puddles and pits, water butts, wells, even in the rain water held in tin cans and old boots.

The same thing is largely true of the two species of Anopheles, which are most seriously concerned with carrying malaria. Two-thirds of the Anopheles in any given community will be found within two hundred to three hundred yards of houses and out-buildings. Indeed, in certain regions in the Canal Zone at Panama, where it was impossible to drain or kerosene all the swamps and pools in the neighborhood, the camp is made almost free of malaria by keeping the ground for two hundred to three hundred yards around dry or kerosene-coated; and by employing a regular force of mosquito hunters to patrol the houses and shacks and kill every mosquito.

The problem of exterminating the wild



The report that Guevara—Public Opinion.

mosquitoes is at first sight an appalling one, when it is remembered that nearly half of our low-lying woodlands are converted into swamps during the melting of the snow water of the spring, and that the mosquito larvae have been known to hatch and grow in ice-cold water less than an inch deep. This is certainly one of the most astonishing triumphs of the life force known, equal to that of the famous Schneé Rosen, which push their pointed heads through the very edge of the snow crust itself. Two things, however, can be done, either of which is fairly feasible.

One is pouring kerosene on the pools of snow water and low places in the ground which may be filled by spring rains, within five hundred to one thousand yards from the house or camp. The other is raking up all leaves in the fall of the year within the same distance of the house, piling them up and burning them, since the eggs are attached to the under side of the leaves. The combination of these two methods certainly ought to reduce the pest to tolerable proportions, if not entirely abolish it.

Sawdust's Service to Mankind

How a By-Product of the Lumber Mills Can Be Made Profitable

INSTEAD of burning the waste from the sawmills, there are many excellent means of utilizing the sawdust, says C. W. R. Eshoff, M. E., in the *American Lumberman*.

Abroad, where conservation of the natural resources has been practised to a greater extent than on this continent, experiments have been made to form this dust into briquettes. At present a number of briquetting plants are in successful operation across the Atlantic, and of later years lumbermen and other mill-owners on this side of the Atlantic have become interested in the briquetting of such sawdust.

Soilable binders are water-gas, pitch, tar, rosin, flour, water-glass and others of the same nature as used in the briquetting of coal. As these binders materially increase the cost of manufacture, their use was found prohibitive, and machines are now used that deliver the briquets without the application of a binding machine.

The sawdust in this process has to be perfectly dry before being put into the press. From the press the briquettes are transported automatically into a cooling room, and when cool they are hard and ready for transportation. Such briquettes are an excellent fuel for residence use in fire-places and stoves, do not smoke, and leave very little ashes and soot. The cleanliness, rapid ignition, intense heat and odorless combustion make them a fuel preferable to the best wood.

Presses are built with a capacity of 24 briquettes a minute, giving 14,400 briquettes in ten hours, each briquette weighing about

half a pound, which would be equivalent to a daily output of 3.6 tons.

Sawdust has been used for the operation of gas producers for power purposes, in which cases it can be handled either in the loose form or in the form of briquettes.

Related to the briquetting of sawdust is the manufacture of artificial wood. This material is of great tenacity and strength, does not decay and is less susceptible to the action of the atmosphere than is natural wood. All this artificial wood can be sawed, planed and cut, but not split. The manufacture of it has become quite an industry abroad. Decorations for walls, ceilings and furniture are manufactured from mixtures of the essential part of which is sawdust. These ornaments rival carved work and are a great deal cheaper, replacing those made of zinc, papier-mâché and artificial stone or cement.

Sawdust is the essential part of a stone-like material used for building purposes and also for paving blocks. These paving blocks are said to outlast the regular crocketed wood blocks.

Sawdust is pulverized and used instead of sand. In this state it can be colored, perfumed and used for many purposes, such as for wash-bags and the like.

Sawdust and shavings are used for packing in glassware, porcelain and other ceramic articles. In this case it must be dry, so as not to have a detrimental effect, especially on ceramic goods.

The use of sawdust for cleaning floors is too well known to need mention; not so

generally known is its property of preserving eggs.

Any person handling oily and partly tinware should know that it is an excellent means for cleaning fresh paint from such tinware, rendering the vessels perfectly dry and clean.

Sawdust is used in the manufacture of insulating material for steam boilers and steam piping, and as insulating filler in furnace cookers, ice boxes, walls, etc.

It can be laid in cement floors instead of sand, rendering these floors warmer and more porous. It is used for roofing material instead of sand, making roofing paper lighter for transportation and so reducing cost.

Charred sawdust is an excellent means for filtration of liquids and has disinfecting qualities, making it more suitable for this purpose than ordinary charcoal. Added to brick it makes a more porous brick. Mixed with clay it can be used for the manufacture of filtering articles; this has proved to be an attractive process.

Sawdust is used to absorb moisture in building walls that are exposed to water. In the manufacture of cheap wallpaper and artificial flowers it is used in the form of

a fine dust. Other uses are for cementation in steel mills, for cleaning purposes in the production of gas, in the manufacture of calcium carbide and carborundum, and, in foundries, for picking.

Everybody knows of its application in the manufacture of powder and explosives. Further uses are for floors in gymnasia and riding schools, for the manufacture of paper, for slippery streets in winter, and for bedding in stables. Sawdust improves soil noticeably, and, when saturated with water, it also works chemically on the soil and so improves it. Sawdust is also used in sawdust mortar (for most places) and in horticulture to protect blooms, etc. With proper manipulation a good wood soil, so valuable in gardening, can be obtained. In the manufacture of soap for washing and cleaning purposes sawdust is also employed.

Very promising is the manufacture of sugar and alcohol out of waste woods; but these processes are not yet far enough advanced to be of commercial value and to justify large expenditures at the same time. Finally, sawdust is the only material now used for a cheap production of oxalic acid.

Controlling Power by Perforated Paper

Will Railway Trains and Big Machines be Managed as Easily as a Piano?

THAT the world—at least the mechanical world—may one day be controlled and operated through the agency of slips of perforated paper is asserted in the editorial department of *Cassier's Magazine*.

Control of machinery by perforated paper was first devised and introduced by Joseph Marie Jacquard about a century ago, in the loom that bears his name. In the Jacquard loom perforated cards control the movements so that predetermined patterns are woven, independently of the skill of the immediate operator.

More recently the principle has been widely used in mechanical musical instrument players, to which it was first applied about 60 years ago. It has been employed also in the typewriter, in the telegraph system, and in less familiar connections. And we are told that the possibilities of the device are far-reaching, especially since the introduction of electricity has made it possible to extend this kind of control over distant apparatus. The writer

of the article in *Cassier's* bids us look forward to the working of all sorts of machine tools and even to the control and operation of railway trains by a similar system.

The entire modern tendency in mechanical operations appears, not only in the substitution of machinery for manual operations wherever possible, but also in the planning of the manipulation by others than those by whom the work is done. The use of planning departments, fictional foremen, instruction cards, and similar preliminaries to the actual performance of the work, is being generally discussed and occasionally applied; but, with the exception of certain forms of tabulating machines and typewriters, and of such devices as moving electrical signs, there seems to be little employment made of the most complete method of recording and controlling movements—that of a piece of perforated paper.

It seems entirely within reason to state that no machining operation is so complicated or involves so many movements, no variously timed, as appears in the performance of even a simple musical composition by a mechanical piano-player; and when we consider the accuracy and effectiveness with which the most elaborate compositions are rendered by such machines the applicability of the method to repetition processes in manufacturing seems worthy of consideration.

The number of operations which may be controlled for any one machine is by no means limited, any more than the number of different musical compositions is limited for any piano equipped for use with the perforated roll. . . . The unlimited possibilities of the Jacquard principle over any other thus constitutes one of its greatest advantages. Any change or modification in a series of operations with the paper strip may be made simply by preparing a different set of perforations, just as one written order of instructions supersedes another; and thus it appears that the form of control in which instructions are positively combined with their execution is available for the most intricate manufacturing operations.

The widespread use of vending machines, for instance, is an example of the manner in which mechanical appliances are being used to replace labor either too difficult to obtain or too expensive to operate.

Orders Which Execute Themselves.

The outcome of such a development would probably involve, as a matter for general instruction, the art of reading instructions by preparing such controlling strips, just as the introduction of the type-writing machine has developed an art supplementing that of ordinary handwriting. The manager, director, foreman, or other responsible individual may thus give his order, not by scribbling a few marks upon an order slip, but by punching a few holes in a card, which then becomes the medium by which the order is executed, without any of the opportunities for failure which must ever be present when it has to be filtered through various intelligences of uncertain capacity.

Paper to Control Machine Tools.

The far-reaching effects of the general adoption of the perforated strip for the control of machinery will be perceived as the subject is examined in the light of the results already obtained in connection with

musical instruments. The acquisition of a correct and facile technique upon such an instrument as the piano requires intense application and years of hard work by those who have in the first place a natural talent for the subject, and of all the pupils who make such studies, but few attain anything like such precision and accuracy as are given immediately to the inexperienced operator upon the mechanically controlled instrument. The real difference between the performance of a virtuoso and the effect of the machine appears only in such delicacies of expression as are perceptible mainly to the trained listener, and differences such as these are not only imperceptible but undesirable in applying the principle to machine-shop work.

It follows that the development of the perforated strip to the control of machine tools may work a change in technical training and apprenticeship methods similar to that which is being effected in the subject of piano instruction, leaving the question of the mechanic to be directed to those general and varied features which include the exercise of judgment and discretion rather than of detailed and repetitive manipulation. This is entirely in accordance with the changes which have already taken place, and it is necessary only to look back over the development of the machinist's trade to perceive the manner in which the once important operations of chasing, filing, chipping, fitting, etc., have been replaced by the work of the slide rest, the grinding-machine, the shaper, and the drop press.

Motors Moved by Paper.

Not only in the control of machining work, but also in the direction of larger operations, may the possibilities of the perforated strip be indicated. With the introduction of electric propulsion upon railways, it may become practicable to have the trains controlled wholly from fixed stations, the motors responding entirely to the movement of the strip through a transmitting mechanism. Thus the position of a train upon a section might be made to correspond at all times to the relative position of its controlling strip, the control, both as to position and rate of speed, being always kept in the hands of the operator at the fixed station, himself continually in possession of information about all other trains upon the division. Wherever a wire can be run, such a control may be extended, so that operations at points far distant might be

synchronized in accordance with any desired plan.

It is probable that such applications of the perforated strip of paper will come, not all at once, but gradually, as its capabilities are perceived; but the tendency

must be, so in all other departments of mechanical developments, to relieve human effort more and more from work which is of a mechanical and routine character, reserving it for things which include the exercise of varied intelligence and judgment.

Climates Make Forests, Not Vice-Versa

Popular Notions on this Matter are Wrong, Says Scientific Man

FAR and wide, the world over, we find a popular belief in an influence of forests upon climate, especially rainfall. This is not difficult to explain. On a summer day we leave the hot sunny road and walk along a narrow forest path. The trees give shade; the glare and heat of the road are replaced by a soft dark carpet of leaves and moss; the air seems cool and damp. It is all a great relief, and the impression is inevitable that a forest climate is different from that of the open. Thus it may come about, naturally enough, that people believe in forest influences upon climate. Yet a scientific study of the subject, which has only recently been possible, has established the conclusion that forests are dependent upon climate; in other words, that they are the results of the rainfall and not vice versa.

It is a curious fact that so few of those who are firmly convinced that climate is affected by forests ever seem to ask themselves "Why should forests influence climate?" The Popular Science Monthly, to which we are indebted for our information on this subject, outlines the reasons commonly given as follows:

(a) Because forests must retard and obstruct air movement, favoring rain, and causing the air to ascend slightly over the trees. Both of these effects may be favorable in a small way to rainfall. The barrier effect, by reducing the velocity of high winds, ought to moderate the extremes of winter cold.

(b) By means of their shade, trees ought to check the warming of the ground and of the air, especially in summer.

(c) Because of the retention of moisture in the forest litter, and of the decreased evaporation which may be expected to result from the lessened air movement under the trees, it seems not

unreasonable to expect that forest air will be somewhat damper than that outside. This may also favor rainfall.

(d) The diffusion of the water vapor transpired by and evaporated from the leaves may perhaps increase the opportunity for rainfall.

(e) We may expect the trees over to diminish nocturnal radiation from the ground underneath, and thus to maintain a slightly higher temperature within the forest than outside of it at night.

In those, and perhaps in other ways, we may seek for the causes of forest influences upon climate. But whatever may be the theoretical reasons for believing in such reasons, we are here concerned only with the facts as they are at present known. One further word of caution is necessary: It is one thing for a forest to have a climate of its own, within its own limits, under or above the trees. It is quite another thing for a forest to affect the climate of the surrounding country or of distant regions. The latter effect is naturally the one in which the real interest centers.

Forests as Wind-breaks.

The most obvious effect of forests is that of the barrier or wind-break. First, there is far less wind movement within the forest than there is outside. Second, friction on the tree tops reduces the velocity of the wind blowing over the forest. Third, to leeward of the forest there is a belt of relative calm, which is, roughly, ten to fifteen times as wide as the forest is high. Clearly, then, wind-breaks such as those which have been recommended for and are found in much of our western treeless area, furnish considerable protection, over a narrow strip to leeward of the trees, against the sweep of strong but arid cold winds. Deforestation on a large scale,

especially on extended level areas, will favor a freer sweep of the wind, which may be hostile to the growth of crops.

Influence Upon Temperature.

There is comparatively little popular interest in any possible influence of forests upon temperature. Between evergreen and deciduous forests there is this difference, that in the former sunshine has freer access to the ground and warms and dries it better than in the latter. Upon their soil temperatures, forests have a slight cooling effect, and, in general, a forest climate bears a faint resemblance to a marine climate in having a slightly smaller range of temperature than the open. Separating, in speaking of the very "moderate" effect of forests on the temperature, says: "No one will care to maintain that the system of isotherms would be radically altered if Europe and Asia were one great forest from ocean to ocean."

It appears that evergreen forests have more influence in increasing relative humidity than do deciduous forests. Evaporation from free water surfaces within forests is a little less than one half of that in the open, a fact which is to be explained chiefly by the decreased air movement, and, to a much less extent, by the slightly lower temperature and the slightly higher relative humidity. In addition to the action of forests in decreasing evaporation, there is the positive effect of supplying moisture to the air through the process of transpiration. Still Prof. Robert De C. Ward says, "The amount of moisture concerned in the great rain-producing processes of the atmosphere are so large that the local supply from forests can not conceivably play any considerable part."

Thus we come to the phase of the discussion, which is of much the greatest popular interest. Do forests increase rainfall? Does deforestation result in a decrease of rainfall? The Java case is a striking ex-

ample of forest influence on rainfall. There are extensive, dense forests in the south of Java, while the north coast has been largely deforested. A station, Tjilatjap, on the south coast distant from the mountains, has a mean annual rainfall almost twice as large as that of three stations (Batavia, Tegal and Samarang) on the north coast. The difference is in round numbers about 150 inches against 75 inches. The north side is the windward side for the north-west monsoon, and during the rainy season (December to March) should have more rain than the south or lee side. Yet the fact is that there is about the same rainfall on both coasts at that time.

The conclusion is that we have as yet no satisfactory or conclusive evidence that forests have a significant effect upon the amount of rainfall as distinguished from the amount of rain-fall in the gauge. Nor is there direct evidence that our forests increase the frequency of precipitation.

Hygienic Influence of Forests.

That this subject has an important relation to our national conservation policy is one will deny. There are several ways in which forests have a hygienic significance, and the location of many of our well-known health resorts is on or near extended forest areas is, therefore, well planned and logical. The reduced wind movements, the protection against the severest extremes of summer heat and of winter cold, the marked decrease of dust and of other atmospheric impurities; the grateful shade on sunny days, and the relatively small number of micro-organisms—all these are helpful, not only to those who are ill or convalescent, but to those in good health. All these are arguments in favor of wood d parks in and in close proximity to our cities, even though the climatic influences of the forest are generally over-estimated.

An Episode of Trafalgar

An Old Sailor tells of Nelson's Famous Signal at Sea

THE old soldier who told me this story had been a corporal in the 52nd Highlanders (Black Watch), with which regiment he saw service in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, says Wm. F. Taylor. In the

years 1853-4 the regiment was stationed at Portsmouth, and one day he was sent with five other privates and a sergeant to act as guard at the gates of the famous Haslar Hospital. As he was doing sentry-go, he

was accosted by one of the old sailors who had a home there when they are too old to fight their country's battles any longer. The sight of the Highland uniform of the Black Watch reminded the old man of the time when the ship on which he was serving as a blue-jacket, transported the "Forty-two" from Malta to Egypt for the battle of the Nile.

He approached the sentry and asked him if he was aware that at the time of that battle the regiment was composed of men who could not speak a word of English, all of them being Gaelic-speaking Highlanders. The young soldier was, of course, eager to hear about the regiment to which he belonged, so he called his six comrades and the old sailor poured the story into their willing ears.

In the course of their conversation, the old man told them a tale about Trafalgar, through which battle he had served on board the "Victory." It is a story which, although it is not mentioned by historians, might have lost for Britain the title of "Mistress of the Seas" had it had a different termination.

From the old sailor's story it appears that the now historic signal "England expects every man this day to do his duty" was not the signal Lord Nelson originally intended it to be. The Admiral composed his final message to the fleet to read as follows:—"Nelson expects every man this day to do his duty." But Capt. Hardy suggested altering it by substituting the word "England" for "Nelson," and the signal was accordingly hoisted in its altered form.

When the hiss of bullets flattered up to the masted, the Irishmen in the fleet



California Legislator: "I guess I know what an alien is."—From The Pacific.

ponced upon the word "England" and taunted the Englishmen that they had to be told to do their duty. The sons of Albion naturally resented this slur upon their zeal, and a hard-fought battle of fistbuffs immediately took place between decks.

This state of affairs continued until the drums bent to quarters, but then all petty quarrels were forgotten and the men of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales rushed on deck to fight shoulder to shoulder against their country's foes. Perhaps the little bout between decks served to whet their appetites for blood, but whether it did or no, it is now a matter of history that they fought so well that the united French and Spanish fleets were defeated and Britannia's name upheld as "Ruler of the Waves."

Woman Less Truthful Than Man

More Than One-Half of the Lies that Women Tell are Due to Her Gentleness

DOES woman really lie more than man? Yes, unquestionably yes, if lies are reckoned by their number, but should they be weighed in the balance according to their nature and importance, and with regard to the motive that inspired them, then certainly man's lies would turn the scale. More than half the lies that women tell are undoubtedly due to her gentleness, her consideration, her sympathy—a short, her goodness of her heart, says a writer in Munsey's Magazine.

The prisons contain many a man who might trace his downfall to his mother's loving intervention. When she allowed him to escape punishment, as a child, by entering into a plot with him against his father, she did not reflect that the day would come when her son must take upon himself the responsibility of his actions, and when it would no longer be of any avail for his mother to stand in front of him and say:

"Let him go! Punish me!"

In order to spare husband and child a momentary pang, she risks bringing upon the whole family the despair and shame of years.

Is it not the mother who steals from the housekeeping money, makes up false accounts, and hears the accusation of extravagance, in order to pay her son's debts behind her husband's back?

Is it not the wife who helps her young daughter in a love affair against the father's knowledge and consent? She does not consider that she thereby exposes the daughter to a life of unhappiness. She thinks more deeply than man, but not so far.

Man's work habituates him from the start to thoroughness, exactness, trustworthiness. He must set the same standard for himself as for his subordinates, for his work is like a great machine; if the tiniest wheel is out of order, the whole thing comes to a standstill. His accounts are correct to the smallest details; the least little mistake in the books throws the whole year's calculations out of balance.

The woman's occupation at home is no less important than the man's outside, but while his work, like a machine, goes on automatically when once set in motion, a housewife's is composed of a thousand small voluntary actions. She must take many uncertainties into consideration—the capability and willingness of the servants, an accident to the kitchen range or the furnace, a child's cold, an unexpected visit, a headache—things which prevent the household from ever running as smoothly as a well-conducted business.

Women Whose Life is a Lie.

Woman lies in many little things simply because she is woman. She lies with the whole of her person. She transforms herself in accordance with the changes of fashion, as if she were a piece of soft

metal that is put over and over again into the melting-pot and recast. She puffs out her hair with pads and artificial braids, and uses dye to conceal the fading of its color. She improves her complexion with powder and paint. One year she wears shoes almost as sharp-pointed as rapiers; the next, shoes so short that she appears to have hacked off both heels and toes. All these things are harmless lies that hurt no one else, but chiefly her own body.

Yet the worst of them is that they easily blur a woman's comprehension of truth and untruth, and bring other lies following in their train. Sometimes they deceive all the world except the husband, who knows that his beautifully coiffed and colored and fashion-modeled lady is in reality a fraud. Sometimes she racks her brains to devise a means of keeping this knowledge from him.

I know a very pretty and fascinating lady, one of the best wives and mothers—indeed, one of the best people—that I have ever encountered on my road through life. Her husband, after twenty odd years of wedlock, is as much in love with her as when they were married, and she with him. She once decided to sue the price she had paid for his still youthful passion: "He has never seen me cross, or even depressed. He has never seen me with my hair out of order or carelessly dressed. Even when I have the most fearful headache I pretend that nothing is wrong. No matter how ill and tired I may be, or what worries I may have, if he wishes me to go with him to the theatre, or to a party, I dress at once, and do everything I can to look radiant."

This wife, perhaps, has never told her husband a falsehood, but is not her conduct a continual lie? Is it not keeping the man in ignorance of something which legitimately concerns him?

and also—
be seen that the enemies are well identified; but it is hard to tell ones are doing the mischief in any particular case, and in most instances there are several concerned together.

The complicated character of the problem becomes manifest when it is said that some cases of apparently simple "cold in the head," or coryza, are in reality nasal diphtheria; and a child thus afflicted, who goes to school, may endanger other children. Again, the pneumonia germ itself sometimes produces coryza, as well as tonsillitis, bronchitis, quincy, abscess of the middle ear, "sinus" infection, meningitis, etc.

over."

Colds are due to the habit of living indoors, where the germs breed. People who live and work in badly ventilated rooms suffer constantly from colds. The best preventive is plenty of fresh air. Unfortunately, most people are afraid of fresh air, holding an utterly mistaken belief to the effect that it causes colds. This extraordinary notion has much to do with the prevalence of the "indoor plague," as coryza has come to be called.

Nature's Color Selections

Some Flowers Change Color to Suit the Locality—Bright Colors Attract the Insects

Vaccinating for Colds

Medical Research is Gradually Enlightening Mankind in the Treatment of Disease

THE BOARD of Health of the city of New York in a recent circular states that the method of preventing typhoid by inoculation has passed beyond the experimental stage; but we are less familiar with the various treatment for colds. René Baehre

explains this very simply in a recent article in the Technical World Magazine. He says:—

Common "coryza," or "cold in the head," with its various complications, probably costs the people of the United

IN CALLING to mind the phenomena of color, says Willard N. Chase in Superhuman Life, we cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that few objects in nature entirely lack it. Paleness is ever regarded as a sickly hue in species normally colored, while the entire absence of pigment results in forms to which we give the name of albino. There are, of course, many species of both animals and plants that find the absence of color of great advantage in the station

of life to which they have become adapted. Animals that live amidst the snows are protected from their enemies by a white coat, and these find their most dangerous foe among those that have patterned after them by adopting the same inconspicuous covering. An absence of color may be of service to diurnal by making them more noticeable amid the green of ordinary vegetation, while at night it renders them more conspicuous than any other color could.

...of 177; poison sumac, and huckleberry are decidedly poisonous; others, like the snowberry and hawberry, are avoided by the birds unless pressed by hunger; while only one, the mulberry, is what would be considered edible, and this does not appear to be truly native.

Shortly after the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species," it became the fashion to explain every variation in the form and structure of the plant and every phase of color as an adaptation to some useful end. Nothing was supposed to occur by chance and, as a consequence, many fanciful theories were built up, later to come tumbling down when the cold light of scientific inquiry was turned upon them. We now feel sure that many colors are purely incidental. It would be absurd, for instance, to imagine that the red of the beet, the orange and yellow of the carrot, or the white of the parsnip is able to give any one of these roots the advantage over the others, when grown in the same piece of ground. Similarly, the iridescent tints in the shells of mussels, oysters, and other submarine or subaqueous animals can be of no service to the species; in fact, instead of being of use, they often prove the species' undoing, since man fancies these tints and unduly appropriates the shell for his own.

It may be said, however, that, in the majority of instances, color is of advantage

... .. in considerable evidence
... .. that flowers enter to the esthetic tastes of the latter by producing the hues they like best. Bees are reputed to be fond of blue and violet, while wasps fancy red and chocolate-colored flowers. Insects uneducated in the matter of color are supposed, like the uneducated human animal, to like "any color of flower so long as it is yellow."

Not only do the plants lay themselves out to please their insect admirers by the selection of the right shade of color, but they go still further and display, upon petal or sepal, colored guides to the place where the nectar is secreted. Not infrequently the color of these guides changes with the age of the flower, thus indicating to the insect where the newest stores of nectar are located. In the catalpa, the linear honey-guide at first deep yellow, and later run to orange brown. The bore-oakleaf has a lemon-yellow spot at the base of each white petal that finally turns deep purple. In the lead-lark, the young flowers have a yellow palisade which at length becomes deep orange. In some instances, the whole flower may change color. The common bush honeysuckle opens citron-yellow and later turns to scarlet; one of the dimbling species of honeysuckle opens white and turns light orange; the shepherdsia opens white and turns to crimson-orange; while the bonad's tongue is first red and then purple.

The causes of these color-changes are still

... somewhat obscure. Probably they are due to chemical processes in the cells, which are stimulated into activity by the pollination of the flower. This appears to be the more probable, since the different chemicals in the soil are regarded as the cause of color-changes in other flowers. In New England the meadow lily is yellow; in the Middle States, red. Kerner has noted several species in the Alps that change color with the location. A bellwort with white flowers in one soil produced blue ones in another. A violet was blue in one locality and yellow in another. A vetch found in the Tyrol was yellow, and the same species in Hungary was violet. In the central Alps, the alpine anemone is sulphur-yellow, in the eastern Alps it is white. A horticulturist who recently experimented with the color changes in flowers was able to turn yellow, blue, pink, and red flowers to green by adding alkali, and to turn them back to their original color when acids were added. From his experiments he concludes that flowers have but three pigments, red, yellow and blue, and that from these, by various combinations, all the others are produced.

To chemical changes in the fruit are undoubtedly due the bright colors which fleshy fruits assume in the process of ripening. Indeed, the chemical reactions in fruits seem often to determine the shade of color they shall assume. Small amounts of the pigment called anthocyanin, or carotin, may give the fruit a yellow or orange color; more of the same pigment makes them red, and a superabundance turns them black. The fruit of the blackberry runs through all these changes from youth to maturity.

The way in which colors are borne in the plants is also a matter of interest. In purple, violet, and blue fruits the color is diffused through the cell sap. In red and yellow specimens it may be borne in this way, also, but is more commonly borne in small bodies in the cell, which are called chromoplasts, and are related to the chloroplasts which make the leaves green. White flowers are white for the same reason that snow is white—because the light is reflected back from a multitude of tiny surfaces. In the flower, these surfaces are the walls of empty cells. When the petals of such flowers become water-soaked, they lose the power to reflect light and become almost transparent.

One of the most curious and interesting things in connection with this subject is what is known as the correlation of color. By this is meant that if a certain color is met with in one part of the plant it is likely to appear in others. Plants that produce red flowers usually have a red tinge to the stems, petioles, and veins, even when seedlings, and white-flowered forms are noticeably paler. The gardener often takes advantage of this to separate his plants from a mixed sowing into their different groups according to color, while they are yet in the seedling stage. But he can go still farther. It is well known that deep-colored flowers are produced from the darkest seeds; and in plants that produce flowers of a variety of tints, such as the snapdragons, verbenas, and the like, the plants that will produce the deepest colors may be selected before the seeds are planted.

Man-Made Woman

The Western Idea of the Japanese Wife Receives a Rude Jolt

THE WESTERN idea of the Japanese woman is somewhat rudely shattered by Marjorie Cox's article in the Forum on the "Man-Made Woman of Japan."

The impressionability and obsequiousness of its men, she says, doubtless issue from the supineness of its women; their subtle streak of treachery which makes them so unreliable as merchants and servants in other lands, may issue from the sex-servility of their mothers, for the enslaved mind ever subsides and reverts itself in twofoldness.

There is one divorce to every three marriages in Japan and only 1 per cent. of the divorces have been sought by the wives. One reason for this is that public opinion still penalizes the woman who will not submit to everything from her husband. When a Japanese woman is the plaintiff in a divorce suit she loses social position or respectability; but if she is the defendant she loses nothing but a bad husband and retains a good chance of getting another one. So love for her children and the social ban of sex are serving to keep the Jap-

ance woman as effectually bound to-day as she was formerly bound by the Confucian social and official order.

She must be the first to get up in the mornings and open the house and greet everyone with a cheery "O-Hayo"; then she goes out in the diminutive garden and gathers a branch of blossoms or maple or azalea twig and arranges them in a vase in the honorable tokonoma; she makes and takes up the honorable tea to her honorable lord and his honorable mother; she brushes her husband's clothes, fetches and carries for him; and hunts for whatever odd jobs she can perform for him and all his elderly relations, until she, with all the servants, sees him off in the mornings at the doorstep.

No one can understand the Japanese people until he has seen the menagerie-like spectacle of that portion of the womankind whom they place outside of human rights in a hideous travesty of human dignity. In the dusk of every evening, just as the temple bells of Iriya are pealing forth their summons to the strange gods of Nippon, this spectacle begins; women, girls—the majority mere children in appearance—file in to gaze which open on to the streets, exactly like the cages in a zoo, and sit for hours behind those wooden bars like merchandise for sale.

Apparently the revolution in Japanese manners is only superficial, and the true progress of the nation is retarded by hide-bound custom.

Watching the Child-Mind Grow

Acting Upon Suggestion Reveals the State of Mental Development in the Child

WOULD it interest you to know whether your child is, in intelligence, equal or superior to the average child of his own age? In Pearson's (London) Magazine, termine the question.

Mr. Michael West gives particulars of a series of tests which will enable you to do these tests were drawn up by Dr. Binet & Dr. Simon after experimenting on thousands of children, and they cover all the various functions of the mind which average child of each particular age should be able to do.

The earliest tests take place beside the cradle with bells, sugar, biscuits, and candy. The "subject" evinces the first dawn of intelligence by following with its eyes some object such as a lighted match which is moved about, and various tests are proposed for children up to the age of 15 years.

If a child of seven can do the tests not only for the average seven-year-old child, but also those for eight and nine-year-old children, he is two points above the average. If a child of nine cannot do the tests for a nine-year-old child, then try him with the eight and seven and so on until his real place is found.

In the same article Mr. West gives particulars of a "suggestion" apparatus, by which it is possible to measure how far various people's minds are open to suggestion.

Suggestibility, he says, is very important not only to science, but also in every act of every-day life.

When I say "You are going to throw yourself out of the window," I have put an idea into your mind. That idea is a nervous current along certain wires. If nothing prevents it that current will spread and flow along down to the muscles and you will actually throw yourself out of the window.

I said "if nothing prevents it." But in ordinary circumstances when I put an idea into your mind you consider it before you let it spread and realize itself.

When I say "You are going to jump out of the window," the subject's intellect thinks about the statement and says, "No, I am not going to do so," and rejects the idea.

It is like sending a proposal to a house of business that their men should do a certain piece of work. In the ordinary way the suggestion goes up to the head of the firm, and he considers it and rejects or accepts it before it comes to the men. But supposing I square the head of the firm, or deceive him some way so that he does not look into the matter, but lets it pass straight to the workman; or supposing I drug him so that he can't look into it, and so get the proposal straight to the men; that is what happens in the brain in Suggestion.

In some way I put the intellect out of action so that the idea realizes itself of its own accord, so that it naturally tends to do, without being stopped.

Now there are various ways of preventing the intellect (the head of the firm) from vetoing an idea. We may knock him on the head or drug him, or lock him up in a room by himself.

That is the first way, and that is practically what we do in hypnotism. When a person is hypnotized, his mind, which in the ordinary state is one, a unit working all together like a well organized business under its head man, is broken up into parts. It cannot act all together and consider. Every idea that goes into the mind realizes itself straight away with nothing to stop it.

Thus, if I say to him, "You are going to throw yourself out of the window," the idea spreads into the outgoing wires at once and realizes itself; the subject throws himself out of window. If I say "this poker is red-hot," the idea realizes itself at once with nothing to stop it, and the subject feels it as red-hot.

In children the mind has not yet become properly organized, so that when a father says to a child, "You will sit down," the idea realizes itself at once; the child does not employ his intellect to consider whether he wants to sit down or not.

So with animals, if one sheep or cow starts running they all run for no reason whatever; the idea has come and there is no intellect to stop it realizing itself.

So with a crowd of human beings. When people are massed together they are very "suggestible." That is a fact very well known to psychologists and sociologists.

Idea are very apt to realize themselves of their own accord in the brains of a crowd, much more apt to do so than when the same people are alone, separate, and not all pressed together in a lump.

Suggestibility enters into nearly everything in life. Take it for instance, in the Theatre. The actor's effect depends entirely on his power of suggestion and the suggestibility of his audience.

It is possible to realize how much suggestion enters into the work of the theatre from the following contrast. If a man in a drawing-room (where people are not massed together and hence are not very suggestible) laughs at his own joke, the probability is that no one else will laugh at it. The idea of laughing enters their minds, but it is promptly vetoed. But if a man on the stage laughs the whole theatre will begin to shake.

Perhaps you remember the play *Vice Versa*. The jokes of the play, that the father and son have changed places, is made known to the audience in the first act. But in the fourth act Uncle Marmaduke, one of the characters, bears it for the first time and goes into fits of laughter.

The actor whom I saw in that part did the laughter very well, and the whole house shrieked with laughter; in fact, one woman behind me was almost hysterical. The remarkable thing was that this actor's laughter was of rather a peculiar kind, and it is a literal fact that the audience's laughter was a copy of it. I found that I was laughing in that way myself; then I noticed that so was everybody else, while the laugh of the woman behind me was a perfect imitation.

The laughter at an ordinary joke is rational, the intellect passes the idea; but here it was obviously pure suggestion because the whole theatre was shrieking with laughter at a joke which they had seen for the last four hours.

Notice also that the gallery, where people are all pressed together, is much more suggestible than the front of the theatre, because close crowding always makes people more suggestible. That is why a sentimental scene will go down with a crowded gallery, but not with the stalls and the boxes.

In advertising, suggestion is extremely important. The purpose of advertisements which simply quote "Buy So-and-So's Soap" on billboards is to get the idea lodged in the mind so that the intellect will not veto it, and the idea will realize itself of its own accord.

The essential thing about advertisements that depend on suggestion is that they should be repeated over and over again. That is very expensive, and I maintain it is quite useless, unless the modern advertisement reader wants to argue.

That brings us to the second form of suggestion. Instead of disposing of the intellect by locking it up by itself, or dragging it, or catching it when it is tired, it is possible to deceive it, so that it passes the idea without properly looking into it.

That is the system on which good American advertising depends at present. Instead of saying only "Buy my Soap," they give also some argument, quite weak, perhaps, but which is, at any rate, enough to deceive the intellect into letting the idea pass and realize itself, instead of vetoing it straight away.

For instance, they may say, "Because it is made with Terenbach plant, and will give you a good complexion."

If you take this form of suggestion in a much simpler instance you will see how that advertisement works.

Supposing I showed you a stick with a little bit of wire round it, and I said "This wire is hot," your intellect would veto the idea "Heat" at once.

"Nonsense, why should it be?"

Supposing I unwound that piece of wire from the stick and placed it on a board with three electric lamps behind it and put wires which seem to lead the current on from the lamps to the piece of wire, so that it looked as if when the lamps were alight the current would be flowing through it.

As a matter of fact the current does nothing of the sort. The wire is just as innocent of any electric current, or any heat either as when it was on the stick. But the apparatus satisfies the subject's intellect, so that he sees no reason why the wire should not be hot; in fact, he sees an apparent reason why it should be. And when I say "This wire gets hot when the lamps light up," the idea is admitted into his brain and allowed to realize itself.

This wire experiment is the principle of Roussier's "susceptibility" apparatus. With it, it is possible to measure accurately how far various people's minds are open to suggestion.

Real Banks for the People

A Quebec Man's Success With Co-operative Banks

ALL this discussion on the Bank Act touches, really, very little of the every day life of the greater part of Canadian citizens. The capitalist and the manufacturer are the chief elements interested in our chartered banks. What the farmers have been calling for, is for a system that will accommodate the local needs. Many a small farmer would flourish and grow, were he given a chance at a reasonable rate of interest and without undue co-dependency.

It will be interesting in this regard to learn what is being done in Quebec among the French-Canadians in the matter of aiding local effort. A writer in the *Weekly Sun* tells about the growth that has followed the efforts of Alphonse Desjardines of Lévis, Que., in the matter of small banks.

The rise of these banks reads like a fairy tale, and it is so interesting a tale that it seems a pity that the demands of space seemed briefly in the telling of it.

Like every other movement this movement in Canada began with one man. The first in this case is Alphonse Desjardines, of Lévis, Que. Mr. Desjardines is a short-hand reporter by profession and a student of economic science by avocation. His reading of French and German works made him acquainted with the wonderful work done by the People's Bank of Europe, and his enthusiasm was roused by what he read. Fortunately for the country, Mr. Desjardines was appointed, about this time, to a position on the *Hazard* staff of the *House*

of Commons. The staff reporting the French speeches consists of only two men, and therefore when, as not infrequently happens, long speeches are made in French late at night, the reporters work night and day to take down the speeches and write them out. But there is a good deal of leisure for the reporters, especially during the Parliamentary recess. This afforded Mr. Desjardines the opportunity he desired. He went at the work of organizing a movement for People's Banks as though he were paid a salary for it, with double allowances for overtime. He gave his leisure he gave all the money he could spare, he gave himself to the work.

He had the satisfaction which all reformers have of being assured that the idea was Quixotic, chimerical. It might work well enough in Europe, he was told, but America was not Europe, and so he could not gain any statement of the fact, he was assured in every argument. But "though refuted he could still argue," and he kept right on as though convinced that folk were wise folk whether they lived in one continent or another, and wrote at about the same way in a simple money transaction.

The study he made of the question was pediggious. Not only did he read everything he could find on the subject, reading to Europe for the literature of the concerns in operation there, but he corresponded with the leading men of the movement in France, Germany, Italy and other countries. And the more he learned about

it, the more certain he grew that the scheme would work and the more determined to make it successful. At length near the end of 1904, he felt himself sufficiently sure of his ground to call a few of his neighbors together in his own home in Lévis, and propose to them the formation of a society. The result of that meeting was the launching of "La Caisse Populaire de Lévis"—the Lévis People's Bank. The office was set up in Mr. Desjardines' house and he himself was made manager. The new bank was based on shares of \$5 par. It accepted payments on account of these shares as low as five cents. Savings bank depositors also, who had succeeded in putting five coppers together could open an account with the Caisse d'économie, or savings bank department. Some years later the bank incorporated a savings movement among the school children with deposits as low as one cent, and that movement has been greatly successful. The loaning of money was begun at once, on the strictly co-operative plan which is still in use.

The beginning was like the planting of the grain of mustard seed. From that tiny seed the growth at first was small and feeble in the extreme, but it was steady. La Caisse Populaire de Lévis has never known a set-back, and not only every year but every month has shown a gratifying gain.

Not an Infant Now.

Without going into detail, let a few figures from a late report suffice. The concern has a share capital of \$114,345, while in the savings bank there is \$63,564.09. The amount actually out in the hands of borrowers from the bank is \$179,158.82, while \$5,376 is still in the bank. This represents more than share capital and deposits together, but the bank uses entrance fees and other funds as part of its working capital. The operations of eleven years have meant that these Lévis people have actually borrowed from themselves, and used to good purpose, \$971,761.94, of which there has been actually paid back \$792,653. Of this amount the two great sources were \$533,473.91 of savings and \$134,295 of share capital. This enormous business has been done at a total expense of \$1,874.86. And it has resulted in dividends to the members of \$17,759.50 and in profits to the concern—held in the shape of reserve fund, provident fund and surplus—of \$11,431.55.

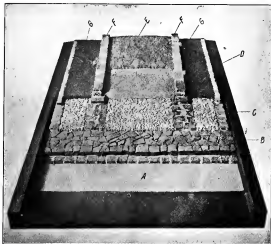
All this means that the worn-out stock-

ing, the erected tea-pot, the old bureau drawer and the other hiding places of fragility have been superseded in Lévis. In that enlightened burg, when man, woman or child has money, be it she puts it into the "Caisse" and there it does good and earns interest, and the people acquire the saving habit because there is something to save for. Moreover, they feel that they are in business. There is no man so poor that he cannot borrow the money which means "putting a handle to his axe," and no man is so rich, no matter who he may be, that he can borrow money from the bank unless he can convince his neighbors that he is going to put that money to worthy and profitable use.

105 In All.

La Caisse Populaire de Lévis is the first-born, but the family is now a large and growing one. There are one hundred and five of these institutions in the Province of Quebec, some in the cities and some away out in the uttermost of the backwoods, besides a dozen or so in other Provinces, and all are sound, prosperous and useful. They all report, not because they are obliged to, but because they feel better that way to the founder of the system at Lévis, and he sends them good advice, warning, suggestion and encouragement.

This man, Desjardines, once the loan enthusiast, still works hard, and unremittingly, as the best of this great and rapidly-growing movement. He is called upon to go everywhere to deliver lectures, establish new societies and discuss the new system with leading men. His work is being more and more widely recognized. He was made the subject of special eulogy in a discussion of co-operative banking that took place in the House of Commons not long ago. When the President of the United States called a convention of the Slaves' Government to consider the increasingly important question of agricultural credit and people's banks, Alphonse Desjardines, co-ordinator of difficulties, leader of a great new movement in the economic life of Canada, was invited as an honored guest to tell the wise men of that great country just how he had gained his wonderful success and what advice he had to give them for their guidance in developing such a movement among their own people. Two, word has come from Rome that the Pope has made Mr. Desjardines a Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, an honor held by very few—perhaps not



A model of the Apollon Way. A—road made 200 years B.C. B—The earth bed with brick or stone set in mortar. C—Broken stone filled to level surface. D—Gravel and small stones. E—A protecting gutter wall. F—Isolated stone drain. G—A wall of stone used as a seal by pediculus. G—Side drains.

more than two or three—Canadians, this distinction being a mark of honor because of the penitential work of social morality that Mr. Desjardins has carried on in promoting individual thrift and social helpfulness.

Some day Mr. Desjardins will be known throughout the world as one of the greatest of Canadians, and will be honored in his own country as the illustrious leader of a beneficent revolution in the life of the common people.

The Fuel of the Future

Is Oil to Become the Motive Power of Commerce?

THAT THE great manufacturers have not yet given the subject, "Oil Fuel versus Coal," the attention its importance demands is the opinion of a writer under this heading in the Westminster Review.

The progress made of late years with petroleum as a motive power is remarkable.

The question of its development in future is a serious question in more ways than one. Since the application of steam as a motive power could have been indispensable. But now oil aspires to be more efficient and therefore becomes a serious rival to the other mineral.

Oil, as a motive power, is said to be three times as great in its efficiency or propelling force. In a steam vessel a large part of the crew can be dispensed with. The space for "bunkers" can be diminished and utilized for the storage of more cargo, so that, given a sufficient supply, coal must be driven to the wall. And here the problem has to be faced. Up to the advent of the Diesel engine, a year or two ago, the advocates of coal were confident, owing to the great disparity of production, that oil could never be a serious competitor. But it is found that coal can be turned into oil by a process yielding, in some kinds, as much as 35 per cent. of workable oil fuel; moreover, that the coal waste from this process can be utilized to a very large extent. In fact, a factory has been projected for the purpose. If such a scheme should succeed, the use of oil as a "propeller" can go on to a much larger extent than at present.

England will not be placed at a disadvantage compared to other countries, such as the U. S. America and Russia. It is evident

that, in case of a war, the country which had no petroleum resources would suffer in the contest. The same may be said in the case of competition in trade, whether on shore or afloat. Our own country has had a great "pull" over others for many years owing to the possession of the great South Wales Steam Coalfield—so accessible and so near the ports of shipment.

In the event, however, of oil being used universally, or even to a larger extent, our steam coal advantage will disappear. All will depend on the cost of producing crude oil from coal and the way in which machinery can be adapted to the new product. The probability is that the use of the Diesel engine will become general by-and-by; and that the liquid fuel will also be produced at an average price, unless the monopolist hares the way. Barriers, him out, the fleets of the leading nations, whether naval or mercantile, will be put on an equal footing. In that case the Briton will, doubtless, hold his own in the contest, as he has done for centuries in the past, in all modes of competition.

How to Fall in Love

Falling in Love Discreetly is Largely a Matter of Early Training

FACTS of life which parents should teach children—for falling in love discreetly is largely a matter of training.

Children should be educated to fall in love wisely but not too well, says the London Daily Mirror, in a report of a meeting of the Eugenic Education Society.

The tone of all the speeches delivered at the meeting emphasized the need of teaching boys and girls the essential facts of life, so as to equip them for the momentous time when they choose life partners, parents for their future children.

It was shown that falling in love discreetly is largely a matter of early training, and that you can no more expect an untrained youth to be a good judge of a wife than a man ignorant of art to be a good judge of a picture.

Most of the speakers were agreed that sex matters would best be taught to children by their parents. Views were expressed as to the age at which children should be told and finally it was resolved to ask the Education Minister to receive a deputation requesting "an enquiry as to the advisability

of encouraging the presentation of the idea of racial responsibility to students in training and children at school."

The president of the society pointed out that in the story books read by children at school they were taught the lesson that marriage would be their probable fate in life.

"There is nothing ignoble," he said, "in making the boy know how much his welfare in mind and body will depend on the companion he chooses for life, or in making the girl perceive the misery which inevitably springs from a marriage with a drunkard or a wastrel.

"Would there be any harm, moreover, when speaking to the elder children, in making them directly realize the engaging ideal by telling them they ought to desire that their children should grow up to become good and healthy citizens?"

"Whether your present pupils will fall in love wisely or foolishly will depend in a certain measure on the ideals you are now planting in their minds.

"If we trace back actions to their final

causes, we find that it is on you, the teachers, that a part of the responsibility for the elections made in marriage by your pupils will ultimately rest."

Practically all the speakers agreed that it was primarily the parents duty to inform their children and educate them in sex-hygiene. But the difficulty that presented itself was the fact that many parents did not know how to tell their children. In these circumstances should the teachers tell?

Mr. Nisbolls, ex-president of the National Union of Teachers, thought not. He said one would require to keep a delicate hand upon the pulse of the child's consciousness to know exactly how far to go and when to stop.

One is, therefore, bound to conclude that it could find no place in the curriculum of an ordinary school, where, unless one is fully acquainted with the home environment, more harm than good is likely to accrue.

At a later stage a teacher of infirmities and power and personal sympathy with the peculiar needs of young people from fifteen to seventeen might render great service by an earnest talk on the need of purity, but

in this case the teacher must be a person of rare gifts and clear insight.

Quite a different view was taken by the head master of Beckles School, Petersfield. Speaking of teachers informing their school, he expressed the opinion that even if all parents were willing to undertake it—and we know how far this is from being the case—not all are able, not all—far from it—have the requisite knowledge or insight or experience.

So if we are to ensure its being done, it must be done at school; and even if the conditions do not make it easy, we must try to make it possible.

The first thing to realize, I am quite sure, is that one can't begin too young. We must try and get parents, and especially mothers, to realize their responsibility in the matter, and the golden opportunities of early childhood.

Professor Thomson, of Aberdeen University, was sure that the best person to instruct the children in expediency were the parents. "But we have to face the facts," he added. "Few can do it well. Most parents are too shy." His plan was for every college to have a confidential physician to instruct the young in these matters.

Back to the Food Bushes

The Fiddler-Ant and Man on a Par in Foolishness Over Transportation

"EXCEPT man the fiddler-ant is the most foolish animal in creation," says Frederick Irving Anderson in 'Everybody's Magazine'. When it finds an abundance of succulent food in one place, it never by any chance rings the dinner bell, or even, for the matter of that, sits down by itself and enjoys a solitary feast.

"No that would be too simple. Instead, Mr. Fiddler-ant with infinite labor wraps up a large quantity of this food in a ball of mud, many generations of observation and experience having taught him that the spherical ball is the most scientific means of transportation. Then he mounts his ball, poises himself directly over the centre of gravity for an instant, and with a dexterous flip (still handling on), pretends to tumble off on the side towards home.

Result, the ball is set in motion, and before it stops he is on top and tumbling off again.

It really seems like a tremendous lot of trouble to take, just to move food from a spot where it exists in plenty to a spot where it does not exist at all. Sometimes, indeed, the fiddler-ant has to go for help. Little fiddler-ants, and maybe some neighbors, respond to the call, and among them usually manage to get their ear home, where they open it amid great rejoicing and have a fine feast. Sometimes, of course, the food spoils on the way; but give the wise ant-family time enough, and they too will devise means of refrigerating their ears.

But is it not truly strange that this acute little creature does not save himself and his tribe a lot of trouble and needless expense in the first place, by moving his Home to his Food, instead of moving his Food to his Home? It doesn't seem right that his centre of population and his centre of food supply should remain so remote

from each other indefinitely. Especially when one considers that it is merely a matter of volition.

But John Jones and Bill Smith are busy doing something else. So they dig up three dollars and say to an obliging neighbor—Mr. Common Carrier: "Here, porter, bring us a dollar's worth of food and we will give you two dollars for the job."

It is a mighty good day's work for Mr. Common Carrier, and he hangs out a sign and solicits business.

Now John Jones and Bill Smith really are the Origin of Sin itself in this matter. They constructed a place called town, and started a community for the purpose of manufacturing steel that they intended other people to follow them to town, to bring food to them and feed them with a spoon. Also there must be others to clothe them. And still more to house them—carpenters, masons, plumbers, steamfitters, painters, electricians, and so on.

And when business picks up they feel the need of bankers, brokers, clerks, stenographers, salesmen, telegraphers, truckmen, porters, porters, shippers, and cetera ad infinitum. These in turn must be fed, clothed, housed, and audited. Then come doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and undertakers, for their moral and material salvation; and actors, fiddlers, dancers, and bartenders to keep them in good humor while they are paying Mr. Common Carrier three dollars to bring them one dollar's worth of food. After a time the task gets too big for Mr. Common Carrier to accomplish by old-fashioned means; and he goes to John Smith and Bill Jones, who started all this trouble, and says to them:

"We need help. You must give part of your time—most of it, in fact—from now on, to manufacturing steel rails and car wheels and engines and steamships and bridges to move this food and clothing to town to feed yourself, also for steel buildings to house yourself while you are doing it. We also need the cars to park this food in, and ice-making machinery to refrigerate the food when we desire to hold it for a time."

So these two, the Origin of Sin, keep their furnaces blowing eighty-four hours a week, fifty-two weeks in the year, to manufacture the means of transportation of the

food and clothing that is to feed and clothe the people who followed them to town to feed and clothe them. Every one of us toils for a certain number of hours each day to accomplish the difficult task of passing our food from hand to mouth.

Mr. Common Carrier drives on to the next door. He needs more help. He must call on the banker to finance John and Bill in their new line of endeavor; also to finance the movement of crops, and the means of moving crops, and the means of constructing the means of moving crops—and, particularly, the means of getting the new crops growing and crop-moving, so that we can go to the Stock Exchange and lie about the number of bushels, and bet on the size of the dividends we shall have to pay to get them to us.

All of this means that those of us who come to town to feed those who had come before us, are so busy doing something else now that we have to induce more of our country cousins to come to town to feed us. Which means more railroads, more steel, more barbers, and more bartenders.

If we had spent one-tenth the sum clearing swamps and timber-lands, and irrigating deserts, to grow food, that we have spent to move food, who will say that our national resources measured in terms of contentment would not have been vastly greater?

But stop your friend John Jones on the street, and tell him confidentially: "John, I know a place—in fact, several places—where food costs only one cent for every three cents it costs here. I know a place where food grows on bushes! Let's go and watch it grow, help it grow, and when it gets ripe we can eat it before it gets a chance to spoil."

"You need a doctor to examine into your mental state," says John, and burries on.

But is it not strange that this acute little creature does not save himself and his tribe a lot of trouble and needless expense in the first place, by moving his Home to his Food, instead of moving his Food to his Home? It does not seem right that his centre of population and his centre of food supply should remain so remote from each other indefinitely.

Especially when it is a mere matter of volition."

Saved \$4,000,000 a Year

A Railroad that Killed 19,000 Cattle in One Year and the Man Who Cured the Evil

TWO weeks after Benjamin F. Bush had been elected president of the Missouri Pacific system, in April, 1911, he started on a tour of inspection. That tour became a record breaker, writes Horbert Corey in "System." He lived on his private car for 321 days of the year that followed. During this period he traveled 90,000 miles, or an average of slightly less than 300 miles a day. As a sample of the sort of thing he found, it is related that he spent one entire day seated on the observation platform of his car, watching the roadbed as it spun out beneath him. That night he spoke to the superintendent of the division, who had accompanied him.

"Jim," said he, "what does this division need?"

"Everything," said the superintendent, "except a right of way."

"Get it," said Bush. "We have the money. Go to work."

In the year before Bush took charge, 19,000 cattle had been killed upon the right of way; and damage claims amounting to \$1,900,000 had been filed against the road in consequence. That statement seems preposterous, yet that slaughter of herds can be accounted for in the simplest way. Much of the road runs through a cattle country. The right of way had been permitted to grow up in a jungle of young trees, so that the branches often brushed the windows of the passenger coaches. Cattle guards and fences had fallen into disrepair and cattle wandered upon the roadbed in search of browse. When a train approached they would race off between the rails, rather than try to force their way through the dense underbrush on either side. If they failed to reach a gap in the underbrush or a cross road before the engine caught them, their owners invited the railroad to pay. Bush was confronted by the task of building a new railroad upon the ruins of the old.

This much was in his favor. He had been promised a free hand. He had been elected president of the Missouri Pacific by the Gould interests, owing a practical control of the system, because of what he had been able to do on the Western Maryland. That was also a Gould road at that time, and Bush had been asked to take charge of

it, and pull it through a receivership. The results he had accomplished had been eminently satisfactory, and the need of the Missouri Pacific for the same kind of treatment indicated him as the right man for the job. When he took hold he set about cleaning house at once. Before starting on that Odyssean inspection trip, he had invited J. G. Drew, then auditor of the Northern Pacific system as vice-president in charge of accounting.

Drew found himself plunged into a mess of medieval bookkeeping. Long dead items had been carried on the books as live assets. He charged off a total of \$6,710,253 on the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain roads—simply wiping that sum off the balance sheets. While Drew was revising the methods of accounting and the personnel, Bush was hard at work on the physical betterment of the road.

Bush has been able to practically rebuild one of the great mid-continental systems in two years because he knows how to

work. He is a big friendly, democratic sort of a man—tall, square shouldered, open-handed. It was his custom upon that first inspection trip to walk into a way station with a grin.

"I'm Bush," he would say to the agent. "Who're you?"

"He gets up at five o'clock in the morning, rarely has time for lunch, is not often seen in an evening suit, and goes to bed at nine o'clock at night. During the day his office door is open. Any one who wants to see the president of the Missouri Pacific road on business, Bush especially wants to see him; if the business is a complaint. He is quick in decision, is right a sufficient percentage of the time, and has an eye for good man-material. The day's work in the general offices ends now when the work is done—at not four o'clock. He so reduced the operating expenses and increased the operating income that at the close of the fiscal year of 1912 he was able to report a gain in net revenue of \$9,741,231. In the first five months of operation in the fiscal year 1913, he has shown an in-

crease in net earnings of \$2,433,896, as against the same period in 1912.

He really began his railroad career as a coal man. Of course, he had been reared on the Northern Pacific, immediately after he graduated from the normal school at Mansfield, Pennsylvania, where he studied surveying. He worked his way up rapidly, but it was not until he became the general manager of the North-western Improvement Company—the coal properties of the Northern Pacific Railroad—that he reached the time light. His ability in that position attracted the attention of George Gould, who made him manager of the Gould properties in the South and West. In both these positions he had more or less to do with the management of branch railroads, and displayed a decided aptitude for it. In 1907, he became president of the Western Maryland Railroad, and when that road finally gave way to its troubles he was made its receiver in 1908.

Bush smokes cigars that are as black as soft coal, is paid \$140,000 salary and has never had a valet.

Music From Nature's Records

The Story of Climate and Rainfall of Former Days May Become Vocal



Mr. Benjamin F. Bush.

A TREE is a living record of all the climatic changes that have taken place since it began its growth. Every "ring" or annual layer of new wood varies in width and composition in each year as to density, to him who knows how to read the record, the nature and intensity of these changing conditions. Forest fires, the incursion of an insect pest, a rainy season, or a period of drought—each is written indelibly upon the wood-formation of the trunk from year to year. From studies of this kind the government experts have recently been enabled to deduce interesting facts regarding the fluctuations of climate on this continent for many years past. Says a writer in *The Literary Digest*:

"For more than two years' work of this kind has been conducted under the direction of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Part of the work was concerned with a study of data previously obtained by the United States Forest Service and part from original measurements of the stumps of a large number of the big trees of California.

A few of these trees proved to have started more than thirty centuries ago, the oldest being 3,150 years. Careful study of the rate of growth of over three hundred of the giant trees, many of them upward of 2,000 years old, strongly supports the belief of very decided fluctuations in climatic conditions extending over periods of several hundred years.

From the thousands of measurements or analyses gathered by the Forest Service in its investigation of tree and forest growth, a large number of the records of the oldest trees of certain species have been chosen for special study. Some of the species represented are Western yellow pine in the Northern and Southern limits of its range; Jeffrey pine in Southern California; Douglas fir in the North-west; white oak and yellow poplar in the Southern Appalachians; and red spruce in the north woods. It is only by averaging the rates of growth of a great many trees growing in widely different parts of the country and under essentially different local conditions that it is possible to eliminate the many local fac-

tars affecting the development of individual trees and stands.

One conclusion from the study of Western yellow pine in Arizona is that the climate of the South-west is becoming drier, the snowfall less, the winters shorter, and that it has been doing so for a long time. This finding is corroborated by the presence in that country of irrigation ditches and other ruins of an ancient people, indicating that water was at one time fairly plentiful in places now remote from any signs of springs, streams, or other sources of supply. Investigation of the rate of growth

of the same species of tree in Idaho indicates that the winters there are also shorter and the snowfall less than formerly, but in this case the change in conditions is favorable to tree growth, since it is producing a longer growing season.

In order to study the interior of living trees a form of drill was devised for removing a solid core of wood extending from the centre to the bark. With these it is hoped to obtain data from the largest and oldest specimens of the big trees, which will throw more light on conditions thirty centuries or more ago."

When Mount Royal Smokes

Sir Wm. Logan's Researches About the Great Fault Underlying
Lake Ontario Revised

"THE recent St. Lawrence earthquake has excited much interest in scientific circles throughout the country," says the "New York Times," "especially since Professor Chadwick's suggestion that it might be the forerunner of a much more disastrous shock, and thousands of untutored citizens learned for the first time that they were living on an earthquake belt, known to geology as Logan's Line, a name applied informally to a belt of old earthquake activity first pointed out by Sir William S. Logan, Director of the Canadian Geological Survey in its pioneering days."

Regarding the recent disturbances a writer from Montreal says: "I was attending college at Montreal at the time and was sitting at a desk at approximately six o'clock in the evening when I experienced my first earthquake. The desk started to rock violently. I do not know what else happened in that particular class room as the whole crowd got out in such a hurry we did not have a chance to see. Across the street from the main entrance to the college a chimney fell from a private dwelling, and narrowly missed hitting a baby in a baby carriage. Two other earthquakes happened at about the same time, but I was used to it by this time and it did not have the same effect. There is an old legend which is told in the region of Montreal to the effect that Mount Royal will some day open as a full-fledged volcano. I understand that it is of volcanic origin, and if you will examine the top of the mountain

very carefully you will see that it has an appearance somewhat similar to the crater of a small volcano, excepting that this mountain is covered with trees and grass."

That a movement which occurred in the remote geologic past driving the Atlantic seashore westward upon the Appalachians from thirty to forty miles, is not wholly complete, is suggested by the Canadian earthquake of 1853, which, to quote Dr. John M. Clarke, "appears from the records preserved in contemporary documents, to be the severest disturbance this continent has ever suffered from terrestrial dislocations. Its destructive effects from Montreal down to Tadoussac were tremendous. To be situated, therefore, near such a known dislocation with the possibility of a renewed movement at any time may reasonably give cause for much apprehension. Where the evidences of fresh and extensive movement are conspicuous as on the Pacific Coast, such apprehension is very real. With Logan's Line the movements are chiefly so moment that there seems to be no great cause for alarm. Dr. Berkeley has pointed out how these great displacements outline the Hudson Highlands and parallel them on both sides, but he also has shown that no fresh movements are visible there though such do show in the Champlain and Hoshon Valleys, further north. The belt of later movements involves the region about Albany, Troy, Flatburg, and possibly Quebec.

Prof. George H. Chadwick believes that

the earth tremors felt along the St. Lawrence originated in the fault or crack known as Logan's Line. The topographical characteristics of the region where these faults occur are unique. The greatest breaks have a north and south trend. Instead of being persistent in direction they curve largely and the down-throw more frequently is on the east side of the fault with the result that progressively more recent breaks are found as Lake Champlain is approached.

John M. Clarke, State Geologist, though not discounting Prof. Chadwick's prediction of another possible earthquakes in the Jefferson and St. Lawrence section of the State in the near future, feels that no one can foretell such a phenomenon.

"Another earthquake may come at any time," said Dr. Clarke. "The line of weakness is there.

But there are no evidences of immediate quake. There have been big earthquakes along Logan's earthquake line. The quake 350 years ago was the heaviest this country ever experienced. There always is a chance of disturbance."

Dr. Clarke explained that the Logan fault underlies the St. Lawrence River from its mouth to Montreal, and probably up to Lake Ontario. Near Montreal the line divides, one branch passing through the Lake



A HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE.

British Lord: I say, Jonathan, we haven't had a fight for a hundred years!
American Eagle: Hully for both of us, John! Let's have a century! By the bye, sitting over here, I see I'm a century!
—From the Saturday Westminister.

Champlain Valley and the other probably under Lake Ontario.

"The St. Lawrence River is the oldest in the world," said he, "and the wound in the rocks caused by the Logan earthquake has never healed. The movements of the loose rocks cause the disturbances which will continue until these rocks finally adjust themselves." Unfortunately we cannot tell the time or the manner of the earth's coughing spells.

Guest of a King in War

A Translation from the French of the Humorous Side of Bulgaria's King

A writer in *Lecture pour Tous* gives us an interesting glimpse of the personality of Ferdinand I King of Bulgaria, and of the war as seen from the vantage ground of the King's own railway train where the writer was a guest.

There is no more popular figure in the world to-day, he says, than that of the sovereign whose sudden entry on the campaign has been followed by victory. A fortnight has sufficed to practically settle the result of the war. The king has quit his palace, and his favorite flower gardens, at Varna, although in full bloom are deserted. When he is not at the head of his troops, at headquarters, on some

eminence scanning the horizon, in the entrenchments, or with the ambulance corps, he takes up his quarters in a specially furnished train which appears and disappears, here and there all over the country like some phantom caravan, from which is exercised an unceasing vigilance over everything connected with the war.

It is now in temporary retirement at Stara Zagora, on a siding close to the railway station, which is gaily decorated with flags as if for some fête. The platforms resound with the heavy tramp of the soldiery, with their wild hurrahs, and endless enthrallment of regiment after regiment, of horses, of cannons with their

mouths as yet muzzled, ambulances and supplies, all destined to play an active part in the coming struggle.

It was my fortunate privilege to occupy a place in the Royal train, the well-known "blue train" with its little red bell. It has already been here some days. When will it leave? This evening, to-morrow, or in a week's time? And for where?

All we knew was that it awaited the development of events. Meanwhile I was an occupant of the famous No. 7 car, associated in our minds with the early years of the Bulgarian Prince, and with the abortive attempt aimed at its destruction.

Not far from me are Count R. de Bourboulon, Grand Marshal, the old and faithful friend of his sovereign, whom this hour of need finds at his post of devotion. M. Dobrovitch, chancellor and head of the cabinet in his travelling chancellery, a shrewd and capable politician, General Masloff with his severe Norman profile, and keen good-humored Colonel Alexis Steinfel.

In the crowded compartments of the car which are bedrooms, salons and offices, all in one, under the benevolent tutelage of small silver icons the aides-de-camp, staff officers, secretaries, and attaches carry out their allotted duties, all imbued with the idea of self-sacrifice and devotion to their country, ready at any moment for any and every task they may be called upon to perform.

For a fortnight it was my unique privilege to live in intimate acquaintanceship with these men and their sovereign. There was an unceasing tension, hurried arrivals and departures, a perpetual joy vive.

What is happening? What is the news? Who is that? Ah! Saroff. At all hours of the night you might catch sight of the commander-in-chief. He it was who was responsible for the frightened and patriotic preparations for this struggle. With his keen eye and crisp word of command, no doubt he comes to get sanction for his latest tactical movement, or some fresh disposition of troops. Perhaps he will let drop some word as to how things are progressing. But no, he comes and goes without a word. Here comes M. Danef, hurriedly sent for by the king doubtless on some grave and important mission. His also appears in silence, smiling, in haste to execute his task. Now it is a messenger arriving from Macedonia. At any rate we can hear some news now of the two princess who set out for Salonica accom-

panied by M. Stancloff, the Bulgarian Minister at Paris, who did not hesitate to take up active service on behalf of his country. How goes it with the princess? What are they doing? but the messenger comes and goes with never a word. In another part of the country the Queen is fulfilling a charitable mission, while the Princesses are at Sofia with their own hands kneading and making the small rolls of bread for the wounded.

Wherever her aid is most urgently needed, there is the Queen to be found. An officer arrives to say she will pass the night here. Probably we shall hear something from him, but with a hasty hand shake he is gone.

No. No one speaks here unless it is his duty to do so. No one asks an unnecessary question, every one is dominated by the same feeling of suspense and respect for the unknown. Among the whole staff not one indiscreet word, nor one needless enquiry to satisfy mere curiosity. Such self-restraint and moral discipline evoke admiration.

With the king, however, councils of war and of state unexpected cabinet meetings, audiences, nondescript visits, which with a wise foresight he freely encourages, are the order of the day. This freedom of access which is a notable novelty. It may be an ancient Turkish officer a prisoner, whom after questioning he informs that he together with his half-starved and tattooed men will be well treated. Now it is an old peasant from Rhodope, who set out for the war with his three sons and three sons-in-law, while his wife and daughters are serving at the hospitals. Now an inventor, keen on some wonderful machine he has invented, a palmer of battle scenes, a priest, a seer, a bone setter, a doctor, all are courteously listened to.

With Count Jean de Castellane, who is in charge of the French Mission from Paris, the king has frequent consultations.

Here in passing let me pay a word of tribute to the perfect work of the French hospital which has been installed in co-operation with the monks. Nothing can better express his feeling with which it is regarded than these simple and touching lines addressed by a young soldier to Muz. Stancloff, who is French, and is called "the mother of all wounded soldiers." "If our fathers, mothers and brothers had known that they would be replaced by new fathers and mothers, and that our wounds would have been made so easy to bear,

they would never have wept for their sons."

But to return to King Ferdinand, he must give his attention to all messages reports, letters or telegrams, and reply to all of them. Petitions, offer of service advice, all have to receive his consideration. He must become acquainted with the contents of the memoranda, papers, books, etc., which are piling up in the velvet upholstered salon and in the sleeping room, with its beige hangings worked in Fleur de Lis.

All his own personal belongings, art treasures, mysterious small boxes, birthday albums, miniatures, trinkets and innumerable other souvenirs which he prizes, all these he has brought with him.

But at the present time his thoughts turn more particularly to his ancestors whom he regards as his tutelary guardians. Here we see portraits of the Kobaria, the heads of the Orleans family, the renowned Marshal Jouin, the Duke Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, his father, who with Bugnand conducted the Algerian campaign, the highly esteemed Princess Clementine, and dearest of all to him his mother, attired in the uniform of the Bulgarian regiment of which she was honorary chief. With a smiling countenance under her white laces she watches over her son. At the foot of the photo in that bold handwriting which concealed so great a maternal love, are inscribed the words "To my dearly loved son, from his most faithful soldier."

She was not destined to live to see his triumph, but perhaps from above she sees it and knows that it is French generalship that is victorious, that, in her son the grandson of Louis Philippe and husband (by his first marriage) of the granddaughter of Charles X, France still lives, that in him these latter Kings of France, Versailles and Chantilly still survive in the Balkans.

Reference has often been made to King Ferdinand's love of luxury, his extravagance and fondness for outward display, forms, and ceremonies. However, this may be, under ordinary circumstances, while on this train this could certainly not be said of him. He was quite the reverse. He was never seen, but in an old tunic the color of dried mud. On his hands were none of those jewels of the value of which he is a better judge than any jeweller. The Bulgarian Military Cross and the Legion of Honour were his only decorations, with perhaps in the evening the order of the Golden Fleece at his neck or the Maltese Cross on his arm.



Ferdinand I, King of the Bulgars, on board a torpedo boat on Varna in the Black Sea.

Turn now to the dining-room decorated in mahogany and maple, with three clocks giving the time of the different capitals. Here it was that his guests on the train were brought regularly into contact with him, but the precise and formal etiquette of the court was here relaxed. If at the appointed time the king had not appeared

the meal was begun without him. His place is at the small table from which he can see and converse with everyone. The service is expeditiously performed by the soldiers of the guard in their blue and silver uniforms. The menus are not elaborate. They are prepared by Berres one of our own countrymen from Draguzigan and mostly include Bourgas Oysters, Kuzino-grud peas, and Tcherpaz light wine.

The king's characteristics are well-known, his manner at once seductive and sinister, his wit, critical and illuminating. But seated here at his table he speaks but little, being completely absorbed in the reality of impending events. The pile of despatches which he brings with him increases every minute. He reads, makes notes, considers, gives his orders and meantime everything is getting cold.

Heavily laden trains are passing the whole time, and with that levee of machinery which lately led him to drive the Brussels-Paris express, he drives aside the blind and watches them. He knows the history of each car, and the name, origin, and record of every locomotive. All the engineers are his pupils.

It is with justifiable pride he points to the work of his railways, which, under the indefatigable disposition of Minister Franghi and of M. Merlot, have carried out without a hitch every detail of mobilization to the minute exactly as previously arranged on paper.

Some of the trains which pass are infinitely saddening and touching. One may contain a freight of wounded soldiers, in which case the King rises from his seat and salutes. On those ragged countenances, even on those to whom death is near, only smiles are to be seen. They give proof of a national bravery, an unwavering faith in their country, and the King gives here and there a few words of sympathy or congratulation as he realizes all that his soldiers have suffered and endured.

"Ah!" he said to me one day, just as lunch was finished, "it is terrible that it should have to end in this way. I can assure you I have tried everything to avoid it. I look back at all my visits to Constantinople, my respect for the Constitution and the Serrail Power."

Every one of those visits was a Calvary. My subjects even began to marvel at such patience and at the petty humiliations which I endured, and at my official reticence which had to conceal my wounded patriotism. However, for their sakes, for

our cause, and for the future, I put up with everything.

"And I must say that none of my visits to Yildiz Kiosk were utterly fruitless."

"I feel sure that Abdul Hamid would eventually have seen the situation in its proper light. He used sometimes to say that next to himself I was the first person in the Empire. I would smile at the compliment, but I feel I had managed to inspire him with a certain confidence in me."

"I believe that had it not been for the Young Turk party—but there, the die is cast—they are going to try conclusions with the Young Bulgarians—Forward."

On another occasion, when the train was at Yamboli, he pointed out to me a passage from a letter written by his uncle, the Duc d'Annam in 1894, in a book only lately published, and containing the correspondence of M. Cavillier Fleury and the Duke, in which the latter said: "Since the Turks came here they have lost everything possible, even the plants." "That," said he, "is as true to-day as it was then, and that is why we are here."

On starting for Kirk-Kiliseh, the 13th of November, as preparations were being made for the coming holiday, he said, "Yes, to-day is the 13th. And they say I am superstitious. It was on a Friday, too, that I declared war. But superstition does not enter into the matter, when the cause is just, and when you know the people who are defending it. You have seen these soldiers of mine, just think what they have done. Twenty-seven miles a day, and fighting all the way. When the horses drop they drag the guns themselves.... and they will play with the bullets extracted from their wounds..... The whole nation is in arms, and they are Turks themselves sitting at the Sobranie (the Bulgarian Parliament) who are voting the supplies....."

As he was speaking this, my mind went back to the time when I was walking with him through his greenhouse amidst his roses and fruits, which he had reared himself. "Yes," were his words then, "but in order that each one may have his harvest, in order that this wonderful soil may yield its hidden treasures, we must be constantly on the alert, and to have flowers, we must have cannons."

At a time when France is looking on with a kindly eye at the actions of this monarch whose profile brings to mind so strikingly the bust of Francois I in the oval court at Fontainebleau, I recall an incident that happened one delightful evening, a 13th of July, (French Republic Day), at Vitosha in Bul-

garia. The prince, as he then was, had invited some French friends to dinner on the lawn. The band of the Guards struck up the Marseillaise. Everyone stood up, experiencing the same thrill of emotion. The Prince proposed first the toast of M. Loubet and then another to that "immortal hymn which has gone the round of the universe," and suddenly a shout, irresistible, deep and poignant with emotion escaped him, "Vive la France," such as I have seldom heard the like of.

To-day the end is near. One nation is

rising to accomplish its destiny, another is in the throes of dissolution. To-morrow the royal train will travel unmolested through the conquered territories, it may be my lot to witness their annexation. But I shall ever treasure in my heart the recollection of that other country at a time when all hearts were throbbing with hopes and fears—where all were imbued with a steady but not reckless confidence in the future, and an appreciation of the joy and beauty of living—where the heart of the whole nation beat in that of one individual.

Americans Pay \$60,000,000 to Europe

The Annual Pilgrimages to the Old Countries Carry Immense Sums Away

THE great annual American invasion of Europe has begun. Advanced guards of the army of 120,000 transatlantic passengers who cross by the steamship lines between April and October are already here. Henceforward until the end of June the tide will rise. Already steerages and cabins are booked in hundreds for the return "home" in the autumn, says the London "Standard."

No development of the last three decades has been more pleasant and more profitable to Europe than this huge annual welcome visit of America's. They come to see the best, to sample the best, and buy the best in England, France, Germany and Italy. Competition between these countries for American patronage has grown keener and keener, for while every American is not a millionaire, there are very few who do not bring substantial sums with them to spend in open-handed fashion and with open-hearted generosity.

It is estimated that the most of them spend \$1,000 on the trip, and that very few do it as cheaply as \$500. Fully \$60,000,000 is scattered over European countries by Americans and Canadians in a season. This huge sum goes largely to the steamship companies—the Cunard, Hamburg-America, American, Norddeutsche-Lloyd White Star, Her Star, and others; to the famous hotels of London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Florence; to the shopkeepers of Regent Street, Bond Street, Oxford Street, the Rue de Rivoli, Rue de la Paix, and so forth; while not an inconsiderable portion is scattered in France, Germany, Switzer-

land, and Italy in places not so well known to the average Englishman, but made known to American and foreign visitors by enterprising and judicious advertisement.

All good Americans come to London because it is known and it enters for them; Most go to Paris, Berlin, and Rome, for the same reason. But the emphasized differences between the effect of the American invasion to England and to the leading continental countries is that whereas English visitors centralize chiefly in the metropolis, on the Continent they taste the delights of the bigger cities, and then scatter, so that they may be encountered in the season almost anywhere, from the East German frontier to Bordeaux and from Ostend to Florence.

Municipalities, hoteliers, and local authorities generally on the Continent long ago recognized the value of attracting and keeping the American and foreign visitor even in the places removed from the great railways and great roads. As English Americans particularly, their enterprise has properly met with much success, and a tangible portion of the \$60,000,000 spent in Europe has for many seasons been spent across the Channel.

But from the purely English point of view there is no reason why this should be so. As a business nation—a nation of shopkeepers as we are dubbed—it is our duty not only to receive and welcome the American in London; but to see that our other great attractions are made known to him in every corner of these fascinating islands;

to afford him facilities for visiting them, and the greatest possible comfort while he is here.

Our great steamship lines are successful because they have shown enterprise, and so are London hotels, London shops, London amusements. London generally is successful with the American, because it is a man-

ner goes out to meet and greet him, and to display itself for his advantage—and its own profit. But having attracted the American to London, he is allowed to stroll away to spend his money and seek knowledge and amusement and health in Continental climates, where he often knows little of the language, but is catered for.

English Not Current in Donegal

Some Irish Anecdotes that Tell of the Simple Life of the Irish Peasants

In Donegal one gets into the heart of Irish Ireland. The English language is not spoken generally except in the villages, although it is understood well enough by peasants who use it for those who can not speak Irish, says a writer in the New York "Evening Post."

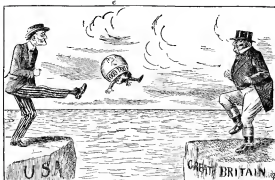
A couple of miles outside Letterkenny the peasant's salute is "Thaw law bray, bray shie" (a fine day, thank God). We passed the little village of Kilmacrennan, the reputed birthplace of Saint Columba, a saint who runs Saint Patrick very close in the estimation of the Irish people. He was, like Saint Patrick, "a jellanna, and came of decent people." He became involved in a copyright dispute with a neighboring saint, Saint Finnian, and when the courts proved him to be in the wrong, he resorted to war like a true Irishman. A modest little church and chapel are the only vestiges now remaining of this notable saint. But the peasants still talk with great reverence of "Columbkil" and his wonderful prophecies.

A few miles further on was the lonesome valley of Glenbeigh. There are very few habitations in this locality, except a few shepherd's huts, sheep being the principal inhabitants instead of human beings. Before the great Irish famine, the glen, it was told, was thickly inhabited, a fact which is attested by the remains of low stone-wall houses, and the shape of potato ridges in the pasture land—the sure sign that the land was once cultivated by potato-eaters. The story of how this land was cleared of people is pathetic. Some of the landed proprietors employed Scotch shepherds, and in those famine years a good many sheep were lost, which the Scotch shepherds attributed to the thieving propensities of the native peasants. The proprietors determined to expatriate the people, most of whom

were hurried to Derry and put on board "coffin ships" to sail to America or anywhere else out of the landlords' way. Many of these "coffin ships" were never heard of. Their human cargoes were sacrificed to a vile social policy which treated men and women as the waste products of civilization. It only remains to add that in the case of the expatriated inhabitants of Glenbeigh the sheep-stealing of which they were accused did not cease with their departure. Some years after the exodus, the police at Glenbeigh barracks brought to justice a number of Scotch herdsmen for sheep-stealing. But the maligned peasantry were beyond recall.

Our next halting-place was Gweedore, but to reach this spot I had to pass one of the grandest views of nature to be met with anywhere, viz.: the path of Danuwy. We were now in the mountain of Bloody Forehead. As we went round the foot of Mount Errigal, the lake yawned several hundred feet beneath us and seemed ready to receive us if the slightest disturbance of our equilibrium occurred. To the right, at almost touching distance, was the lowering mountain itself, a steep, conical-shaped volcanic mass, without any trace of vegetation on its side, and looking entirely out of harmony with its surroundings, as if it were dropped out of some other planet.

Long before we came to Gweedore we had heard about Father McFadden, the great man of that place, and of his influence over the peasantry during the time of the Land League and afterwards. The parish of Gweedore covers an area of about fourteen miles in diameter, skirting the sea between Mount Errigal and the islands north-east of Arranmore, a rocky, boggy, treeless, cheerless expanse, without one green field to soften "the nigardliness of nature." Here a hardy population numbering some



NOT WANTED.

Cousin Jonathan! You're not wanted here—GEE!
John Bull, GUEE here!

—From Saturday Westminster.

four thousand to five thousand souls eked out a living in circumstances which those who happen to be born under happier skies would find difficult to believe. As already explained, they have no straw to thatch their little huts, only the long, bent grass which grows in the sands along the shore. Their cultivation extends only to a few patches of cabbage or potatoes. The soil being "manufactured," consists of sand and earth originally carried on the peasants' backs and mixed with the harrow, rocky land which constitutes their holdings. By this means the people raise food enough for the winter. In the summer the working population migrate to Scotland or to other parts of Ireland to pick up money enough to pay the rent of their "farm."

So much for the kind of parishioners ruled over by Father McFadden. The man himself is a Gweedore man; one of the people. Because of his thorough command of the Irish language, he was chosen to minister to the spiritual needs of this backward and isolated population. His taking the side of the people against the landlords in the Land League warfare, caused him to be prosecuted and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. That he gave no assistance to the landlords in collecting their rent is quite certain. Many years before when a

waterspout had destroyed his old church, and he had to go to America to collect funds for building a new one, the local landlord, a Mr. Oliphant, refused to give him a more elevated site than the old and drunken one. Here the new church was raised and here one Sunday, in February, 1883, Father McFadden was arrested while performing Divine service, the police officer who ordered the arrest being murdered by the members of the congregation. A boast the priest is said to have made, that he was himself the law in Gweedore, was not without substantial truth, for his hardy parishioners neither needed nor heeded any other law but his word. Doubtless most of them believed that the good priest could, if he chose to exert his misanthropic power, compel the hyacinths to fall from the hands of the constabulary. That he never exerted that power, but suffered natural law to take its course, was only a proof to them of the honor and magnanimity of the man who would not take any advantage of his position to smite his adversaries. These events are still fresh in the memory of the people, but the Government has long since learned to leave them and their masters severely alone. The peasants will soon be full-fledged proprietors, having bought their holdings under the Purchase Act.

The Best Selling Book of the Month

In each issue of MacLean's we are telling the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "Bookseller and Stationer," the newspaper of the book trade in Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popular book, but who, until now, have had no really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by timely references to the career of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain up-to-date education in current literature.

By Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer"

THE work of a native author once again heads the list of best selling novels in Canada, Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Judgment House" being the book in greatest demand for the month. It is a virile tale worthy of a place in the long array of this author's strong novels which have in turn won their way with the reading public throughout the English speaking world, placing him in the very forefront of the novelists of his generation. In spite of the fact that Sir Gilbert has for many years been a citizen of England, being at present, and long having been, a member of the British House of Commons, so many of his books have had to do with this Dominion, that they, perhaps even more than the fact of his being a native of this country, have caused him to be inseparably associated with Canada. Naturally, every Canadian proudly claims Sir Gilbert Parker as a fellow countryman, and by no means least in point of service to Canada have been the contributions of Parker, among a notable company of Canadian writers, who have given their native land such literary wealth as to be a strong factor in the development of a true national sentiment, fostering a spirit of patriotism ever growing stronger. There are those who say that there is no Canadian literature, but have not many of Sir Gil-

bert Parker's novels been distinctively Canadian and yet as wide in their general appeal in Britain and the United States as the works of leading authors of these countries?

Sir Gilbert's latest novel, although for the most part having its setting in England, has for its strong background the South African War and the events leading up to it.

Early in the tale the Jameson Raid, in its effect upon Britain's position in South Africa and security in Europe, figures strongly in determining the actions of the leading characters. The outstanding personalities are Roderick Byng, who has amazed millions on the Rand, a character somewhat suggestive of Cecil Rhodes; Jasmine Grenfell, prodigiously clever and attractive, but so self-centred that her better self is sacrificed to her desire for that power which only wealth can bring; and Ian Stafford, represented as the man who achieved by diplomacy the neutrality of the European powers, leaving Britain free to enter the fight with the Boers without danger of attack at home. Stafford is the accepted lover of Jasmine, but when the powerful young South African millionaire Byng appears as a suitor, the possibilities that his wealth opens for the realization of her ambitions, cause her to throw over Stafford

and marry Byng. But her love for Stafford does not die, and much of the interest of the tale attaches to the subsequent relationship of these two.

An insidious villain is Adrian Fellowes, Byng's private secretary, who, through flirtation with Byng's wife, obtains information of value to the Boers, passing it on to Oom Paul in complicity with Byng's valet, Krool, half-Boer, half-Hottentot.

The war acts as the solvent of the difficulties into which the principals have become involved. Byng and Stafford enlist and Jasmine, parted from her husband, goes to the front as a nurse. They meet in one of the hospitals, and reconciliation ensues. Stafford meets a heroic end.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S CAREER

Horatio Gilbert Parker was born in Camden, in Addington County, Ontario, in 1859. Following his public and high school course he obtained a certificate at the Ottawa Normal School and taught school at Frankfort and at Seaford. In 1882 he was ordained a deacon by Archbishop Lewis. In 1883 he matriculated at Trinity University, and after two years attending divinity lectures and giving lectures in elocution there, he became curate at Trintown with the late Canon Bleasdale. About this time he began contributing to the press, and a collection of ballads and poems was published under the title "A Lover's Diary." Richard A. Stoddard in a review of this book, says that one must go to the Elizabethan lyrics to find poems so full of luscious life.

In 1886 Parker went to Australia, entering the journalistic field there. He turned playwright, his adaptation of Goethe's Faust, having an unprecedented run at a local theatre. Another play written about that time was "The Vendetta," also a book entitled "Around the Compass in Australia."

Then he went to England, devoting his whole attention to his literary career. "The Wedding Day" was produced in a London theatre, and in 1892, with "Pierce and His People," he earned the title of the literary discoverer of the Canadian Northwest. That book

was followed by a sequel entitled "An Adventure in the North." Then in 1895 came "The Seats of the Mighty." This was the first of his novels to be published in Canada, being brought out by the Copp, Clark Co., who have ever since been his Canadian publishers.



Sir Gilbert's favorite recreation is riding.

Many people consider this the finest of his books, but of them all, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" is the one for which Sir Gilbert, in a preface to that book, has said he cares the most, adding that this was perhaps because it had demanded so much of him. The manu-

script of that book was completed within four weeks after he started it. He wrote night and day and often upon going to bed and being unable to sleep, he would get up at two or three o'clock and write till breakfast time. The novel possessed him, and he has given expression to the opinion that every book which has taken hold of the public has represented a kind of self-hypnotism on the part of the writer.

In 1895, the author was married to Amy, daughter of the late A. A. Van Time, of New York. A knight and a Member of Parliament, Sir Gilbert has had a brilliant career, in addition to the tremendous manner in which he has succeeded as a novelist. He lives the strenuous life, giving half his days to Parliament and half to his writing. He is ardent in golf, in riding and in rowing.

The Best Selling Books

Canadian Summary

(As compiled by Bookster and Stationer,
Covering the Month of April.

- 1 The Judgment House (Sir Gilbert Parker). 118
- 2 The Amateur Gentleman (Jeffery Farrol). 160
- 3 Heart of the Hills (John Fox, Jr.) 12
- 4 The Happy Wanderer (A. B. M. Hutchinson). 42
- 5 Stella Maria (William J. Locke) 36
- 6 The Making of Lydia (Mrs. Humphrey Ward) 31
- Corporal Cassara (Ralph Connor) 31

Best Sellers in Britain

(As compiled by W. H. Smith & Son.)
Covering the Month of March.

- 1 The Making of Lydia (Mrs. Humphrey Ward.)
- 2 The Amateur Gentleman (Jeffery Farrol.)
- 3 Trent's Last Case (R. C. Bentley.)
- 4 The Wicker Yew-tree (R. F. Benson.)
- 5 The Kisser of Diamonds (R. M. Dill.)
- 6 The Love Plume (C. N. & A. M. Williamson.)

Best Sellers in United States

(As compiled for Baker and Taylor's Bulletin.)
Covering the Month of April.

- 1 The Amateur Gentleman (Jeffery Farrol.)
- 2 The Judgment House (Sir Gilbert Parker.)
- 3 Heart of the Hills (John Fox, Jr.)
- 4 The Mischief-Maker (R. Phillips Oppenheim.)
- 5 Stella Maria (William J. Locke.)
- 6 The Making of Lydia (Mrs. Humphrey Ward.)

Between Two Thieves

Historical Note

At the period of the events related in chapter XXVII (1848), Louis Philippe, son of the Duc d'Orleans, who became King of France in 1830, was still on the throne. On Feb. 22nd, 1848, insurrectionary movements occurred in the streets of Paris, the excitement being skilfully fostered and kept up by several insurrectionist leaders.

All at once, opposite the Foreign Office, about nine o'clock in the evening, the soldiers, who all day had remained motionless and patient, thought they were attacked, and fired in their turn. The greatest disorder broke out in the whole neighborhood, eventually the insurrectionists gained the upper hand, and this resulted two days later in the abdication of the King, who fled with his guests to the Normandy coast, and there found an opportunity of escaping to Newhaven, England, in a British steamboat, under the name of Mr. Thos. Smith. He died at Claremont, 26th August, 1850.

Prince Louis Napoleon, whose full name was Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, afterwards called Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, was the third son of Louis Bonaparte, brother of the first Emperor, and was born at the Tuileries, Paris, 20th April, 1808.

In 1837 he made an attempt at a coup d'état at Strasbourg, was taken prisoner, conveyed to Paris, and the government of Louis Philippe shipped him off to America.

He soon returned to England, and in 1840 made another abortive attempt on the throne of France at Boulogne. He was again taken prisoner, brought to trial and condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Ham. After an imprisonment of more than five years he escaped to England.

The revolution of February, 1848, caused him to hurry back to France, and he was elected deputy for Paris, and three other departments. He took his seat in the Constitutional Assembly, 13th June, 1848. A stormy debate followed, and on the 15th he resigned his seat and returned to England.

Recalled to France in the following September, he was elected President by an immense majority, and on Dec. 20th took the oath of allegiance to the republic. His famous coup d'état was made on Dec. 2nd, 1857, and he assumed the title of Emperor exactly one year after the coup d'état, in accordance, as it appeared, with the wish of the people.

In 1853 the Emperor married Eugénie Marie, Countess of Montijo, who is still living.

All the above events are referred to in the course of our story. The details and setting do not always correspond with the facts as above set out, but it should be remembered that the tale does not pretend to be an historical or biographical book of reference, but a relation of events based on facts.

Between Two Thieves

By Richard Dehan

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS:

In the first chapter we catch a passing glimpse of Hector Dunoise, the hero of the story, aged, gaunt, and near to death, beloved and respected by Kings and Emperors for the great role which he played in the wars of the world in war. There is a flash back seventy years, and we find him as about the year 1848, a boy at the Military School in Paris, fighting a duel with a comrade, de Moulay, who is wounded, dying to die, and finally falling.

Hector's mother was the daughter of the Hereditary Prince of Wladimir, a Russian Prince, and had entered a convent as Sister Therese de St. Francis, which she left to marry Marshal Dunoise, Hector's father, formerly one of Napoleon's generals. Her fortune of over a million francs previously declined to the convent was afterwards realized by her husband and paid to him on condition that his wife should re-enter the sisterhood, which she did when Hector was eight years of age. It was the relation of de Moulay to this story of which Hector was ignorant, that led to the duel.

A reconciliation takes place. Hector takes on each sever to teach a penny of the money thus infinitely acquired, while de Moulay in return agrees to be his friend till death. Shortly afterwards they are estranged by the denunciation of a false report that Hector's fall was intentional and that he had wounded de Moulay by a trick. His own place him in sure financial straits, but he makes rapid progress in his profession and becomes adjunct of his regiment.

As de Moulay, the heroine of the story of whom Florence Nightingale is the prototype, has not Hector and shares his self-sacrifice in refusing to let his mother's fortune. The present chapter continues the account of it incident which led directly to the outbreak of the Crimean campaign in 1854. The streets of Paris were filled with a mob clamoring for a change of government. Dunoise was in command of the troops guarding the Foreign Office. Seated on a bench he caught sight behind him of de Moulay with Madame de Roux his companion walking. Suddenly from their direction a pistol shot rang out and a voice cried "Fire," whereupon Dunoise's troops, thinking the command came from him, fired into the crowd, killing and wounding many persons.

XXVII

You could not see the soldier's faces, the smoke of that deadly volley had rolled back and hung low, topping the living wall of steel and flesh. But as it lifted, and they saw, by the light of the lamps in the courtyard behind them, the bloody heaps of dead and wounded men and women, mingled with children not a few, that made a shambles of the thoroughfare, upon whose gory stones the drum lay flattened, a hollow groan burst from the wavering ranks, and sobs and threats were uttered.

Confusion reigned in the Hotel, a babel of voices clamoured in the courtyard that was seething with excited humanity and littered with broken glass and bits of plaster knocked from the walls by ricocheting bullets. As Dunoise returned on foot, leading his limping, bleeding mare through the dead and dying, de Roux, Colonel commanding the 50th, a plithoric, purpy

bon-vivant, who had been dining with the unpopular Minister in his private cabinet that looked upon the gardens, and had been snatched from the enjoyment of an *entrée de comédie à la Rouennaise* by the crash of the discharge, burst out of the Hotel, thrust his way through the huddled ranks, bore down upon the supposed culprit, gesticulating and raving:

"Death and Damnation! Hell and fury!"

"Madman!" he spluttered out; "what crazy impulse induced you to give the word to fire? . . . Inhuman homicide!—do you know what you have done? Take his parole, Lieutenant Mangin. Not a word, sir! You shall reply to the interrogations of a military tribunal, as to this evening's bloody work!"

Dunoise, forbidden to explain or exonerate himself, saluted the hotly, wild-eyed Colonel, and gave up his sword to his junior. You saw him ap-

parently calm, if livid under his Red Indian's skin, and bleeding from a bullet-graze that burned upon his cheek like red-hot iron. The leather peak of his red shako had been partly shot away, the skirt of the tight-waisted gray-blue field-troop had a bullet-rent in it. His throat seemed as though compressed by the iron collar of the garotte, his heart beat as though it must burst from the breast that caged it. But his head was held stiff and high and his black eyes never blinked or shifted, though his lips, under the little black moustache with the curved and pointed ends, made a thin white line against the deep sienna-red of his richly-tinted skin.

"Sacred thunder! . . . Return to your quarters, sir!"

De Roux, becoming alive to the napkin, plucked it from his hemmed-in bosom and, realizing the fact of the fork, whipped it smartly behind his back. Dunoise saluted stiffly, gave up his bleeding charger to his orderly, adjusted again, wheeled, and deliberately stepped out of the radius of the Hotel gas-lamps, flaring still, though their massive globes had been broken by ricocheting bullets, into the dense gray fog that veiled the boulevard, where dimly-seen figures moved, groping among the dead, in search of the living.

"The Monarchy will pay dearly for this act of criminal folly! . . . How came he to give the order?" de Roux demanded.

And the subaltern officer, whose glance had followed the retreating figure of Dunoise, withdrew it to reply:

"My Colonel, he gave no order:—A pistol-shot came from behind us—a voice that was a stranger's cried 'Fire!' The discharge followed instantly, and the people fled, leaving their dead behind them."

"Why did he not defend himself?" de Roux muttered, glancing over his shoulder at the huge broken-windowed facade of the Hotel rising beyond the imposing carriage-entrances, the enclosing wall and the gateway and the tall spear-headed railings that backed the

huddled figures and lowering, sullen faces of the unlucky half-battalion.

"Because, my Colonel, you had ordered him to be silent, and to return to his quarters. They are in the Rue de la Chausée d'Antin. And he has gone to them by that route."

The Lieutenant's sword pointed the direction in which the slim, upright, soldierly figure had vanished. The Colonel growled:

"Why should he choose that route?"

And the Lieutenant thought, but did not answer:

"Possibly because he hopes to meet Death upon the way! . . ."

Colonel de Roux, with clank of trailing scabbard and jingle of gilt spurs, stormed up the double line of shamed and drooping red *képis*. Interrogated, Monsieur the Captain in command of the company posted at the eastern angle of the courtyard enclosure, gave in substance the information already supplied.

"A pistol-shot came from behind us—a stranger's voice gave the order 'Fire!'—the discharge followed. . . . One would have said it was an arranged thing. One would—"

"Chat!"

De Roux glanced over his golden-crusted shoulder at the facade of broken windows and chipped stone ornaments. The Captain, the same lively de Kersant, who had paid Dunoise that ancient, moss-grown debt of three thousand francs upon the steps of Rothschild's, continued, as though the note of warning had not reached his ear:

"Madame de Roux would be able to corroborate. I saw Madame—previously to the deplorable accident—in the Hotel vestibule, conversing with an official in diplomatic uniform. She—"

"You are mistaken, sir!" said the Colonel, purple where he had been crimson, mulberry-black where he had been purple, and screwing with a rasping sound at his hissing moustache: "Madame de Roux is on a visit to some young relatives at Bagneres. This perturbed and disaffected capital is no place for a soul so sensitive, a nature so impressionable as Madame's. I have

begged her to remain absent until these disturbances are calmed."

"A hundred thousand pardons! My Colonel, how idiotic of me not to have remembered that I had the honor of meeting Madame de Roux upon the Public Promenade at Bagneres only yesterday.....I ventured to accost Madame, and asked her whether I could have the honor to convey any message to you? Madame said 'None,' but added that she felt deliciously well. And to judge by appearances, there is no doubt but that the air of Bagneres agrees with her to a marvel!"

De Kerouartie reeled off this unblushing fabrication with an air of innocence ineffably insulting, inconceivably fraught with offence. De Roux could grow no blacker—against the congested duskiness of his face, his little red wild-boar's eyes showed pale pink and he clanked and jingled back into the Hotel.

The Colonel's gilt spurs had not long jingled over the tessellated pavement of the vestibule, before, from one of the smaller, private waiting-rooms, the figure of a lady emerged. She beckoned with a little hand, that had great blazing rubies on its slender finger and childlike wrist; and from a corner of the wide courtyard, crashing over the broken glass and shattered fragments of the carved stone wreaths that garlanded the high windows, came a little, dark brougham lined with gray velvet, a vehicle of the unpretending kind in which ladies who gambled on the Bourse were wont to drive to their stock-brokers, or in which ladies who gambled with their reputations were accustomed to be conveyed elsewhere.....

A nondescript official, neither lackey nor porter, still mottled and starchy in complexion from the recent alarm of the fusillade, emerged from some unlighted corner of the tall portico into the flaring yellow gaslight, followed the lady of the ermine mantle down the wide steps and with a zealous clumsiness suggestive of the Police, pushed forward to open the carriage door. Recoiling from his assiduous civility with pal-

pable uneasiness, the lady shook her veiled head. The intruder persisted, prevailed; and in that instant found himself thrust aside by the vigorous arm and powerful shoulder of a tall, heavily built young man in the chocolate, gold-buttoned, semi-military undress frock that distinguishes secretaries and attachés of the Ministry.

"You presume, my friend!" said a voice the lady knew; and as she rustled to her seat, and settled there with nestling, bird-like movements, a light brown, carefully curled head bent towards her. The scent of cigars and the fashionable red jasmme came to her with the entreaty:

"There may be peril for us in these streets..... Will you not let me accompany you home?"

"In that coat..... Not for the world!" said a soft voice through the intervening veil, and the warm perfumed darkness of the little brougham. "You would expose me to the very peril you are anxious to avert."

"True!" he said, repentant. "I was a fool not to remember! Grant but a moment and the coat is changed!"

"I would grant more than a moment," she answered in a voice of strange, ineffable cadences, "to the wearer, were the coat of the right color!" A little trill of laughter, ending the sentence, robbed it of weight, while adding subtlety. But its meaning went to the quick. De Moulins sighed out into the fragrant darkness:

"Oh—Henriette! Henriette!"

She continued as though she had not heard:

"And I hope to see you wearing it—a little later on. Good-night, my friend. Do not be anxious for my safety. My coachman will be cautious. All will be well!" She added: "You see I am becoming prudent, rather late in the day."

He said, and his tone grated:

"They will mark the day in the calendar with red."

A sob set the warm sweet air within the enchanted brougham vibrating.

"You are too cruel. I have been guilty of an act of unpardonable folly.

But who would have dreamed of so terrible a result?"

"Anyone," he answered her in a bitter undertone, "who has ever set a kindled match to gunpowder or poured alcohol upon a blazing fire!"

The light from the carriage-lampe showed his white face plainly. His hard blue eyes frightened her—his forehead seemed that of a judge. She shivered, and her whisper was as piercing as a scream:

"Or dared a woman to commit an act of madness. Do not you in your heart condemn me as a murderer? Your tongue may deny it, but your eyes have told me that instead of rolling in a carriage over those bloodstained stones beyond these gates, I should crawl over them upon my hands and knees. Is it not so, Alain?"

Between the thick fringed flowers of her veil, her brilliant glance penetrated him. A cold little creeping shudder stiffened the hair upon his scalp and trickled down between his broad shoulders like melted snow..... Her breath came to him as a breeze that has passed over a field of flowering clover. Her lips, as they uttered his name, stung him to the anguish longing for their kiss.

"I have not condemned you," he muttered. "Do not be unjust to me!"

She breathed in a whisper that touched his forehead like a caress:

"Had you reproached me, you would have been in the right. Well, dare me again!—to denounce the person guilty of this massacre..... I am quite capable of doing it, I give you my word!..... Perhaps they would send me to Ham!..... Who knows?"

A nervous titter escaped her. She bent her head, trying to stifle it, but it would have its way. She caught the lace of her veil in her little white teeth and nipped it. De Moulins saw the creamy rounded throat that was clasped by a chain of diamonds, swell within the ermine collar. He knew, as he inhaled the seductive fragrance that emanated from her, the exquisite allure of whiteness against white. Visions so poignant were evoked, that he remained spellbound, leaning to her, drinking her in. She continued, and now with real agitation:

"I shall see them in my dreams, those dead men in blouse—if ever I sleep again!..... Ah, hah! Horrible!..... Please tell the coachman home. Rue de Sevres." She added before he withdrew his hand to obey her: "Unless I take the Prefecture of Police upon my way?"

He rejoined with violence:

"Be silent! You shall not torture me as you are doing!"

"Then," she said, with another hysterical stifled stammer, "pray tell the coachman to take me home."

He told the man, who leaned a haggard face from the box to listen; and added a warning to drive through the most unfrequented streets and to be careful of Madame. To Madame he said, hovering over her for another fascinated instant before he shut the carriage door upon the warm seductive sweetness:

"Remember, you are not to be held accountable for a moment of madness. You never meant to pull the trigger. I swear that you did not!"

He drew back his head and shut the door. The window was down, and he looked in over it to say again: "Remember!" A whisper caught his ear:

"The pistol..... Where is it?"

He touched himself significantly upon the breast.

"I have it here. I shall keep it! You are not to be trusted with such dangerous things, impulsive and excitable as you are."

"Dear friend, such weapons are to be bought where one will, and those who sell them do not inquire into the temperament of the buyer. Tell me something, Alain!....."

He said in a passionate undertone:

"I love you to madness!..... Henriette!....."

"Ah, not that now, dear friend, I beg of you!"

"Henriette, I implore you——"

A small warm velvet hand alighted on de Moulins' mouth. He kissed it devoutly. It was drawn away, and next instant the sweet, sighing voice launched a poisoned dart that pierced him to the marrow:

"Tell me, Alain! If I pulled the trigger of the pistol in a moment of

madness, were you quite sane when you cried out 'Fire!'?"

She pulled up the window as de Moulvay, with a deathly face, fell back from it. The coachman, taking the sound as a signal, whipped up the eager horse. The little brougham rolled through the tall gateway into the frosty fog that hung down like a gray curtain over the hoody pavement, and was swallowed up in the mad whirlpool of Insurrection, to be cast up again on the shores of the Second Republic of France.

Follow, not the furtive little brougham, but Dunoise, rejected of Death, perhaps because he courted the grim mower. . . . Follow him through the populous fog to the corner of the Rue Lafayette, where the scattered units of the shattered column of bloused men and wild-eyed women had assembled in front of the Café Tortoni, occupying the angle between this street and the boulevard.

A bearded man, the same who had carried the Red Flag, was addressing the people from the steps of the Café. Dunoise, like a striving swimmer, battled in the muddy waves of that same sea, in the endeavor to reach the steps where raved the orator. But when at last he gained the steps, and the mingling glare and flare of the oil-lamp and the gas showed up the leaden gray-blue and red of the Line the cry that went up from all those hot and steaming throats was as the howl of ravens: "Murder!"

"Murder!" cried Back to your corpse! Down with the Ministry! Down with the Line!"

A hundred hands, some of them stained with red, thrust out to seize Dunoise and tear and rend him. A hundred voices demanded his blood in expiation, his life for all those lives spilled on the paving-stones of the Boulevard des Capucines.

"Take it if you will!" cried Dunoise at the fullest pitch of his clear hard ringing voice, "but let me speak!"

"What is it to me what you do?" he cried. "Death comes to all sooner or later. But upon the honor of a

gentleman! on the parole of an officer!—I gave no order to fire. The shot came from behind! The voice that cried 'Fire!' was not mine. I swear it upon the faith of a Catholic!"

This was not a popular asseveration. The voice of the speaker was drowned in execrations:

"Ah, malefactor! Assassin! Down with him! Down with the priests! Death to the Army! Long live Reform!"

A man with a musket leaped on the steps, and levelled the loaded weapon; the unfortunate young officer looked at him with a smile. Death would have been so simple a way out of the cut-de-acc in which Dunoise now found himself. For if the People would not believe, neither would the Army. He was, thanks to this cruel freak of Fate, a broken, ruined man. Perhaps his face conveyed his horrible despair, for the fury of the crowd abated; they ceased to threaten, but they would not listen; they turned sullenly away. And the bearded man who had carried the Red Flag, tapped him on the epaulet, made a significant gesture, and said contemptuously:

"Be off with you!"

Dunoise, abandoned even by Death, looked at the speaker blankly. He was burnt out; the taste of ashes was bitter in his mouth.

He knew that this meant black ruin if the Monarchy stood, and ruin blacker still if Red Revolution swept the Monarchy into the gutter. Whose was the hand that had been guilty of the fatal pistol-shot?

He knew, or thought he knew—for the voice that had cried out "Fire!" had been undoubtedly de Moulvay's. And the anguish he tasted was of the poignant, exquisite quality that we may only know when the hand that has stabbed us under cover of the dark has been proved to be that of a friend.

XXIX.

The people collected their dead and their wounded, and commandeered waggons, and loaded them with the pale harvest reaped from the bloody paving-

Slg 5

stones before the great gateway and the tall gilded railings and the chipped facade with the shattered windows, behind which the unpopular driver of the Coach of the Crown sat gripping the broken reins of State.

The noise of firing, and of furious cries, with the clanging of church-bells, sounding the tocsin at the bidding of Revolutionary hordes, reached the ears of Pale Louis Philippe at the Tuileries, and must have shrieked in them that all was over!

For all was over even before the Place du Palais Royal was filled by thousands of armed insurgents; before the Palais was stormed and gutted; before the Fifth Legion of the National Guard marched upon the Tuileries; followed by the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Sixth, and Tenth; before the Dead of Abolition was signed and the Royal dwelling emptied of its garrison.

With the aid of the English Admiralty, and the British Consul at Havre, Mr. Thomas Smith, his lady and their grandchildren, obtained berths on the *Express* packet-boat, and the voyage to Newhaven was accomplished without disaster. Claremont received the Royal refugees; the Tory organs of the English Press were distinctly sympathetic; even the ultra-Whig prints, amidst stirring descriptions of hurricane-fighting and the carnage on the Boulevard des Capucines, refrained from the dubious sport of mud-throwing at the monarch all shaven and shorn. . . .

The popular Reviews devoted some pages to the favorable comparison of peaceable, contented, happy England (then pinched and gaunt with recent famine, breaking out in angry spots with Chartist riots)—with feverish, frantic, furious France.

You are to imagine, amidst what humming of powder and enthusiasm, what singing of the *Marseillaise* and the *Chant des Girondins* by the multitudes of patriots in the streets, as by red-capped *prime donnee* at the Opera, was carried out the refurbishing and gilding of those three ancient Jagannaths, baptised so long ago in human blood

by the divine names of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

And you are to suppose yourself witness—many similar scenes being enacted elsewhere—of the White Flag of Orleans being hauled down from above the gilded bronze gates and the great central Pavilion of the Palace of the Tuileries, and the Tricolor breaching out in its place. . . .

Conceive, this being accomplished with bloodshed, and sweat, and fear; France neither for a new paragon, even as the perfumed and adorned harlot of Holy Writ. He came, as for her bitter scourging it was written he should come.

From what depths he rose up, with his dull, insatiable eyes, his manner silky, ingratiating, suave as that of the Swiss-Italian manager of a restaurant grill-room; his consummate insincerity, his hidden aims and secret ambitions; and his horribly evident, humiliating galling impotency, it is for a great writer and satirist to tell in days to be.

All the blood shed in that accursed December of the Coup d'Etat of 1851 flowed quickly away down the Paris gutters; it was vanished from the pavements of the Rue Montmartre, and from the flagstones of the courtyard of the Prefecture; was drunk by the thirsty gravel of the Champ de Mars, where butchery of human beings were carried out, but it has left its indelible stain behind. . . .

Scrape me a pinch of dust from those dark, accusing, ominous patches; and pound therewith a fragment of the mouldering skull of a British soldier (of all those hundreds that lie buried in the pest-pits of Varna, and in those deep trenches beside the lake of Devina, one can well be spared). Compound from the soil of Crim Tartary (enriched so well with French and English blood) a jet-black pigment. Dilute with water from the River Alma. And then, with ink so made, write down the name of Charles Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte, the Prince of Pretenders, who became by fraud and craft and treachery and murder, Emperor of France.

XXX.

Dunoise had anticipated as the result of that fatal volley a Court-Martial Inquiry under auspices Monarchical or Republican—and in the absence of indisputable evidence that the word of command to fire had not been given by the officer accused, a sentence of dismissal of that unlucky functionary from the Army.

The sword did not fall. The Assistant-Adjutant remained suspended from his duties, and in confinement at his quarters in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, exactly five days; during which Paris seethed like a boiling pot. Various documents, clumsily printed in sneaky ink upon paper of official buff, reached Dunoise during this period of detention; and whereas Number One was headed by the arms of the Reigning House of Bourbon, Number Two displayed a significant blotch of sable printing-ink in lieu of that ornate device; with "REPUBLIC OF FRANCE" stamped in bold Roman capitals across the upper margin.

Monsieur the Marshall, despite his increasing infirmities, enlivened his son's captivity with occasional visits. The smell of blood and gunpowder, the thunder of cannon and the summons of the trumpet, had made the old war-horse prick up his ears, neigh and prance about in his easy paddock. He pooch-pooched the notion of a Court-Martial. Absorbing immense pinches of snuff, he argued—and not without point—that a Republican Government could hardly visit with the scourges of oedign displeasure an act that had materially hastened the downfall of the Monarchy.

"You will see! . . . It is as I say! . . . This arrest is a mere piece of official humbug. No doubt it was better for your own sake that you should not be seen in the streets for a day or so, one can conceive that!—these ultra-Reds have good memories and long knives, scored name of a pig!"

The old man trumpeted in his yellow silk handkerchief, hobbling about the room in tremendous excitement, swing-

ing the ample skirts and heavy tassels of his Indian silk dressing-gown, twirling his gold-headed Malacca cane to the detriment of the inlaid furniture and the cabinets loaded with the chinaware and porcelain that had belonged to the lost Marie-Bathilde.

"You gave the word to fire—why trouble to deny it? Upon my part, I defend the act!—I applaud it!—I admire! It was the idea of an Imperialist,—a move of strategical genius—frught at a moment like this with profound political significance. *Sopriati!*—we shall have an Emperor crowned and reigning at the Tuilleries, and you, with the Cross and a Staff appointment—you will learn what it means to have served a Bonaparte. Ha! ha, ha!"

"Sir," said his son, who had been looking out of the window during this tirade, and who now turned a sharp set face upon the father's gross, inflamed, triumphant visage: "you mistake. . . . I am not capable of committing murder for the furtherance of political ends or private ambitions. For this act that commands your admiration I am not responsible. I declare my innocence before Heaven and shall to my latest breath, before the tribunals of men."

"Ta, ta, ta! Blague! rhodomontade! pure bosh and nonsense!" The Marshall took an immense double pinch of snuff. "Be as innocent as you please before Heaven, but if you value the esteem of men who are men—*Credier!*—and not priests and milkops, you will do well to appear what you call guilty. At this moment such a chance is yours as falls to not one man in a hundred thousand—as fell to me but once in my life. Make the most of it! You will if you are not absolutely a fool!"

And Monsieur the Marshall hobbled to the door, but came back to say:

"You appear not to have heard that His Hereditary Highness of Wildnitz is dead. There can be no obligation upon you to refrain from appearing at ordinary social functions, but I presume you will accord to your grandfather's memory the customary tokens of respect? A band of crape upon the sleeve—a knot of crape upon the sword-

hilt will not compromise your dignity, or endanger your independence, I presume!"

"I presume not, sir," said Hector with an unmoved face.

And the Marshall departed, spilling enough snuff upon the carpet to have made an old woman happy for a day. . . . Later, an order from Headquarters in the Rue de l'Asnyrie, brought from the younger Dunoise's Chief—a purple-haired, fiery-footed personage, with whom the reader has already rubbed shoulders—the intimation that, pending official inquiry into a certain regrettable event, not more broadly particularized in words, the Assistant Adjutant of the 999th of the Line would be expected to return to his duties forthwith.

And within an hour of the receipt of this notification Dunoise was the recipient of a little, lilac-tinted note, regretting in graceful terms that the writer had most unhappily been absent from home when M. Dunoise had called; inviting him to a reception, to be held upon the following evening at the Rue de Sevres, Number Sixteen.

That delicately-bred, subtly-perfumed little billet, penned in thick, brilliant violet ink in a small, clear, elegantly characteristic handwriting, signed "Henriette de Roux." . . .

Ah! surely there was something about it that made Hector, in the very act of tossing it into the fire, pause and inhale its perfume yet again, and slip it between the pages of a blue-covered Manual of Cavalry Tactics that lay in a litter of gloves, studs, collars, and razors, small change and handkerchiefs, cigars and toothpicks, upon the Empire dressing-table, whose mirror had framed the wild, dark, brilliant beauty of the Princess Marie-Bathilde.

The features it gave back now, clear, salient, striking, vigorous in outline as those representing the young Bacchus upon a coin of old Etruria, were very like the mother's. And their beauty, evoking the caries, admiring comment of a coquette, had stained the pavement before the Hotel of the Ministry of For-

eign Affairs with blood that was to darken it for many a day to come.

The invitation, coming from such a source, could not be declined—must be regarded as an order. Dunoise wrote a line of acceptance, despatched it by his soldier-valet,—and went out.

The streets of Paris still ran thick with the human flood that ebbed and flowed, surged and swirled, roaring as it went with a voice like the voice of the sea. . . . Bands of military students and Gardes Mobiles patrolled the up-heaved streets—National Guards fraternized with the people, while squadrons of mounted chasseurs and detachments of Municipal Guards patrolled the thoroughfares, and Commissioners of Police bore down on stationary groups and coagulated masses of the vast crowd, crying:

"Circulate! In the Name Of The Republic!"—with little more success than when they had adjured it in the name of fallen Majesty and impotent Law, to roll upon its way.

Dunoise went to the Barracks in the Rue de l'Asnyrie, and later to the Club of the Line, prepared for a chilly, even hostile reception. He met with elaborate cordiality from his equals, condescension as elaborate on the part of his superiors.

The Dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, the abolition of the Chamber of Peers, was in every mouth; the political convictions and personal qualifications of the members constituting the New Provisional Administration were discussed with heat and eagerness; the sporting odds given and taken upon and against the chances of the called Claimant to the Imperial Throne being permitted to return to France and canvass for election. Some said: "It will never be permitted," and others: "He has already been communicated with," and others even more positive announced: "He is now upon his way!" . . .

But not a single reference was made to the affair of the faulade at the foreign Ministry, though a chance hint, dropped amidst the Babel, gave Dun-

oise to understand that the Conservative-Republican and Democratic newspapers had not been so merciful.

Lives there the man who could have refrained, under the circumstances, from hunting through the files of the past week? It was a leading article in the *Avenement* that first caught the young man's eye, and what a whip of scorpions the anonymous writer wielded! What terrible parallels were drawn, what crushing epithets hurled at the unlucky head of the victim.

And as though in mockery, yet another burden of shame must be piled upon the overladen shoulders: a brief, contemptuous paragraph in the *Ordre* caught the young man's eye, referring in jesting terms to that pretentious mourning-hatchment mounted over the door of the paternal mansion.

touching lightly on the vexed question of Secession, hinting that the Catholics of the Bavarian Principality of Widinitz were being stirred up by the agents of "a certain wealthy, unscrupulous imposter and intriguer" to rebel against the nomination, by the Council of the Germanic Federal Convention, of the Lutheran Archduke Leopold of Widinitz, archbishop of the departed Prince, as Regent. . . . And heavy clouds of anger and resentment gathered upon Dunoise's forehead as he read.

They darkened upon him still when the night closed in, and he went home to his lonely rooms. Nor were they lightened by the hour that saw him, in the uniform of ceremony, and with that mourning-band upon the sleeve of the dark blue full-dress uniform frock, that the Princess Marie-Bathilde's son could not deny to the memory of her father, pitching and tossing in a hired cabriolet over the upheaved pavements of the Paris streets, on his way to the Rue de Sevres, where in a stately suite of apartments sufficiently near the Rue de l'Asyrie—once forming part of the ancient Cistercian convent of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, the de Roaux were established with some degree of splendor; visited by certain of the lesser luminaries of the great world, and receiving the cream of military society.

XXXI

Dunoise, to the ring of his dress-spoons upon the pavement, passed in by the glazed double-doors. A somnolent porter, rousing out of his chair, admitted the guest by yet another glass door to a handsome vestibule upon the ground floor, an orderly-sergeant of the 99th saluted his officer, received his cloak, shako, and sword, delivered him to a footman in light green livery with silver cords and shoulder-knots, whose rosette calves preceded him, across an ante-room of stately proportions, towards a high doorway, draped with curtains of deep crimson velvet tasselled with gold. Brilliant light streamed from between the curtains, warm fragrance was borne to the nostrils of the visitor with the hum of voices; the white shoulders of ladies, their ringleted heads wreathed in the charming fashion of the day, with natural flowers, moved across the shining vista, accompanied by the figures of men in uniform, or lay-wear of the latest mode and most fashionable shades of color; or displaying the severe black frock-coat and tricolored rosette of the New Provisional Government of France.

A man thus distinguished was speaking, as the footman raised the crimson curtain and signed to Dunoise to pass beneath. A cessation in the stream of general chatter had conveyed that the speaker was worth hearing. And in the dignity of the massively-proportioned figure, crowned by a lionine head of long waved auburn hair, in the deep melodious tones of the voice that rose and fell, swelled or sang at the will of the accomplished orator, there was something that fascinated the imagination and stirred the pulse.

"No, Madame, I do not despise Rank or Wealth," he said to a seated lady of graceful shape, whose face, like his own, was turned from the doorway and invisible to the entering guest. "But though I do not despise, I fear them. They should be handled as ancient chemists handled subtle poisons, wearing glass masks and gloves of steel."

No one answered. The speaker continued:

"That Kings have been noble and heroic—that Emperors have reigned who have been virtuous and honest men can be proved from the pages of History. Their reigns are threads of gold in a fabric of inky black. The reverence in which we hold their names proves them to have been prodigies. They, by some miracle of God or Nature—were not as evil as they might have been. . . . For, even as the handle of the racket used by the Eastern tyrant had been impregnated, by the skill of the wise physician, with healing agents; the juice of medicinal herbs that, entering by the pores, cleansed, purified, regenerated the leper's corrupted flesh; so in the folds of the ermine mantle there lurks deadly contagion: so, in the grasp of the jewelled truncheon of State there is a corroding poison that eats to the heart and brain."

The mellow-voiced orator ceased, and the silence into which the closing sentences had fallen was broken by the announcement of Dunoise's name. The recent speaker glanced around as it was uttered. Only to one man could that pale, ebon-shaven, classic mask belong; only one brain could house behind the marble rampart of that splendid forehead, or speak in the flashing glances of those gold-bronze eagle-eyes. It was Victor Hugo; and the thrill a young man knows in the recognition of a hero, or the discovery of a demigod, went through Dunoise, as amidst the rustling of silks and satins, the fluttering of fans and the agitation of many heads, curled, or ringleted or braided, that turned to stare, he moved over the pale Ashurban carpet towards the seated figure of a lady, indicated by the footman's whisper as the mistress of the house.

How soon the demigod was to be forgotten in the revolution of the god-des.

As the writer of the lilac-colored note rose up, with supple indolent grace, amidst a whispering poppish-gray sea of crisp delicate silken flounces,—held out a small white hand flashing with di-

amonds and rubies—murmured something vaguely musical about being charmed;—as Dunoise, having bent over the extended hand with the required degree of devotion, raised his head from the ceremonious salute, a pair of eyes that were, upon that particular night, hazel-green as brook-water in shadow, looked deep into his own. . . . And the heart beating behind the young soldier's Algerian models knocked heavily once, twice, thrice!—as they knock behind the curtain of the Théâtre Français when the curtain is about to raise upon the First Act, and the strong young throat constricted by the stiff black-satin-covered leather stock, and the collar with the golden Staff thunderbolt, knew a choking sensation, and the blood hummed loudly in his ears.

A flame, subtle, electric, delicate and keen, had passed into him with the look of those eyes, with the touch of the little velvet hand that was fated to draw, what wild melody, what frenzied discords from the throbbing hearts of men. . . .

And the gates of his heart opened wide. And with a burst of triumphant music Henriette passed in,—and they were shut and looked and barred behind her.

XXXII

Ah! Henriette, what shall I say of you? How with this halting pen make you live and be for others as you exist and are for me?

There are men and women born upon this earth, who, walking lightly, yet print deep, ineffaceable footprints upon the age in which they live. The world is better for them; their breath has purified the atmosphere they existed in. . . . Ignorant of their predestination as they are, every word and act of theirs bears the seal of the Divine Intelligence. They are sent to do the work of the Most High.

And there are men and women who appear and vanish like shooting stars or falling meteors. Their path is traced in ruin and devastation, as the

path of the tornado, as the path of the locust is. And having accomplished their appointed work, they pass on like the destroying wind, like the winged devourer; leaving prone trees and ruined homes, wrecked ships, stripped fields—Death where there was Life.

Think of Henriette as one of the fatal forces, a velvet-voiced, black-haired woman, with a goddess's shape and a skin of cream, such little hands and feet as might have graced an Andalusian lady,—with mobile features—the mouth especially being capable of every variety of expression—and with great eyes of changing color, sometimes agate-brown, sometimes peridot-green, sometimes dusky gray. Shaping her image thus in words, I have conveyed to you nothing. No sorceress is unveiled, no wonder shown.

XXXIII

IT seemed to Dunoise that he had always known her, always waited for her to reveal herself just in this manner, as she rose up amidst the crisp rustle of innumerable little frouces, outstretched the white arm partly veiled by the scarf of black flowered lace—shed the brilliance of her look upon him, and smiled like a naughty angel or a sweet mischievous child, saying in a soft voice that was strange to his ears and yet divinely familiar:

"So we meet at last!"

He found no better reply than: "You were not at home, Madame, when I paid my visit of ceremony." "I detect visits of ceremony," she said, and her tone robbed the words of harshness.

"Do you then turn all unknown visitors from your doors?" Dunoise queried. Her smile almost dazzled him as she responded:

"No, Monsieur . . . I turn them into friends." Adding, as he stood confounded at the vast possibilities her words suggested: "And I have wished to know you. . . My husband has told me much. . . But in three time of disturbance, how is it possible to be

social? One can only remain quiescent, and look on while History is made."

"I have been quiescent enough, Heaven knows! — for nearly a week past," said Dunoise, "without even the consolation of looking on."

Her shadowy glance was full of kindness.

"I know! . . . Poor boy!" She added quickly: "Do not be offended at my calling you a boy. I am twenty-five nearly! . . . Old enough to be your elder sister, Monsieur. . . Have you sisters? If so, I should like to call them friends."

"I had one sister," said Dunoise, his eyes upon a night-black curl that lay upon an ivory shoulder. "She died very young—a mere infant."

"Poor little angel!"

Henriette de Roux rather objected to children—thought them anything but little angels. But her white bosom heaved and fell, and a glittering tear trembled an instant on a sable eyelash. And so infectious is sentiment, that Hector, who dedicated a regret to the memory of the departed cherub on an average once a year, echoed her sigh.

The silver-coated roach, contemplating the dangling bait of the angler, is quite aware that for the innumerable generations the members of his family have succumbed to the attraction of the pill of piety that conceals the barbed hook. Yet he deliberately sucks it in, and is borne swiftly upwards, leaving in the round-eyed family circle a gap that is soon refilled.

That tear of Henriette's was the bait. When her sigh was echoed, it was to the feminine fisher of men significant as the slow, deliberate curtsy of the foot is to the angler for the slimy children of the river. Variable as a fay in a rainbow, she smiled dazzlingly upon the young man; and said, touching him lightly upon the arm with her Spanish fan and leaning indolently back in the fauteuil that was almost hidden beneath the rippling wavelets of her perplish-gray frouces:

"Look round. Tell me what flower is most in evidence to-night?"

Thus hidden, Dunoise turned his glance questioningly about. A moment gave the answer. The consage of every lady present, no matter of what costly bothouse blooms her bouquet and wreath might be composed, had its bunch of violets; the coat of every man displayed the Napoleonic emblem. His eyes went back to meet an intent look from Henriette. She said:

"You do not wear that flower, Monsieur?"

He returned her look with the answer:

"My military oath was of allegiance to a King. And though the King be discredited and the Republic claims my services, I know nothing of an Empire—at least, not yet."

The irony stung. She bit her scarlet lip, and said, with a bright glance that triumphed and challenged:

"Unless the winds and tides have conspired against us, the Emperor will be in Paris to-night."

"Indeed!" The reports bandied, the bets made at the Club, came back upon Dunoise's memory. He said:

"Then Prince Louis-Napoleon has determined to risk the step?"

She answered with energy:

"He is of a race that think little of risking. The son of Marshal Dunoise should know that. . . Ah! how it must grieve your father to know you indifferent to the great traditions of that noble family!"

Hector answered her with a darkening frown:

"My father congratulated me upon good service rendered to the cause of Imperialism—only yesterday." He added as Madame de Roux opened her beautiful eyes inquiringly: "He is of the comprehensive majority who hold me guilty of that deed of bloodshed at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He—"

Dunoise broke off. She had become so pale that he knew a shock of terror. Deep shadows filled the caves whence stared a pair of haunted eyes. There were hollows in her cheeks—lines about her mouth that he had never dreamed of. . . . A broken white-

per came from the stiff white lips that said:

"Do not seem to notice. . . . It is the . . . heat!"

Hector anxiously distressed, forced his gaze elsewhere. Long seconds passed, during which he could hear her breathing; then the voice said:

"Thanks! . . . You may look at me now!"

He found her still pale, but without that bleak look of horror that had appalled him. She tried to smile with lips that had partly regained their hue. She asked, averting her gaze from him:

"Your father. . . . What did you answer to him when he said that—that you had rendered good service to the Imperial cause?"

"I told him," Dunoise answered her, "that I could testify to my innocence of that guilty deed before Heaven. And that I should assert it before the tribunals of men."

She murmured in a tone that gave the impression of breathlessness:

"There will be an official inquiry!"

Hector returned:

"This evening when I returned to my quarters to change my dress, I received a summons to appear before a Court-Martial of Investigation, to be held at the Barracks in three days' time. Perhaps with this cloud hanging over me I should not have accepted your invitation? but I thought. . . I imagined. . . you could not fail to know!"

She said, with a transient gleam of mockery in her glance, though her eyebrows were knitted as though in troubled reflection:

"Husbands do not tell their wives everything. And I am an Imperialist like your father. . . . How should I blame you for an act that counts to us? But we will speak of this later. . . . Here is Colonel de Roux. . . ."

Dunoise's eyes involuntarily sought and found de Roux. The Countess made a signal with her Spanish fan. And as if a wire had been jerked, the purple-haired, blood-shot-eyed, elderly,

roughed dandy, the centre of a knot of ladies to whom he was playing the gallant, excused himself and crossed to his wife's side. He had been all cordiality and civility that morning in his office at the Barracks in the Rue de l'Assyrie; he was cordial and civil now, as he insinuated his arm through Dunoise's and led him this way and that amongst his guests, presenting him to ladies, introducing men.

The gathering in the de Roux drawing-room represented all ranks and classes of Society, severely excepting the exclusive circle of the Fouhourg Saint Germain. There were Dukes of Empire creation with their Duchesses, there were peers of the Monarchy now defunct. Politicians, financiers, editors, and dandies rubbed shoulders with stars of the stage, and comets of the concert-room; painters great and small, and fashionable men of letters. And above all towered the massive figure and leonine head of the man who had been speaking when Dunoise had been announced.

Free from self-consciousness as he was, Dunoise, with the taint of the blood shed upon the Boulevard des Capucines but upon his memory, was not slow in awakening to the fact that the majority of the women present regarded him with peculiar interest; and that many of their male companions turned eyeslances his way. Several of the ladies curtsied . . . some of the gentlemen bowed low; more than one feathered dowerer styled him "Serene Highness" and "Monsieur." . . . And with a rush of angry blood to his temples and forehead, darkening still further his tawny-reddish skin, and adding to the brilliancy of his black-diamond eyes, the young man realized that the fust of Paris being in the throes of Red Revolution had not deprived, in such eyes as these, the newspaper mooted question of the Widinits Succession of its vulgar charm. And

that, on the strength of the hateful episode at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in combination with the intrigues of the Marshal, Sub-Adjutant Hector Dunoise had become a personage to fawn upon and flatter, to invite and entertain.

The band of crape about his sleeve began to burn him. The now overcrowded drawing-rooms seemed suffocatingly hot. Madame de Roux had become the invisible, attractive nucleus of a crowd of civilian coats and blazing uniforms. . . . Dunoise, alternately tempted by the thought of escape, teased by the desire to join that magic circle, was enduring the civility of a group of ogling ladies and grinning exquisitely with what outward patience he could muster, when he encountered, through a gap in the wall of heads and shoulders, the gaze of a pair of gold-bronze eagle eyes, glowing beneath a vast white forehead crowned with pale flowing locks of auburn hair.

For an instant he forgot his boredom, his desire to regain the side of Madame de Roux, or to escape from the perfumed, overheated rooms. He was grateful when a surge of the ever-thickening crowd of guests brought him within touch of the plainly-dressed, perfectly-mannered gentleman who was the elected chief and generalissimo of the Free Lancers of Romance. But, as Dunoise gained the Master's side, the tall rounded shape of Madame de Roux swept by, leaning on the arm of a white-haired general officer in a brilliant Staff uniform ablaze with decorations. A knot of purple blossoms had fallen from amongst her laces as she went by. They lay close to his foot. He stooped and picked them up with a hand that was not quite steady. And as he mechanically lifted the violets to his face, still looking after the swaying, smoothly-gliding figure, he started, for Hugo spoke. The deep melodious voice said:

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